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CONTENTS OF THE MAY NUMBER.

STEEL ENGRAVING—PORTRAIT OF REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D., LL.D.

I. COPYRIGHT. By MATTHEW ARNOLD	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	513
II. THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE. Narrative of LIEUTENANT PALANDER, Swedish Royal Navy, Commander of the Exploring Vessel.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	524
III. AN EYE-WITNESS OF JOHN KEMBLE AND EDMUND KEAM. By THEODORE MARTIN.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> ..	542
IV. YOSHIDA-TORAJIRO. By R. L. STEVENSON.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	556
V. RADIANT MATTER. By D. PIGEON.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i>	562
VI. THE BELLS OF LYNN. By FRED. E. WEATHERLY.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	566
VII. HENRI REGNAULT.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	567
VIII. WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE. By WIL- LIAM BLACK. Chaps. XXVI. to XXVIII.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	575
IX. GREEK AND CHRISTIAN VIEWS OF BEAUTY. By the Rev. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	587
X. CHIPPERS OF FLINT.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	599
XI. FATE OR GOD. By PAUL H. HAYNE.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i>	608
XII. MADEMOISELLE DE MEHSAU. Chapters XXXIV. and XXXV.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	608
XIII. ON THE ART OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE IN WATER- COLORS. By WALTER SEVERN.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	623
XIV. CHINESE PROVERBS.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	630
XV. AN OLD BOAT.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	632
XVI. REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D., LL.D. By the EDITOR.....		633
XVII. LITERARY NOTICES.....		633
Prof. Huxley's "The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoology"— Popular Romances of the Middle Ages—Mr. James's "Confidence"—Miss Woolson's "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches"—Lamartine and his Friends.		
XVIII. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....		635
XIX. SCIENCE AND ART.....		637
Prehistoric Archeology in France—Water-Power for Household Purposes— Chalk and the Calcareous Mud of the Atlantic—The Effects of Forests on Rain- fall and Rivers—The Fear of Fat—Teeth in Civilized and Savage Man— Formation of Mountains.		
XX. VARIETIES.....		639
Edgar A. Poe—Oratory, Ancient and Modern—Memory in Different Races and People.		

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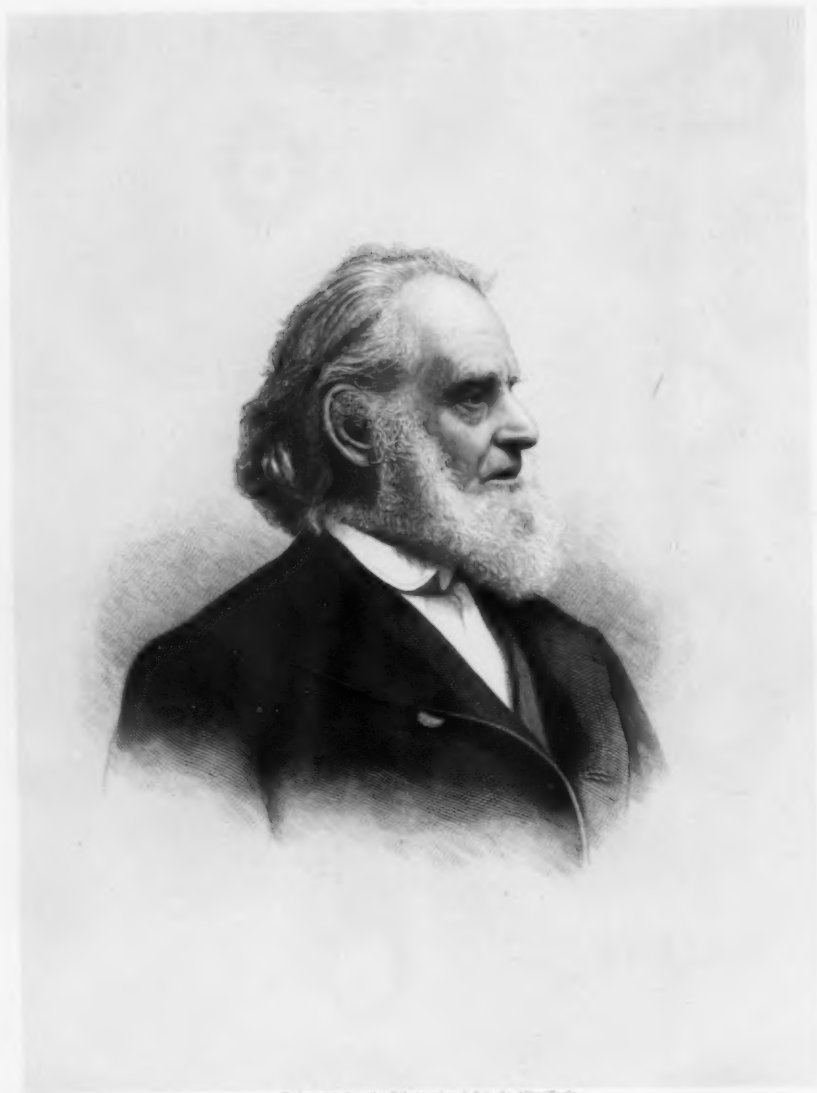
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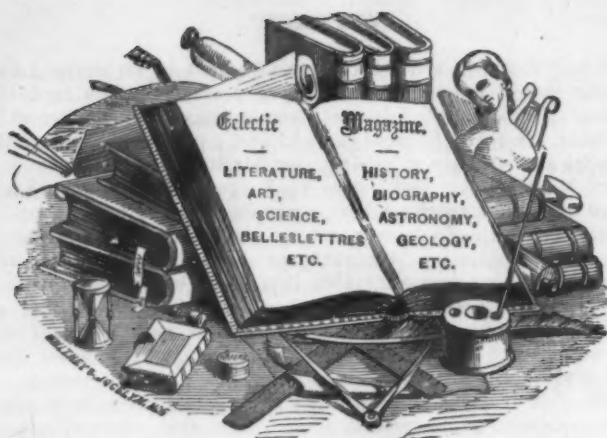
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REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D., L.L.D.



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plete in 63 vols.

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BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

GEORGE SAND died in 1876, and her publisher, Michel Lévy, died the year before, in 1875. In May, 1875, just after Michel Lévy's death, Madame Sand wrote a letter in which she renders a tribute of praise and gratitude to the memory of that enterprising, sagacious, and successful man. She describes his character, his habits, his treatment of his authors, his way of doing business, his conception of the book trade and of its prospects. It was by this conception and by the line which he boldly took in pursuance of it that he was original and remarkable; a main creator, says Madame Sand, of our new *modus vivendi* in literature; one whose disappearance is not the disappearance of a rich man merely, but of an intellectual force.

The industrial and literary revolution for which Michel Lévy did so much may be summed up in two words: *cheap books*. But by cheap books we are not

to understand the hideous and ignoble things with which, under this name, England and America have made us familiar. Cheap books, in the revolution of Michel Lévy, were books in the *format Charpentier* or the *format Lévy*, books in duodecimo instead of octavo; and costing, in general, two-and-sixpence or three shillings a volume instead of eight shillings or nine shillings. But they were still books of an outward form and fashion to satisfy a decent taste, not to revolt it; books shapely, well printed, well margined; agreeable to look upon and clear to read.

Such as it was, however, the cheapening of their books threw, at first, French authors into alarm. They thought it threatened their interests. "I remember the time," not so very long ago," says Madame Sand, "when we replied to the publishers who were demonstrating to us what the results of the future would

be: 'Yes, if you succeed, it will be all very well; but if you fail, if, after an immense issue of books, you do not diffuse the taste for reading, then you are lost, and we along with you.' And I urged upon Michel Lévy," she continues, "this objection among others, that frivolous or unhealthy books attracted the masses, to the exclusion of works which are useful and conscientious. He replied to me with that practical intelligence which he possessed in so eminent a degree: 'Possibly, and even probably, it may be so at first. But consider this: that the reading of bad books has inevitably one good result. It inspires a man with the curiosity to read, it gives him the habit of reading, and the habit becomes a necessity. I intend that before ten years are over people shall ask for their book as impatiently as if it were a question of dinner when one is hungry. Food and books, we have to create a state of things when both shall alike be felt as needs; and you will confess then, you writers and artists, that we have solved your problem: *Man does not live by bread alone.*'"

The ten years were not ended before Michel Lévy's authors had to own, says Madame Sand, that their publisher was right. Madame Sand adds that this led her to reflect on the value of the mediocre in art and literature. Illustrious friends and fellow-authors of hers had been in despair at seeing works of the third order obtain a success far beyond any that they could expect for their own works, and they were disposed to think that with cheap books an era of literary decadence was opening. You are misled, she tells them, by the passing disturbance which important innovations always create at first. It was thought when railways came that we had seen the last of conveyance by horses and carriages, and that the providers of it must all be ruined; but it turns out that railways have created a business for horses and carriages greater than there ever was before. In the same way the abundant consumption of middling literature has stimulated the appetite for knowing and judging books. Second-rate, commonplace literature is what the ignorant require for catching the first gleam; the day will dawn for them as it does for the child, who by degrees as he learns to

read learns to understand also; and in fifty years from this time the bad and the middling in literature will be unable to find a publisher, because they will be unable to find a market.

So prophesied George Sand, and the prophecy was certainly a bold one. May we really hope that toward the year 1920 the bad and the middling in literature will, either in Paris or in London, be unable to find a publisher because it will, be unable to find a market? Let us do our best to bring about such a consummation, without, however, too confidently counting upon it. But that on which I at present wish to dwell, in this relation by Madame Sand of her debate with her energetic publisher and of her own reflections on it, is the view presented of the book trade and of its future. That view I believe to be in the main sound, and to show the course which things do naturally and properly tend to take, in England as well as in France. I do not say that I quite adopt the theory offered by Michel Lévy and accepted by George Sand, to explain the course which things are thus taking. I do not think it safe to say that the consumption of the bad and middling in literature does of itself necessarily engender a taste for the good, and that out of the multiplication of second-rate books for the million the multiplication of first-rate books does as a natural consequence spring. But the facts themselves, I think, are as Michel Lévy laid them down, though one may dispute his explanation and filtration for the facts. It is a fact that there is a need for cheaper books, and that authors and publishers may comply with it and yet not be losers. It is a fact that the masses, when they first take to reading, will probably read a great deal of rubbish, and yet that the victory will be with good books in the end. In part we can see that this is the course which things are actually taking; in part we can predict, from knowing the deepest and strongest instincts which govern mankind in its development—the instinct of expansion, the instinct of self-preservation—that it is the course which things will take in the future.

The practical mode by which Michel Lévy revolutionized the book trade was this. He brought out in the *format Lévy*,

at three francs or three francs and a half a volume, new works, such as, for example, those of George Sand herself, which formerly would have come out at seven francs and a half a volume. Nay, such works would very often have taken two volumes, costing fifteen francs, to give no more than what is given in one volume of the *format Lévy* for three francs and a half. New books in octavo were cheapened likewise. The two octavo volumes of Prince Metternich's *Memoirs and Correspondence* in French, which have lately come out in Paris, cost but eighteen francs. The two octavo volumes of the English version of Prince Metternich's *Memoirs and Correspondence* cost thirty-six shillings. But in general we may say that the important reform accomplished in the French book trade by Michel Lévy and by other publishers of like mind with him was this : to give the public new books at half-a-crown or three shillings, instead of at from six to twelve shillings.

And now to apply this where it seems to me to be of very useful application, to various points which emerge in discussing the copyright of English authors and the conditions of the English book trade. I leave on one side all questions of copyright in acted plays, music, and pictures. I confine myself to copyright in books, and to the chief questions raised on it. My point of view will be neither an author's point of view nor a publisher's point of view, nor yet the point of view of one contending against authors or publishers, but the point of view of one whose sole wish is to let things appear to him fairly and naturally, and as they really are.

A Royal Commission on Copyright has lately been sitting, and has made its report. "We have arrived at a conclusion," the report declares, "that copyright should continue to be treated by law as a proprietary right, and that it is not expedient to substitute a right to a royalty or any other of a similar kind."

This opening sentence of the report refers to a great battle. The Commissioners have come, they say, to a conclusion "that copyright should continue to be treated as a *proprietary right*." Here has been the point of conflict, as to the proprietary right of the author,

as to his right of property in his production. Never perhaps do men show themselves so earnest, so pertinacious, so untiringly ingenious, as when they have under discussion the right and idea of property. One is reminded of Pascal : "This dog is *mine*, said these poor children ; behold *my* place in the sun !" It is disputed whether an author has the right of property in his production after he has once published it. Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer contended with indefatigable ingenuity before the Royal Commission on Copyright that he has ; and Mr. Farrer, of the Board of Trade, and Sir Louis Mallet maintained resolutely that he has not. There is no question that he can have a right of property in his productions so far as the law may choose to create one for him. But the real point at issue between these distinguished and powerful disputants is, whether he has a natural right.

Now for me the matter is simplified by my believing that men, if they go down into their own minds and deal quite freely with their own consciousness, will find that they have not any natural rights at all. And as it so often happens with a difficult matter of dispute, so it happens here ; the difficulty, the embarrassment, the need for drawing subtle distinctions and for devising subtle means of escape from them, when the right of property is under discussion, arises from one's having first built up the idea of natural right as a wall to run one's head against. An author has no natural right to a property in his production. But then neither has he a natural right to anything whatever which he may produce or acquire. What is true is that a man has a strong instinct making him seek to possess what he has produced or acquired, to have it at his own disposal ; that he finds pleasure in so having it, and finds profit. The instinct is natural and salutary, although it may be over-stimulated and indulged to excess. One of the first objects of men, in combining themselves in society, has been to afford to the individual, in his pursuit of this instinct, the sanction and assistance of the laws, so far as may be consistent with the general advantage of the community. The author, like other people, seeks the pleasure and the profit of having at his own disposal what he produces. Liter-

any production, wherever it is sound, is its own exceeding great reward ; but that does not destroy or diminish the author's desire and claim to be allowed to have at his disposal, like other people, that which he produces, and to be free to turn it to account. It happens that the thing which he produces is a thing hard for him to keep at his own disposal, easy for other people to appropriate ; but then, on the other hand, he is an interesting producer, giving often a great deal of pleasure by what he produces, and not provoking nemesis by any huge and immoderate profits on his production, even when it is suffered to be at his own disposal.

So society has taken him under its protection, and has sanctioned his property in his work, and enabled him to have it at his own disposal. In England our laws give him the property in his work for forty-two years, or for his own life and seven years afterward, whichever period is longest. In France, the law gives him the property in his work for his own life, and his widow's life, and for twenty years afterward if he leave children ; for ten years if he have other heirs. In Germany, the property in his work is for his life and thirty years afterward. In Italy, for his life and forty years afterward, with a further period during which a royalty has to be paid upon it to his heirs. In the United States the author's property in his work is guaranteed for twenty-eight years from publication, with the right of renewal to himself, his wife, or his children, for fourteen years more.

And this, though the author's production is a thing confessedly difficult to protect and easy to appropriate. But it is possible to protect it ; and so the author is suffered to enjoy the property in his production, to have it at his own disposal. Mr. Farrer, like so many other people, is haunted by a metaphysical conception of *property in itself*, a conception distinguishing between things as belonging to the class of that which is property in itself and as belonging to the class of that which is not property in itself. His *dog*, his *place in the sun* at Abinger, are of the class of property in itself ; his *book*, if he produces one, is of the class of that which is not property in itself. Sir Louis Mallet is in the same order of ideas when

he insists that "property arises from limitation of supply." Property according to its essential nature, Sir Louis Mallet means, property in itself. Let us beware of this metaphysical phantom of property in itself, which, like other metaphysical phantoms, is hollow and leads us to delusion. Property is the creation of law. It is effect given by society and its laws to that natural instinct in man which makes him seek to enjoy ownership in what he produces, acquires, or has. The effect is given because the instinct is natural, and because society, which makes the laws, is itself composed of men who feel the instinct. The instinct is natural, and in general society will comply with it. But there are certain cases in which society will not comply with it, or will comply with it in a very limited degree only ; and what has determined society in these cases to refuse or greatly limit its compliance with the instinct of ownership, is the difficulty of giving effect to it, the disadvantage of trying to give effect to it in spite of such difficulty.

There is no property, people often say, in ideas, in spoken words ; and it is inferred that there ought to be no property in ideas and words when they are embodied in a book. But why is there no property in ideas and in spoken words, while there is property in ideas and words when they come in a book ? A brilliant talker may very well have the instinct of ownership in his good sayings, and all the more if he must and can only talk them and not write them. He might be glad of power to prevent the appropriation of them by other people, to fix the conditions on which alone the appropriation should be allowed, and to derive profit from allowing it. Society, again, may well feel sympathy with his instinct of ownership, and a disposition to assist and favor a production which gives it so much pleasure. But we are met by the difficulty, the insuperable difficulty, of giving effect to the producer's instinct of ownership in this case, of securing to him the disposal of his spoken ideas and words. Accordingly, effect is not given to it, and in such spoken ideas and words there is no property.

In other cases there is a partial and limited property given, and from the

same reason—from the difficulty of giving complete ownership. Game is an instance in point. A man breeds pheasants, rears them and feeds them, and he has a natural instinct to keep them in his entire possession, and at his own disposal. But the law will allow but a partial satisfaction to this instinct of his, and the moment his pheasants leave his land they may be taken by the person to whose ground they go. Of his chickens, meanwhile, he retains ownership, even though they may pass over to his neighbor's field. Yet very likely he has bought the eggs of the pheasants and of the chickens alike, reared them both, fed them both, and feels the instinct and desire to claim both alike as his property. But the law gives effect to this desire fully as regards the chickens, only partially as regards the pheasants. Why? Because of the far greater difficulty of giving full effect to it as regards the pheasants, and of the disadvantage which may arise from persisting in giving effect to it in spite of the difficulty. The law denies him the complete ownership of the pheasants because they are difficult to keep at his own disposal, easy for other people to appropriate; and other people are more prone to appropriate them than the chickens, and more inclined to dispute his ownership, because of this very difficulty in maintaining it and facility in violating it. Even the partial ownership which the law does allow him it has to fortify by special measures for its support, by making trespass in pursuit of game a different and more serious offence than common trespass. To gratify his instinct of ownership fully, to let him have his pheasants at his entire disposal, the law would have to take more stringent and exceptional measures in his favor than it takes now; and this every one feels to be out of the question. The law will certainly not do more for him than it does now; the only question is, whether it ought to do so much. To give as much ownership in game as a man enjoys now, special measures in his favor are required, because his ownership meets with such great natural difficulties; but the special measures are far less likely to be reinforced than to be withdrawn.

And now to apply this to the question

of copyright. The instinct of an author to desire ownership in his production, and profit from that ownership, is natural. The author is an interesting person, and society may, and probably will, be even more ready, rather than less ready, to aid in giving effect to the instinct in his case than in the case of others, if it can be done without grave inconvenience. But there is difficulty in securing his ownership. His production is a production particularly difficult to keep at his own disposal, particularly easy for others to appropriate. His claim to some benefit of ownership, however, is generally admitted, and he has ownership given to him for a limited term of years. He finds a publisher, and in concert with him he exercises his ownership; and the result in England of this concert between author and publisher is, that English books are exceedingly dear. A strong desire for cheaper books begins to be felt. Here is the real importance of Sir Louis Mallet's contention, and Mr. Farrer's. "To Englishmen," says Sir Louis Mallet, "easy access to the contemporary literature of their own language is only possible on the condition of exile; England is the only country in which English books are scarce or dear." "Nothing can be more intolerable," says Mr. Farrer, "than a system of copyright-law under which the inhabitants of the mother-country, in which the books are produced, are the only persons in the world who are prevented from obtaining cheap editions of them." An impatience, to which Mr. Farrer and Sir Louis Mallet here give utterance, an impatience at the dearness of English books, a desire to have them cheaper, has therefore to be added to the original difficulty of securing the author's ownership in a kind of production which is by nature hard to keep at his disposal, easy to appropriate. An increased difficulty of securing his ownership is the result.

The ingenious reasoning of Professor Huxley and of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and even the line taken by Mr. Froude in that instructive and interesting article on Copyright which he published in the *Edinburgh Review*, fail, it seems to me, to touch the point where the strength of their adversaries' case lies. Like their adversaries, they lodge themselves, stark

and stiff, in the idea of "property in itself;" only, for them, an author's work is "property in itself" just as much as his horse or his field, while, for their adversaries, his horse or his field is "property in itself," but his work is not. Let us grant that the adversaries are wrong, and that an author's work is "property in itself" (whatever that may mean), just as much as his horse or his field. He has at any rate, we will suppose, the same instinct making him seek to have the ownership and profit of his work as to have the ownership and profit of his horse or field. But what makes the law give him such full ownership as it does of his horse or field, is not that the horse or field is "property in itself;" it is that to comply with his natural desire, and to secure him in his ownership, is in the case of the horse or field comparatively easy. And what makes the law give him a more limited ownership of his literary work is not that this work fails to prove its claim to be considered "property in itself;" it is that in the case of his literary work to secure him in his ownership is much more difficult. And suppose we add sufficiently to the difficulty, by the rise of a general impatience at the dearness of new books in England; of general irritation at seeing that a work like Lord Macaulay's *Life* comes out at thirty-six shillings in England, while in France it would come out at eighteen francs; that a new novel by George Eliot costs a guinea and a half, while a new novel by George Sand costs three shillings; of general complaints that "the inhabitants of the mother-country, in which the books are produced, are the only persons in the world who are prevented from obtaining cheap editions of them"—suppose we add, I say, to the difficulty by all this, and you endanger the retention of even the right of ownership which the law secures to the author now. The advantage of complying with the author's instinct of ownership might be outweighed by the disadvantage of complying with it under such accumulated and immense difficulty.

But yet to secure, so far as without intolerable inconvenience it can be done, the benefits of ownership in his production to the author, every one, or almost every one, professes to desire. And, in

general, those who profess to desire this do really mean, I think, what they say; and there is no disposition in their minds to put the author off with benefits which are illusory. But Mr. Farrer and others propose, no doubt without intending the poor author any harm, a mode of benefit to him from his productions which does seem quite illusory. The proposal is to set all the world free to print and sell his work as soon as it appears, on condition of paying him a royalty of ten per cent. But both authors and publishers, and all who have the most experience in the matter, and the nearest interest, unite in saying that the author's benefit under this plan would be precarious and illusory. The poor man pursuing his ten per cent over Great Britain and Ireland would be pitiable enough. But what shall we say of him pursuing his ten per cent over all the British dominions; what shall we say of him pursuing it, under an international copyright on this plan between all English-speaking people, over the United States of America? There are many objections to this plan of a royalty; but the decisive objection is, that whereas every one professes the wish not to take away from the author all substantial benefit from the sale of his work, this plan, in the opinion of those best able to judge, would take it away entirely.

The Royal Commission reported against this plan of a royalty, and in favor of continuing the present plan of securing by law to the author an ownership in his work for a limited term of years. The Commissioners have proposed what would, in my opinion, be a very great improvement upon the present arrangement: instead of a copyright for forty-two years, or for life and seven years after, whichever period is longest, they propose to give, as in Germany, a copyright for the author's life and for thirty years after. But the principle is the same as in the arrangement of 1842, and there is no danger at present, in spite of Mr. Farrer's efforts, of the principle being departed from. Mr. Froude says truly that the course recommended by Mr. Farrer, the withdrawal, in effect, from the author of the benefits of ownership in his work, is a course which every single person practically connected with literature consents in condemning. He

says truly that there is no agitation for it. He says truly that the Press is silent about it, and that no complaints are heard from the public.

And yet the natural facts, in England as in France, are as Michel Lévy states them in his conversation with Madame Sand; there is a need for cheaper books, the need will have to be satisfied, and it may be satisfied without loss to either author or publisher. The strength of the dissatisfaction of Sir Louis Mallet and of Mr. Farrer with the actual course of the book trade in England, is that the course of our book trade goes counter to those natural facts. Sooner or later it will have to adjust itself to them, or there will be an explosion of discontent likely enough to sweep away copyright, and to destroy the author's benefit from his work by reducing it to some such illusory benefit as that offered by the royalty plan of Mr. Farrer. As our nation grows more civilized, as a real love of reading comes to prevail more widely, the system which keeps up the present exorbitant price of new books in England, the system of lending-libraries from which books are hired, will be seen to be, as it is, eccentric, artificial, and unsatisfactory in the highest degree. It is a machinery for the multiplication and protection of bad literature, and for keeping good books dear. In general, a book which is worth a man's reading is worth his possessing. The plan of having one's books from a lending-library leads to reading imperfectly and without discrimination, to glancing at books and not going through them, or rather to going through, for the most part, a quantity of the least profitable sort of books only—novels—and of but glancing at whatever is more serious. Every genuine reader will feel that the book he cares to read he cares to possess, and the number of genuine readers among us, in spite of all our shortcomings, is on the increase. Mr. Froude, indeed, says, having the experience of an editor's shelves before his eyes, that instead of desiring the possession of more books than one has, one might rather desire not to possess half of those that one has now. But the books he means are just those which a genuine reader would never think of buying, and which yet are shot upon us now in pro-

fusion by the lending-libraries. Mr. Froude says, again, that new books are not the best books, and that old books, which are best, are to be bought cheap. True, old books of surpassing value are to be bought cheap; but there are good new books, too, and good new books have a stimulus and an interest peculiar to themselves, and the reader will not be content to forego them. Mr. Herbert Spencer may tell him that to desire the possession of good new books, when he is not rich, is merely the common case of the poor desiring to possess what is accessible to the rich only; that it is as if he wanted fine horses, and the best champagne, and hothouse flowers, and strawberries at Christmas. But the answer is that the good new books, unlike the horses and champagne, may be brought within his reach without loss to the vender, and that it is only the eccentric, artificial, and highly unsatisfactory system of our book trade which prevents it.

The three-shilling book is our great want, the book at three shillings or half-a-crown, like the books of the *format Lévy*, shapely and seemly, and as acceptable to the eye as the far dearer books which we have now. The price proposed will perfectly allow of this. The French books of the *format Lévy* and the French books in octavo are as shapely and seemly, as acceptable to the eye, as the corresponding English books at double and treble their price. The two octavo volumes of Madame de Rémusat *Memoirs* in French cost but twelve shillings, yet they make a handsomer book than the two octavo volumes of the same work in English, which cost thirty-two. A cheap literature hideous and ignoble of aspect, like the tawdry novels which flare in the bookshelves of our railway-stations, and which seem designed, as so much else that is produced for the use of our middle class seems designed for people with a low standard of life, is not what is wanted. A sense of beauty and fitness ought to be satisfied in the form and aspect of the books we read, as well as by their contents. The contents offered us for next to nothing, but in hideous and ignoble form and aspect, is not what one desires. A man would willingly pay higher, but in the measure of his means, for what he values, in

order to have it in worthy form. But our present prices are prohibitive. The taste for beautiful books is a charming and humane taste for a rich man, though really, as has been already said, our ordinary dear books gratify this taste not a bit better than the French cheaper ones. However, the taste for beautiful books requires expense, no doubt, to be fully gratified; and in large paper copies and exquisite bindings the rich man may gratify it still, even when we have reformed our book trade. For reforming it, the signal innovation necessary, as in France, is the three-shilling book; although, of course, the price of our new works in octavo at sixteen or eighteen shillings a volume would also have to be reduced in proportion. If nothing of this kind is done, if the system of our book trade remains as it is, dissatisfaction, not loud and active at present—I grant that to Mr. Froude—will grow and stir more and more, and will certainly end by menacing, in spite of whatever conclusion the Royal Commission may now adopt and proclaim, the proprietary right of the author.

The doctrine of M. Michel Lévy respecting the book trade, and what I have been saying about our book trade at home, have their application in America also, and I must end with a few words concerning the book trade of the United States. Indeed, one is invited by the Americans themselves to do so, for the famous publishers in New York, the Messrs. Harper, have addressed to the authors and publishers of this country a proposal for an International Conference on Copyright; Mr. Conant, who is understood to be connected with the publishing house of Messrs. Harper, has given in an English magazine an exposition of American opinion on the matter, and an Englishman of legal training and great acuteness, who signs himself "C.," but whom we may, I believe, without indiscretion, name as Mr. Leonard Courtney, has commented on Mr. Conant's exposition.

The Americans, as is well known, have at present, to quote the words of an American, Mr. George Putnam, who has published on this question of copyright a pamphlet very temperate and, in general, very judicious, "no regulation to prevent the use, without remuneration,

of the literary property of foreign authors." Mr. Putnam adds: "The United States is, therefore, at present the only country itself possessing a literature of importance, and making a large use of the literature of the world, which has done nothing to recognize and protect by law the rights of foreign authors of whose property it is enjoying the benefit, or to obtain a similar recognition and protection for its own authors abroad."

The Americans, some of them, as is well known, defend this state of things by adopting the cry of "free books for free men." A Conference held at Philadelphia, in 1872, passed resolutions declaring that "thought, when given to the world, is, as light, free to all;" and, moreover, that "the good of our whole people, and the safety of our republican institutions, demand that books shall not be made too costly for the multitude by giving the power to foreign authors to fix their price here as well as abroad."

Mr. Conant, in his representation to the English public of the case of the American public, adopts these Philadelphian ideas in principle, but he maintains that in practice the American publishers have generously waived their right to act on them, and he carries the war into the enemy's country. He says for himself and his countrymen: "We are keenly alive to the necessity of the general diffusion of intelligence. Upon it depends the perpetuity of our republican form of government. Europe is constantly pouring upon our shores a mighty deluge of ignorance and superstition. We welcome here the poor, the outcasts of every land. There is a wide-spread feeling that the Old World, which contributes this mass of ignorance and superstition to our population, should also contribute to the alleviation of the resulting ills." He alleges that the concession in past times of a copyright to English authors "would have retarded the progress of American culture at least half a century, and delayed that wide-spread intellectual development from which English authors reap so large a benefit."

And yet nevertheless, says Mr. Conant, "the course of American publishers, pursued for many years, toward foreign men of letters, shows that they have no

disposition to take advantage of the absence of international copyright." He declares: "As for English authors, they have already learned that their interests are quite safe in the hands of 'Yankee pirates,' as some of your writers still persist in calling the men who for years have conducted the publishing business of this country with the most scrupulous regard for the rights of foreign authors. Few English people, I think, have any notion of the amount of money paid to British authors by American publishers. Those authors whose books have been reprinted here without compensation to the author may rest assured that this was owing to the fact that the sale was not remunerative here, and that international copyright will not make it larger." On the other hand: "While for twenty-five years past British authors have enjoyed all the material advantages of copyright in this country, American books have been reprinted in England by the thousand without compensation to the authors." And therefore, adds Mr. Conant, "in view of these facts, an American may be pardoned for indulging in a quiet laugh at the lofty tone which the Royal Commissioners on Copyright assume in their solemn arraignment of the United States for refusing to grant protection to English authors."

And so the tables are fairly turned upon us; not only have English authors no reason to complain of America, but American authors have great reason to complain of England.

An English author, as he reads Mr. Conant, will by turns be inclined to laugh and to be indignant. Mr. Leonard Courtney handles Mr. Conant's statement very scornfully and severely. For myself, I am of a gentle disposition, and I am disposed, in reading Mr. Conant in *Macmillan's Magazine*, to ask him before all things Figaro's question: *Qui est-ce qui'on trompe ici?*—Who is it that is being taken in here? At the Philadelphia Conference, Mr. Conant's statement would have been quite in place; why he should address it to the British public passes my comprehension. Our British middle-class, no doubt, like the great middle-class public of the United States, likes to have its defective practice covered by an exhibition of fine senti-

ments. But it is our own defective practice that we seek to cover by the exhibition of fine sentiments; as when we left Denmark in the lurch after all our admonitions and threatenings to Germany, we assured one another that the whole world admired our moral attitude. But it gives us no pleasure or comfort to see other people's defective practice, by which we are smarting, covered with an exhibition of fine sentiments. And so, as I peruse Mr. Conant, with Figaro I inquire in bewilderment: "Who is it that is being taken in here?" We know perfectly well the real facts of the case, and that they are not as Mr. Conant puts them; and we have no interest in getting them dressed up to look otherwise than as they are; our interest is to see them as they really are, for as they really are they are in our favor. If American authors have not copyright here in England, whose fault is that? It is the fault of America herself, who again and again has refused to entertain the question of international copyright. Again and again, in Mr. Conant's own statement, appears the proposal, on the part of England, of an international copyright; and again and again the end of it is, "the report was adverse;" "no action was taken;" "shelved;" "more pressing matters crowded it out of sight." If Englishmen suffer by having no copyright in America, they have the American government and people to thank for it; if Americans suffer by having no copyright in England, they have only to thank themselves.

But is it true that American authors have no copyright in England? It is so far from true, that an American has only to visit England when he publishes his book here—or even, I believe, has only to cross the border into Canada—in order to have copyright in his work in England. Mr. Motley told me himself that in this way he had acquired copyright in England for his valuable histories; Mr. Henry James gets it in the same way at this moment for those charming novels of his which we are all reading. But no English author can acquire copyright in the United States.

As to the liberal payment given at present, without copyright, by American publishers to English authors, it is more

difficult to speak securely. Certainly it is far too much to say of British authors in general, that they "for at least twenty-five years past have enjoyed all the material advantages of copyright in America;" or that they "have learned that their interests are quite safe in the hands of American publishers." Considerable sums have, no doubt, been paid. Men of science, such as Professor Huxley and Professor Tyndall, are especially mentioned as satisfied with the remuneration voluntarily accorded to them by the American publishers; and indeed, to judge by the success of their American dealings, it seems that these inheritors of the future, the men of science, besides having their hold upon the world which is to come, have their hold likewise, lucky fellows, upon the world which now is. Men of letters have not been so fortunate; and the list, given by Mr. Conant, of those to whom a surprising amount of money is paid from America, is to be received with caution. Mr. Tennyson is mentioned; but I hear it said that in truth Mr. Tennyson has received little or nothing from the sale of his works in America. One can at least speak for one's self; and certainly I have never received, from first to last, a hundred pounds from America, though my books have been, I believe, much reprinted there. Mr. Conant will probably say that I am one of those authors "whose sale is not remunerative," and does not come to much either there or here. And according to the grand scale by which he weighs things, this may be true; only, if one had not received more than a hundred pounds here or in America either, during the quarter of a century that I have gone up and down, as the mockers say, preaching sweetness and light, one could never have dragged on, even in Grub Street, for all these years.

The truth is, the interests of British authors in general cannot well be safe in America so long as the publishers there are free to reprint whom they please, and to pay, of the authors they reprint, whom they please and at what rate they please. The interests of English authors will never be safe in America until the community, as a community, gets the sense, in a higher degree than it has it now, for acting with

delicacy. It is the sense of delicacy which has to be appealed to, not the sense of honesty. Englishmen are fond of making the American appropriation of their books a question of honesty; they call the appropriation stealing; if an English author drops his handkerchief in Massachusetts, they say, the natives may not go off with it, but if he drops his poem, they may. This style of talking is exaggerated and false; there is a breach of delicacy in reprinting the foreigner's poem without his consent, there is no breach of honesty. But a finely touched nature, in men or nations, will respect the sense of delicacy in itself not less than the sense of honesty. The Latin nations, the French and Italians, have that instinctive recognition of the charm of art and letters which disposes them, as a community, to care for the interests of artists and authors, and to treat them with delicacy. In Germany learning is highly esteemed, and both the government and the community are inclined to treat the interests of authors considerately and delicately. Aristocracies, again, are brought up in elegance and refinement, and are taught to believe that art and letters go for much in making the beauty and grace of human life, and perhaps they do believe it. At any rate they feel bound to show the disposition to treat the interests of artists and authors with delicacy; and shown it the aristocratic government and parliament of England have. We must not expect them to take the trouble for art and letters which the government of France will take; we must not expect of them the zeal which procured for French authors the Belgian Copyright Treaty of 1854, and stopped the Brussels reprints, which drove poor Balzac to despair. Neither in India, nor in Canada, nor yet in the United States, has our aristocratic government interposed on behalf of the author with this energy. They do not think him and his concerns of importance enough to deserve it. Still they feel a disposition to treat his interests with consideration and delicacy; and, so far as it depends on themselves, they show it.

The United States are a great middle-class community of our own race, free from many obstructions which cramp the middle class in our own country, and

with a supply of humane individuals sown over the land, who keep increasing their numbers and gaining in courage and in strength, and more and more make themselves felt in the press and periodical literature of America. Still on the whole, the spirit of the American community and government is the spirit, I suppose, of a middle-class society of our race, and this is not a spirit of delicacy. One could not say that in their public acts they showed, in general, a spirit of delicacy; certainly they have not shown that spirit in dealing with authors—even with their own. They deal with authors, domestic and foreign, much as Manchester, perhaps, might be disposed, if left to itself, to deal with them; as if, provided a sharp bargain was made and *a good thing*, as the phrase is, was got out of it, that was all which could be desired, and the community might exult. The worship of sharp bargains is fatal to delicacy; nor is the missing grace restored by accompanying the sharp bargain with an exhibition of fine sentiments.

As the great American community becomes more truly and thoroughly civilized, it will certainly learn to add to its many and great virtues the spirit of delicacy, and English authors will be gainers by it. At present they are gainers from another cause. It appears that till lately there was an understanding among American publishers that when one publisher had made terms with an English author for the republication of his work in America, the rest should respect the agreement, and should leave their colleague in possession of the work. But about two years and a half ago, says Mr. Conant, certain parties began to set at naught this law of trade-courtesy. Certain firms "began to republish the works of foreign authors, paying nothing for the privilege, and bringing out absurdly cheap editions right on the heels of the authorized reprint, which had cost a large outlay for priority and expense of publication." The ruinous competition thus produced has had the effect, Mr. Putnam tells us in his pamphlet, of "pointing out the absurdity of the present condition of literary property, and emphasizing the need of an international copyright." It has had the effect, he says, of "influencing a material modification of opinion on the part

of publishers who have in years past opposed an international copyright as either inexpedient or unnecessary, but who are now quoted as ready to give their support to any practicable and equitable measure that may be proposed." Nothing could be more satisfactory.

Accordingly, it is now suggested from America that an international copyright treaty should be proposed by the United States to Great Britain, and, as a first step, that "a commission or conference of American citizens and British subjects, in which the United States and Great Britain shall be equally represented, be appointed respectively by the American Secretary of State and by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who shall be invited jointly to consider and present the details of a treaty."

The details are reserved for the Conference; but it is no secret what the main lines of such a treaty, if it is to be accepted in America, must be. The American author will be allowed, on registering his work, to have copyright in England, and the English author to have copyright in the United States. But the foreigner's work must be manufactured and published in the country, and by a subject or citizen of the country, in which it is registered. The English author's book, therefore, to be protected in America, must be manufactured and published in America as well as in England. He will not be allowed to print and publish his book in England only, and to send his copies over to the United States for sale. The main object, I think, of Mr. Conant's exposition is to make it clear to us on the English side of the water that from this condition the Americans will not suffer themselves to be moved.

English publishers and authors cry out that such a condition is an interference with the author's "freedom of contract." But then they take their stand on the ground that an author's production is "property in itself," and that one of the incidents of "property in itself" is to confer on its possessor the right to "freedom of contract" respecting it. I, however, who recognize natural difficulty as setting bounds to ownership, must ask whether the English

author can reasonably expect to be admitted to copyright in America without this condition.

Mr. Froude and Mr. Leonard Courtney both of them seem to think that the question of international copyright is not at all pressing; that opinion in America is slowly ripening for some better and more favorable settlement of copyright than any settlement which it is now likely to accept, and that meanwhile English authors may be well enough content with their present receipts from American publishers, and had better let things stay as they are.

A few English authors may, perhaps, be content enough with their present receipts from America, but to suppose that English authors in general may well be so content is, I think, a very hazardous supposition. That, however, is of little importance. The important question is whether American opinion, if we give it time, is likely to cease insisting on the condition that English books, in order to acquire copyright in America, must be manufactured and published there; is likely to recognize

the English author and publisher as Siamese twins, one of whom is not to be imported without importing the other. Is there any chance, in short, of the Americans, accustomed to cheap English books, submitting to the dearness of English books which is brought about in England by what, in spite of all my attachment to certain English publishers, I must call our highly eccentric, artificial, and unsatisfactory system of book trade? I confess I see no chance of it whatever. There is a mountain of natural difficulty in the way, there is the irresistible opposition of things. Here, where lies the real gist of his contention, I am after all at one with Mr. Conant. The Americans ought not to submit to our absurd system of dear books; I am sure they will not, and, as a lover of civilization, I should be sorry, though I am an author, if they did. I hope they will give us copyright; but I hope also they will stick to Michel Lévy's excellent doctrine: "Cheap books are a necessity, and a necessity which need bring, moreover, no loss to either authors or publishers."—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE.

NARRATIVE OF LIEUTENANT PALANDER, SWEDISH ROYAL NAVY, COMMANDER OF THE EXPLORING VESSEL.

YOKOHAMA, Sept. 12th, 1879.

DURING a long succession of years numerous endeavors have been made to sail from Europe to the Pacific Ocean by the north of America or Asia—or, in other words, to discover the so-called North-west Passage by the north of America, or North-east Passage by the north of Asia. At first these attempts were made with the hope that by these routes sea-communication might be obtained between Europe and the countries of the Pacific. That hope is now abandoned; and the voyages which during later times have been undertaken with the view of discovering the North-east or North-west Passages have been for exclusively scientific purposes.

The North-west Passage has been principally explored by Englishmen. The reason of this has been that Franklin, who, in 1845, left England with two vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to

pursue that route, was never again heard of; and in consequence, numerous expeditions (for the most part organized by Franklin's widow, Lady Franklin) were sent out from England with the object of discovering the fate of the missing explorer and his companions. As all are aware, the present Admiral Sir F. L. M'Clintock, commander of the steam yacht *Fox*, brought home in 1859 indisputable proofs of his countrymen's sad end.

Undoubtedly no vessel has yet passed from the North Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, or round the north coast of America; but, nevertheless, the discovery of this passage has been attributed to Sir R. M'Clure, captain in the English navy. In command of the ship *Investigator*, he took his course through Behring Strait, and followed the American coast until his progress was arrested by ice in long. W. 115°. After spend-

ing three winters there, he learned that some English vessels (belonging to Belcher's expedition, which from the east had endeavored to penetrate the North-west Passage) were lying some hundreds of miles from him. With all his crew, which had suffered considerably during the three successive winters, and had been subjected to more intense cold than any other Arctic expedition has outlived, M'Clure crossed over the ice to the ships formerly mentioned, and returned to England through Baffin Bay and over the Atlantic Ocean. In this manner he completed the North-west Passage, although 200 miles of the way were accomplished by the use of sledges on the ice instead of by ship. On his return home he received promotion, and was voted by Parliament a national reward of £10,000.

Since M'Clintock's return no expedition has been organized to penetrate the North-west Passage.

Circumnavigation of the north coast of Asia from the Atlantic to Behring Strait has been essayed by no less than thirteen expeditions. Of these, six were sent out by Holland, five from England, one from Austria, and one from Sweden; besides an unsuccessful endeavor to force a passage in an opposite direction, made by the famous Captain Cook, the English circumnavigator, in 1778.

In 1553 three ships were sent out by England: the *Bona Esperanza*, Captain Willoughby; the *Bona Ventura*, Captain Chancellor; and the *Bona Confidentia*, Captain Durforth. These vessels only proceeded as far as Novaya Zemlia.

In 1556 an English expedition went out under Stephen Burroughs, commanding the ship *Searchthrift*, which at the Kara Gate was compelled by ice to return.

In 1580 yet another English expedition is mentioned, consisting of two ships—the *George*, Captain Pet; and the *William*, Captain Jackman. These vessels entered the Kara Sea, and afterward returned without making any further discoveries.

In 1594 there were sent out from Holland three, in 1595 seven, and in 1596 two vessels, all of which expeditions entered the Kara Sea, but did not proceed any farther east. All these

voyages were shared by the famous William Barentz, the discoverer of Spitzbergen. The latest of these expeditions is remarkable on account of its being compelled to pass the winter on the north coast of Novaya Zemlia, which is the first occasion on record of a Polar expedition spending that season in the Arctic regions.

In 1608 an expedition went out from England, led by Hudson, but was unsuccessful.

In 1610, 1612, and 1625, expeditions were sent out from Holland under Hudson, Van Horn, and Boseman, which succeeded in entering the Kara Sea, where the ice arrested their farther progress, and they were compelled to return.

In 1676 England sent out her last expedition for the discovery of the North-east Passage. It consisted of two vessels, under the command of Wood and Hawes, and had no better success than its predecessors.

The want of success attendant on all the expeditions here mentioned appears to be attributable to the circumstance that they always returned too soon. The experiences of later times show that the Arctic Seas are most free from ice during autumn, immediately before it freezes anew. One cannot calculate with any certainty upon the Kara Sea being navigable before the first days of August, and it seems to remain so until the beginning of October, or perhaps even later.

After the English expedition of 1676 there occurs an interval of nearly 200 years without any endeavor to make the North-east Passage. The country that now took up the great question was Austria, which, in 1872, sent out an expedition subsidized by private individuals. The ship bore the name of Admiral Tegetthoff, and was commanded by Lieut. Weytprecht, who was accompanied by Lieut. Payer, as leader of all land excursions. Of the vessel's being frozen in on the west coast of Novaya Zemlia, of its wonderful drifting with the ice, and consequent discovery of a new land, and of the crew's fortunate escape, it is not necessary here to speak, as a work has been recently published in which the whole is admirably described. The attempt made by this expedition to reach the North-east Passage proved unsuccessful, inasmuch as it gained no

point farther than its predecessors with the same object.

A more fortunate issue has been reserved for the thirteenth expedition, organized to circumnavigate the north coast of Asia—the Swedish Arctic Expedition of 1878. Of its equipment and voyage I will now give some account.

When Professor A. E. Nordenskiöld, during the years 1875–76, crossed without difficulty the Kara Sea, which had hitherto been regarded as unnavigable, and penetrated to the mouth of the Yenisei River, which in the former year he sailed up, returning home overland by Siberia, it occurred to him that, with a good steamer, one could sail still farther east along the north coast of Siberia to Behring Strait. In the programme which Professor Nordenskiöld drew out for the promotion of an expedition with the object of sailing through the North-east Passage, he mentions as ground for the possibility of such a voyage, among other reasons, that the warm current which is formed by Siberia's many and powerful rivers, and the direction of which, by reason of the earth's revolution, ought to be from west to east, would be so strong, and would so heat up the water lying nearest the coast, that a navigable stream must be found there during the last summer months—namely, August and September. This opinion has now proved perfectly correct. Supported by the results of the successful voyages of 1875–76 and the opinion just mentioned, Professor Nordenskiöld succeeded in interesting His Majesty the King of Sweden, Mr. Oscar Dickson, merchant, and Mr. Alexander Sibirikoff, a Russian mine-owner, in his project. They undertook to defray the expenses of the expedition. Afterward aid was obtained also from the Swedish Government, who liberally allowed £1500 for the repairing of the ship to be used by the expedition, and permitted the work to be executed at the Royal Dock Yards at Carlsrona. The government also made an allowance of rs. 6d. per diem in addition to the regulation pay.*

* Pay and rations were provided by government only for those of the expeditionary officers (commissioned and non-commissioned) and men who were in the naval service. The

The steamship Vega was bought for the expedition from a Swedish Sealing Company for the sum of £8500. The Vega is a bark-rigged steamer, built in 1872 for seal and whale fishing in the Arctic Seas, and consequently the exigencies of ice navigation have been duly considered in her construction. The vessel is 500 tons burden, and its dimensions are: extreme length, 150 ft.; breadth, 29 ft.; depth of hold, 16 ft. It is provided with an engine of sixty horse-power, on Woolf's principle, which gives the vessel a speed of seven knots, with a coal-consumpt of 3 cwt. per hour. The Vega, which was not permitted to carry the royal flag, has sailed during the whole expedition under the flag of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club.

After having undergone considerable reparation of masts, sails, hull, and machinery at the Royal Dock Yards, the Vega left Carlsrona on the 22d of June, 1878.

The ship's company was made up of the following officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and men on leave of absence from the Royal Navy: Lieut. Palander, commander; Lieut. E. Brusewitz; F. A. Pettersson, engineer; R. Nilsson, sailing-master; three firemen, of whom one acted as second engineer; four able seamen and four ordinary seamen; seven boatmen; one carpenter.

Besides the crew, the Vega was accompanied from Carlsrona by Lieutenants A. Hovgaard and G. Bove, belonging respectively to the Danish and Italian navy—the former the physiographer of the expedition, the latter its hydrographer. Both of these officers had been residing at Carlsrona to be present at the equipment of the ship. From Carlsrona we went to Copenhagen, from whence almost all the supplies estimated for thirty men for twenty-four months were taken in.

In provisioning the ship, special attention was paid to the regimen which must be followed during an Arctic voyage; consequently the supplies consisted chiefly of preserves. In the choice of provisions, care was taken to obtain

private contributions supplied an extra allowance of £3 10s. per month to each of the crew.

everything of the best quality. Among other articles of supply taken to avert that pest of the Arctic regions, scurvy, may be mentioned lime-juice, pickled cabbage, concentrated rum, pickles, preserved vegetables, mulberry jam, dried fruit, and preserved cream. After some days' stay at Copenhagen, necessary for the shipment and stowage of the supplies, we left there on the 26th of June, and arrived at Gothenburg on the following day. At Gothenburg the following gentlemen embarked: F. R. Kjellman, botanist, Fellow of Upsala University; Dr. A. Stuxberg, zoologist; O. Nordqvist, lieutenant in the Russian army, interpreter and zoologist; Dr. S. Almqvist, medical officer of the expedition; and a personal attendant for Professor Nordenskiöld. Provision and coal supply were completed here, and also we shipped the scientific equipment; sledges, and pemmican for sledge journeys; and two collie dogs, bought in Scotland.

On the afternoon of the 4th of July we left Gothenburg, not again to see the dear shores of our native land for nearly two years. A stiff contrary wind delayed our voyage to our next place of destination, Tromsø, where we did not arrive until July 17th. Here embarked the leader of the expedition, Professor Nordenskiöld, and three Norwegian fishermen.

Our number was now complete, and made thirty men all told, comprising nine officers and scientific gentlemen, three non-commissioned officers, and eighteen of a crew. In Tromsø a full supply of water and coals was taken in, also a parcel of furs and sundry other articles.

At our departure from Tromsø the coal supply consisted of nearly 225 tons. At the lowest reckoning, with deduction of fuel for galley and stoves, it was estimated that the *Vega* could, solely with the assistance of her engine, make more than 4000 miles, which nearly corresponded to the distance between Tromsø and Behring Strait.

From private sources the crew had been provided with under-vests, drawers, stockings (long and short), and mitts of wool, sailcloth boots, fur mitts, fur caps, hoods, snow spectacles, etc.

On the 21st of July we steamed out

of Tromsø Harbor, accompanied by the steamer *Lena*, which was to go with us to the mouth of the river *Lena*, proceed up that river to Yakutsk, and thereafter be employed in the conveyance of passengers and goods.

The *Lena* was quite new, built to the order of Herr Sibirikoff, formerly mentioned, at the Motala Engineering Works, of Swedish Bessemer steel, provided with a high-pressure engine of 15 horse-power, which consumed 2 cwt. of coal per hour. She was 90 feet long, 17 feet broad, and 7 feet draught, with a cargo of 65 tons dead weight, including coals. She cost £2500, and, like the *Vega*, carried the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's flag. She was commanded by an experienced Norwegian whaler, and had a crew of nine men. She was supplied with provisions for sixteen months, and with 40 tons of coal.

After having been compelled by a severe storm to take refuge for three days in a bay near North Cape, we ultimately got out to sea on the 25th of July. A pretty stiff breeze with heavy sea soon brought about our separation from our lesser companion the *Lena*, and we did not again see her until the 31st of July, the day after we anchored at our rendezvous, Yugorschar, the sound lying between Waigatz Island (south of Novaya Zemlia) and the mainland. At Yugorschar we also met other two vessels, the steamer *Fraser* and the bark *Express*, which, through Professor Nordenskiöld, had been chartered for account of Herr Sibirikoff to load a cargo of grain and tallow at the mouth of the Yenisei.

At Yugorschar there is a village of which the inhabitants are partly Samoiedes, partly Russian. The Samoiedes there settled were Christians, spoke pretty fair Russian, and had a church of their own, although it was little better or larger than a very small and poor wooden hovel. They are a people of small stature, with broad faces, prominent cheek-bones, yellow complexion, oblique eyes, and flat noses. Their costume is much like that worn by the Lapps. They live on what they catch of seals and fish. The Russians in the village remain there only during summer, during which season they fish and barter goods with the Samoiedes, returning in the autumn to the interior of Russia. They

usually have their homes in Petchora or that district.

On the 1st of August, with beautiful weather, all four vessels (the Express in tow of the Fraser) left their anchorage at Yugorschar and were soon in the Kara Sea, which was then completely free from ice as far as the eye could reach.

At our entrance into the Kara Sea the scientific work of the expedition began. From that day were instituted complete meteorological observations, dragging, sounding, investigations of the temperature, and of the specific gravity of the water at different depths.

Early on the morning of August 3d we met the first drift-ice, which was, however, of such a description as could be easily passed through. With the object of avoiding contact with more compact and stronger ice we steered down toward the coast of the Samoiede peninsula, which we followed as close as the shallow water permitted. The land, which is properly only a sandbank cast up by the powerful river Obi, could not be seen by us, although the atmosphere was quite clear. We met here only spread and easily navigable drift-ice.

The Lena, with Hovgaard, Almqvist, and Nordqvist on board, was sent off to investigate the sound lying between the peninsula and White Island, but found it impossible, on account of the numerous sandbanks, to go through it. As a result of very nasty weather, and the poverty of the land in animal and vegetable life, the harvest reaped by our scientific companions on this occasion was somewhat meagre.

On the 4th of August we rounded the point of White Island in water entirely free from ice. Here we met a stiff breeze from the north, which, in conjunction with a high cross sea in three or four fathoms of water, was anything but agreeable, particularly as no trustworthy chart of these regions is yet to be had. The water was of a brown color, precisely similar to that of many of our own rivers in Sweden. Danger of stranding, however, does not exist, even although one should happen to be near the flat shores of the White Island during a storm, because the powerful current from the confluence of the Obi and Yenisei rivers in the neighborhood of the above island sets north during the summer

season with a velocity of three to five knots.

On the 6th of August we anchored beside one of the group of islands which lie outside Dickson's Harbor. Two hours later the Express and the Fraser anchored near us. In the afternoon, after the course had been examined by the steam-launch, we went farther in and anchored in the harbor, which is well protected by land on all sides. The following day the Lena arrived from its exploring expedition.

Both in Yugorschar and Dickson's Harbor the Lena as well as the Vega took coal supplies from the Express, which had carried about 400 tons of coal from London instead of ballast. By these vessels letters and telegrams were dispatched to be further transmitted from Norway.

On the 9th of August the Express left us in tow of the Fraser, and steered up the Yenesei, to ship at the appointed place, Yakovieva, the cargo formerly mentioned.

After having mapped the harbor, prosecuted various scientific investigations, and made the ship clear for sea, we left our anchorage early on the morning of the 10th of August, and steered for the Arctic Sea. The course was set for the Kammeni Islands, with the intention of afterward following the coast of Taimyr Land to Taimyr Island. Already, during the first day, we met several small islands, which, according to the chart we had, should have lain sixty miles farther east.

This was not the last time we made the discovery that the coast was described in this chart as much farther east than in reality it is. This was particularly noticeable when we reached the other side of Cape Tchelyuskin, where, according to the map, we sailed over long stretches of land.

The map which we used as a chart had been constructed by the Russian general staff, and was founded upon old delineations from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We found the coast correctly delineated for the first time from the other side of Kolyma River to Koliutchin Bay. That portion has been described by Admiral von Wrangel, as recently as 1821-23. The map was, besides, more a land than a sea chart. The

depth was indicated in very few instances, and these were usually at fault. It was necessary, therefore, to proceed with the utmost caution. Our regulations were to sound every hour as long as we were in deep water—that is to say, as long as the depth was not less than seven to ten fathoms. At a less depth we sounded every quarter of an hour; and often, when we were sailing along the coast, in from three to four fathoms of water, or even less, the hand-line was constantly employed for days in succession. As soon as the depth decreased to about four fathoms, the steam-launch, which was always kept with steam up, was put out and sent before the Vega. This could be easily done in water free from ice or in spread drift-ice; but when the ice was so compact that the Vega had to force a passage through, the steam-launch, of course, could not be used.

Only upon one occasion, when we stood eastward from Cape Tchelyuskin, we sounded and found seventy fathoms; at no other place, even when far out at sea, had we more than twenty fathoms, and as soon as we neared the coast the depth gradually decreased to three or four fathoms and under. Usually we sailed in a depth of from five to seven fathoms.

On the 11th of August we anchored near an unknown island to await better weather, there being a storm of wind and rain right in our teeth. On the afternoon of the same day, when the wind had somewhat moderated, we continued our voyage.

On the 12th we encountered drift-ice, but so spread that, without too many deviations, we contrived to go forward in a north-easterly direction. The ice now began to be accompanied by fog, which in the Arctic waters is more dense than anywhere else in the world. As long as there is drift-ice in the neighborhood, so long can one almost with certainty calculate upon having an impenetrable fog, which only lifts for a few hours during the day, usually immediately after noon or early in the morning. Often when the fog disperses at mid-day there is brilliant sunshine, and one discovers that the course taken in the drift-ice during the fog is wrong, and there is nothing for it but to return the same way and begin to push forward anew by an-

other and better route. The fog rises and falls very suddenly without any premonitory signs, and might be compared to a stage curtain, which is alternately raised and dropped.

On the 13th of August, during a dense fog, we found ourselves close upon land right ahead of us, as well as on both sides. Fortunately we were proceeding with such caution that by backing we could come to a standstill before we had run ashore. We anchored, and when the atmosphere cleared somewhat for a few moments, we found that the land beside which we had anchored was simply an isolated heap of stones of a C form lying out in the sea. For the remainder of the 13th and part of the 14th we lay in compact drift-ice and fog, unable to make any advance. On the evening of the 14th we were favored with a few hours' clear weather, and managed to make a little progress landward, where the ice appeared thinnest. As our scientific party wished to go ashore for the purpose of collecting, we anchored in a bay on the south-west of Taimyr Island. The bay was named Actinia Harbor, on account of the vast numbers of Actinia (or sea-anemones) which were found on the bottom. Here we were detained three and a half days by a dense fog. During that time, with the aid of the steam-launch, there were several excursions made to investigate the sound lying between Taimyr Island and the mainland, which at its western mouth was so shallow, narrow, and rocky that the Vega could not pass through it. The current here always runs westward with a speed of three to five knots.

On the morning of the 18th of August the fog rose so far as to permit us to go to sea. The course was taken north of Taimyr Island, between some reefs covered with boulders, which were now and then discernible through the rapidly-returning fog. During the night, after having passed through a great deal of drift-ice, and seen at a distance several large islands lying northward, we sighted the land south of Cape Tchelyuskin. The land here lay considerably farther west than as delineated on the chart.

On the afternoon of the 19th of August we doubled the Old World's most northerly point, Cape Tchelyuskin, the Vega being the first vessel which has

succeeded in so doing. At 6 P.M. we anchored in a creek on the eastern side of the above cape. The national flag was hoisted, a salute given, while on the shore stood a large polar bear to bid us welcome. That night and the following forenoon were employed in deciding the position of the Cape (which was found to be lat. N. $77^{\circ} 36'$, long. E. $103^{\circ} 25'$), and in making various scientific investigations.

At 1 P.M. on the 20th of August we raised our anchor and steered in a north-easterly and easterly direction as far as the ice permitted. We now no longer followed the coast, our intention being to see if we might not possibly discover farther out some hitherto unknown islands or continents. But by the 22d we were so entangled in compact drift-ice that during the fog which prevailed we found the utmost difficulty in finding our way back to the coast. To penetrate farther east in this latitude was then impossible.

On the morning of the 24th we were again near land, and found there a channel from three to five miles broad, and almost quite free from ice. We sailed along the coast in this stream almost directly south, in a depth of eight to fifteen fathoms. Our map demonstrates how incorrectly the coast here has been delineated, and shows that we stood four and a half degrees inside the supposed coast-line. In contrast with the other parts of the north coast of Siberia, which almost everywhere is low, with a gradual elevation landward, there is here a high mountain-chain with remarkably beautiful snow-clad peaks, the height of which we estimated at 2000 feet.

On the same afternoon we anchored at Khatanga Island, at the mouth of the bay of the same name. Khatanga Island had a very singular appearance. The northern side was about 250 feet high, and descended perpendicularly into the sea. From the northern summit the island sloped gradually away to the south, where its shores were finally lost in a sandbank which stretched far out into Khatanga Bay. The island was about one mile from east to west, and one and a half miles from north to south. On its western side there is a very good anchorage, only protected, however,

from the winds between N.E. and S.E. Its northern shore was quite covered with puffins and other species of birds, among which our guns made great destruction. Two polar bears were also shot here. At 9 P.M. we raised our anchor, and steered under alternate fog and clear weather for the north-east of the bay. The light nights were at an end, and it was now extremely dark about 10 P.M.

On the 25th of August, following the coast, we passed the North Bay, and then took our course eastward in four to eight fathoms of water. In the early morning of that day, which was a Sunday, there was a dense fog; but about 10 A.M. it completely dispersed, and the day became the warmest and most beautiful we had during our whole voyage along the coast of Siberia. The thermometer showed as high as $+4^{\circ}$ C. in the shade.

After we had passed the North Bay, the want of depth compelled us to go so far out to sea that we could barely keep sight of land. There we met with many *torosser* aground. *Torosser* is the Russian designation for walls-formed during the winter by the constant forcing up of the ice. They sometimes reach the height of 100 feet, and consist of ice-blocks cast one upon another—the whole not unlike a heap of gigantic sugar-loaves lying topsy-turvy. These *torosser*, should they be of large dimensions, are not acted upon by the summer sun, but remain, and certainly constitute a good beacon for seamen to avoid the ground upon which they rest.

On the 26th of August we continued to follow the coast in an easterly direction in a depth of from six to eight fathoms, pursued by our old enemy, the fog. In the evening, at dusk, we sighted a long narrow sandbank, which rose only a few feet above the level of the sea. We steered southward toward land with the intention of sailing round its southern extremity; but after following the edge of the bank for about six hours, and as it then appeared to run quite up to the land, we turned and stood out toward the north. This sandbank, which at high water or during darkness is exceedingly dangerous for the navigation, lies about twenty-five miles from the delta at the mouth of the Lena, and its

southern extremity is probably connected with Olenek Land. It lies north and south, and is probably cast up by the river Olenek and the western arm of the Lena.

After having gone round the sandbank, we proceeded on our voyage, steering eastward for the Lena's most northerly mouth. At this point a pilot from Yakutsk was to meet us to take the steamer *Lena* up the river to that town.

As the river *Lena* has numerous mouths in its northern delta, it had been prearranged that the pilot, who, during the whole of the navigable season, must be found at the place, should set a sea-mark at that mouth where the greatest depth was obtainable. Our intention was to accompany the *Lena* to the mouth of the river, and remain there for a few days for scientific research. But on the night of the 27th August, when we were outside our proposed anchorage, we found navigable water and a favorable wind. The opportunity was too good to be allowed to slip out of our hands. In the utmost haste we closed our letters and telegrams to our friends at home and sent them on board the *Lena*. She was now left to her own devices to prosecute her journey to her place of destination. We spread our canvas, and, making good speed, proceeded eastward to work out our way alone through the remaining portion of the North-east Passage. Our lesser companion had proved most useful to us, as whenever the water became shallow she preceded us and took soundings.

On the 28th August we were again among close but nevertheless navigable drift-ice. At mid-day we sighted Wasilieffski Island on our starboard-bow, which we ought to have had on our other side far to the north. We had then not taken observations since the 26th.

During that interval of forty-eight hours the current from the rivers *Lena* and *Yana* had carried us 70 miles to the north. We went on the south side of Wasilieffski Island, from which there stretched out in a southerly direction a sandbank so low that it was only at a distance of eight miles from the island that we managed to pass it in a depth of eighteen feet. This proves the validity of the general rule that all islands north

of Siberia are extremely flat on the southern side, but contrariwise, precipitous and deep on the northern, on which side they can usually be passed at a distance of a few hundred feet.

As Professor Nordenskiöld wished to land on Liakov Island, the most southerly of the New Siberian group, to collect mammoth and other fossil remains, the course was set for that island's western shore. On the 29th we had such exceedingly hard work among close drift-ice that it was only with the utmost difficulty we could go forward at all. Ultimately we succeeded in forcing our way through, and passed to the north of Stolbovoi Island, on the eastern side of which we found completely clear water for about ten miles. Here the log was heaved, and it was found that the *Vega*, using her sails alone, and with a favorable wind, was going at the rate of eleven knots an hour. This was the greatest speed attained during our voyage along the Siberian coast.

The following morning we stood in toward Liakov Island, to which, in consequence of the shallows, we could make no nearer approach than at four to five miles distance; and these shallows, in conjunction with an impending fog, made it impossible to go ashore. We therefore steered southward for Cape Sviatoi, the point of which we doubled, after much trouble with the ice, in the night between 30th and 31st August. From thence we had two days of exceedingly good weather, during which we sailed along by the coast in water all but quite free from ice. We required, however, to keep some little distance out, as the water was shallow. The coast here was very flat, and was almost invisible to us on account of fog.

On the night between the 2d and 3d of September the drift-ice closed up; the temperature, which had hitherto in general kept above zero, now fell below, and we had our first real snowfall. On the 3d of September, during the day, in a snow-storm, we rounded the point lying north-east of the mouth of Kolyma River. The coast here was somewhat high and mountainous. We sailed at some cables'-length distance from the coast, and with alternate snow-storms and clear weather passed between the Bear Islands. On the most easterly of

these there stand four pillars, which, like so many beacons, spring erect above the land. These pillars, which are composed of some plutonic mineral, are, according to Baron von Wrangel, forty feet high. After passing the Bear Islands, and proceeding in an easterly direction among very compact drift-ice, during the night we steered north-east, with the hope of reaching that portion of land as yet untrodden by the foot of civilized man known as Wrangel Land, also sometimes called Kellet Land. The Americans and Russians have called this land after Admiral von Wrangel, who, during his three years' stay (1821-23) on the Siberian coast of the Arctic Sea, made two fruitless attempts to reach it (its existence being already known to the Tchuktchis) from Kolyma by means of dog-sledges.

The natives at Cape Yakan and North Cape * had repeatedly in very clear weather, most probably under peculiar atmospheric conditions, seen land in the north-east; this suggested to Admiral von Wrangel (who was sent out by the Russian Government to survey the Siberian coast) an endeavor to reach that land. Wrangel was met either by an impassable barrier of ice (high *torosser*) or by ice-fields here and there rent asunder, with large fissures between the latter, called by the Russians *polynjor*.† The result was that he had to return without arriving at or even seeing the land in question. As the natives relate that for some time past they have seen during the winter people unknown to them coming over the ice from the north-east, and returning the same way, it is inferred that Wrangel Land is inhabited.

The English have called the land after their countryman Kellet, commander of the English man-of-war *Herald*, with which, in 1849, he endeavored to penetrate thither. Kellet's attempt with that object succeeded no better than Wrangel's. He arrived at an island,

which received the name of *Herald Island*, from whence, under the atmospheric conditions formerly alluded to, he believed he saw Wrangel Land.

The American whaling-captain Long (of the bark *Nile*, 1867) is the last who saw and also took good bearings of the south coast of Wrangel Land, which he passed at a distance of twelve miles.

On the morning of the 4th of September, after having done our best during the night to force a passage through, we found our way toward the north-east completely barred by strong, compact drift-ice, united by newly-frozen ice two inches thick. There was nothing else to be done but to endeavor to make the land, which, during the night and after most fatiguing labor, we succeeded in reaching direct west of Cape Baranoff. Here we found a fairly broad channel, seven to eight fathoms deep, and free from ice. In future we made no further attempts to stand out northward, where we invariably met with impenetrable ice, but kept the whole time as near the coast as the depth permitted. This is really the surest way of making progress, as on the coast there is the efflux of larger or smaller rivers, which either cause it to be free from ice, or keep the broken ice-fields in constant motion so long as they are not united by fresh ice.

On the 5th of September we kept along the coast in a navigable stream. In the afternoon we passed under steam and full sail, with a favorable wind, Tchaun Bay. This was the last time in 1878 that we had an opportunity to carry sail. After this the ice became so close, and our course was so intricate, that we could not use canvas. The night of the 6th September was the first night that the darkness prevented us from advancing. In future, during the darkest part of the twenty-four hours we had always to moor either to an ice-field, or, still better, to a portion of ground ice.

On the 6th of September, during the day, we sighted the high land of Cape Shelagskoi, which we reached after some hours' struggle with a belt of drift-ice. Immediately to the east of this point we had our first sight of the natives, who came rowing toward us in two boats made of seal-hide. They could, however,

* By North Cape is meant here and hereafter that promontory lying in lat. N. 68° 50' and long. E. 180°, which properly should bear the name used by the natives, *Irkaipi*.

† It is a misapprehension of these *polynjor*, described by Wrangel, which first gave rise to the popular but groundless hypothesis of an open polar sea.

afford us no information in regard to the coast or the condition of the ice, as they could speak no language but their own, Tchuktchis. After this we daily passed one or more native villages, and received visits from this kindly people. At Cape Shelagskoi the difficulties of the expedition seemed only to begin. From thence we encountered solid, compact ice, and could barely go forward two ships' lengths without collision with the same. On the 7th September we passed Cape Yakan, and on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th worked our way through close, strong drift-ice, which was sometimes so impenetrable that we were compelled to moor to it and await some change in its position. Only such a mode of procedure made it possible for us to get on. Occasionally we might make one or two miles, but usually only a few lengths of the ship. With the steam constantly up, we were prepared to take advantage of the smallest opportunity afforded by the ice of going forward. Fogs, shallows, and ground ice were now the order of the day. For whole days in three fathoms of water, sometimes, indeed, with not more than a few inches under our keel, we had to push our way through drift and ground ice. These latter masses, larger and heavier than the Vega, had to be removed. When this could not be accomplished by pressure with the whole strength of our machinery, we had to make an onset and rush against it at full speed. Only a vessel so strong and well-constructed as the Vega could for any length of time have stood such blows. To run at full speed against ground ice is equivalent to rushing against a fixed object. Either the ship or the ice must give way. Nevertheless our Vega went victorious out of the combat, not a single scratch appearing on her sides of scarlet oak.

She frequently stuck fast between two ground ices, the only possibility of getting free being to blast with powder, or to hew away, by means of ice-tools, so much of their tops as lightened them sufficiently to allow them to float.

On the 12th of September, in the forenoon, we arrived at the North Cape, where we were detained six days by ice. The North Cape consists of two promontories, some hundred feet high, jutting out from the mainland. They

inclose a shallow bay, about half a mile in length, with an inlet between north-east and north-west. In this bay the Vega lay shut up by the drift-ice. On the low sandbank which unites these promontories was situated a Tchuktchi village. We found the chief, Tcheporin, a particularly attractive man. It was very amusing to see his astonishment when, on one occasion, we invited him and his wife, Atanga, to the saloon, where he saw a number of things which to him appeared most wonderful. He was presented, among other articles, with an old gold braiding, which he bound round his wife's head like a diadem, placing the loop in the centre of her brow. Great was his delight at a performance on the barrel-organ. First he commenced to quiver in every limb, and soon he was dancing most vigorously. For hours he would contemplate his brown-yellow face in a mirror.

We here attempted to take a course of tidal observations, which, however, on account of our apparatus, and their collision with the ice, were unsatisfactory. The greatest deviation was only from five to seven inches. At last, at mid-day on the 18th of September, the ice dispersed so far as to permit us, creeping along the sandy coast in three fathoms of water, to continue our course toward our goal, Behring Strait.

The season of the year was now far advanced, and being acquainted with the sudden transition from summer to winter in the Arctic regions, we knew that at any time winter might set in in earnest, and make all further progress impossible. From this time the temperature was invariably below zero.

On the evening of the 18th, during the darkness, while forcing a belt of ground ice, we touched the bottom; but the following morning, at 4 o'clock, we were again on the way quite uninjured.

On the 19th of September we succeeded in pushing our way forward about fifty miles. On the 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th our combat with the ice was continued, and we made very little progress. On the 26th we rounded Cape Wankarem, where we found tolerably clear water, caused by the rapidly flowing river of the same name. The same evening we also doubled Cape Onman, and on the following day we

went right across Koliutchin Bay, passing close to Koliutchin Island. In the evening we moored close west of the north-east point of the bay.

The 28th of September was a cold but clear morning. The sea had, during the night, been covered with a layer of ice one to two inches thick. We rounded the point, but afterward could only push our way forward about four miles when we had again to moor. I little thought on the morning of that day that this would be the last time during 1878 that our vessel would be on the onward move. We had before encountered stronger ice, and fought against greater difficulties; and now to reach Behring Strait we had only 120 miles to accomplish of the 4000 which constitute the length of the Old World's northern shores.

At first no one would realize that we might be compelled to pass the winter here, but hoped for a change in the weather, and for a storm which would break and disperse the ice. But instead of this, however, the cold increased, and the new ice which connected the drift-floes daily became stronger, and the weather remained quite calm. Here we were to spend the winter—here where the American whalers find yearly quite navigable water several weeks later than the 28th of September. The situation of our wintering station was, according to observations, lat. N. $67^{\circ} 7'$, and long. W. $173^{\circ} 24'$, 4500 feet out from a flat sandy beach, entirely unprotected from all winds excepting the south. Between the Vega and the shore were two sandbanks, the nearest having ten feet of water, the other still less.

At the outset of the expedition my impression was that the greatest difficulties in making the North-east Passage would be experienced in rounding Cape Tchelyuskin and possibly the coasts on both sides of same—namely, from Taimyr Island to Khatanga Bay. All available accounts, however, agree that the coast between Cape Yakan or North Cape and Behring Strait is quite free of ice during the summer and autumn. When we had successfully rounded Cape Tchelyuskin, and had passed Cape Yakan so early as the 7th of September (therefore in good time), we calculated with certainty upon

being able to pass Behring Strait the same year. On the contrary, our greatest difficulties commenced at Cape Yakan, and instead of diminishing in the same degree, the farther we proceeded eastward, they became still greater and greater. We have good cause to infer that the condition of the ice in 1878 was peculiarly unfavorable, and that, under ordinary circumstances, we should have reached Behring Strait without difficulty, and immediately thereafter the Pacific Ocean. We had now to content ourselves with having arrived at the entrance to Behring Strait during the first summer. As proof of the condition of these waters in other years, I quote the following from statistics supplied by the United States Admiralty:

1st. On the 21st September, 1867, the American bark *Massachusetts*, Captain Williams, reached lat. N. $74^{\circ} 30'$, long. W. 173° (the same longitude as our winter station), from whence no ice could be discovered round the compass. Captain Williams, an old whaler, and a man well acquainted with these waters, adds further, in his report, that he is convinced that no ice exists from the middle of August until the 1st of October south of lat. 70° and west of long. W. 170° , and that there is seldom a year when it is not possible during the month of September to sail in navigable water between North Cape and Behring Strait.

2d, Captain Niebaum, also an experienced ice navigator, relates that Behring Strait is open till the first days of November, and that he on two occasions sailed through that Strait as late as the 22d of October.

3d, In the year 1869, the bark *Navy* anchored at Koliutchin Island on the 8th of October, and sailed from thence to Behring Strait on the 10th of the same month. No ice was then to be seen.

4th, In 1867, the bark *Nile*, Captain Long, reached lat. N. $70^{\circ} 41'$, long. E. $170^{\circ} 20'$, coming from and returning to Behring Strait.

5th, The same year the bark *Monticello* went 150' farther west. Annually many small American coasting traders sail along the shores of Siberia even farther west, and carry on a bartering trade with the natives. We had evidence of this in the fact, that among all the natives we have met, numbering

more than a thousand, we have not met one who did not know a few English words.

More than fifty large vessels engaged in sealing and whaling north of Behring Strait swarm thereabout in all directions.

The natives inhabiting the coast of Siberia between Cape Shelagskoi and the Southern part of Behring Strait are called Tchuktchis, as already mentioned. Their number is estimated to be about 3000, including a nomadic tribe called the Rein-Tchuktchis, who subsist by keeping reindeer herds. These form a link between their brethren on the coast and the inland tribes of Siberia, to the latter of whom they dispose of their goods, consisting of seal and walrus-hides, walrus-teeth, etc., which they receive from the country population in exchange for reindeer-hides.

The coast population live in villages numbering from three to twenty tents, spread along the coast as near the shore as possible, and at a few miles' distance from each other.

The Tchuktchis are divided into two sections, each with its respective chief. The eastern population have for their chief Menka, who resides at Markowa on the Anadyr River. The western, again, are under the chief Amra Urgan, who resides in the vicinity of Kolyma River.

The tent of the coast Tchuktchis consists of a peculiar and cleverly constructed frame of wood, the material for which is obtained from drift-logs, with which the shore is plentifully strewed. This is covered with a number of seal and walrus hides carefully sewn together. Inside the tent, and right before the entrance, is a smaller cubiform tent, made of reindeer-skins, and used as the sleeping-chamber. During the cold season it is heated by blubber-lamps. Even during severe cold the atmosphere within this tent is so heated that the natives, who occupy it, without distinction of sex or age, lie almost nude. The dimensions of the tent depend upon the number of the family. In each tent generally dwells only one family, in which are included the sisters and brothers of the married couple before they settle for themselves.

The Tchuktchis, the children of na-

ture in the Arctic regions, fostered among ice, snow, and cold, familiarized with bloody scenes in the seal, whale, and walrus hunt, without any of the influences of civilization, are, notwithstanding, a good-natured, friendly, hospitable, and honest people.

Although the Vega during the long winter was daily visited by at least twenty natives, it was only on two or three occasions that they were found guilty of dishonestly appropriating anything, and these thefts were of the most trifling description.

The Tchuktchis are a people of small stature, although among them may be found perfect giants; as, for instance, a woman whom we saw 6 feet 3 inches tall. Their complexion is sallow, the men's being usually darker than that of the women. Occasionally, however, one may see, especially among the women, a complexion as fair and clear as that of the inhabitants of Northern Europe. The eyes are black, and often set oblique like the Chinese. The hair, which is coal-black, is worn by the men cut quite short; while the women allow it to grow freely, part it in the middle of the brow, and wear it in plaits of twelve to eighteen inches long, which hang down at each ear. They also wear a lock combed down and cut across which covers half of the forehead. The men also use a similar lock, and sometimes a long tuft at the crown of the head. This tuft is worn, so far as I could learn, only by chiefs.

Their clothing is made principally of reindeer-skin, and consists of a *pesk* or blouse reaching to the knees, with an opening at the top just sufficient for the head to pass through. In addition, the men have tight-fitting trousers of reindeer-skin, which are tucked down into boots of the same material, the latter with soles of walrus-hide. The women also wear trousers, but those are wide, ending immediately below the knee, where they are similarly tucked into the boots.

In the outer clothing the hairy side of the skin is always to the exterior; but, on the contrary, the hairy side of those articles worn next the body during the cold season is turned inward. A close-fitting hood of reindeer-skin and mittens of the same material complete

their dress. In this costume they defy any kind of weather. Often so clad, night after night, even in the most severe cold, they pursue their seal-fishing miles away from the shore without any other protection from the icy winds.

The weapons of the Tchuktchis consist of a bow and arrows, a spear—which, like the arrows, has a point of iron or of bone—a knife, and a kind of sling, used for catching birds. The iron for the arrow and spear heads is obtained from the Americans and Russians in their bartering transactions. They themselves have no iron at their command, nor any knowledge of its working.

To their hunting implements belong the sealing-net, made of finely-cut strips of seal-hide, netted with a three-inch mesh. With these the young seals, which form their principal food, are caught. The net is extended between two blocks of ice, and the seals get entangled in its meshes, and so become an easy prey to the hunters.

Their dog-sledges, which are constructed of thin pieces of wood, tied together with strips of seal-hide, combine to a high degree strength with elasticity, and are singularly light.

Their mode of conveyance by sea is the *kajak*, or the "large boat." The *kajak*, quite similar to the Greenland *kajak*, is covered with seal-hide: it only carries one man, who propels it by means of a common *kajak* oar or paddle. The "large boat," which also resembles the boat used in Greenland under the name of the "women's boat," is upward of thirty feet long. It is rowed by six to ten men, with common oars, or *pagajas*. This boat is constructed of a thin wooden frame, covered with seal and walrus hides. It has a flat bottom, from which its sides project at right angles. Its carrying capacity is very great. I have seen such boats having thirty people on board.

The hammer of the Tchuktchis consists of a stone tied to a stick; their spade, of a walrus's shoulder-blade fastened to a stick; and in the same manner they contrive other necessary domestic utensils and tools. They are perfect masters in the art of joining by means of thongs of seal-hide.

The principal food of the natives consists of seal-flesh and blubber, in addi-

tion to which they use feathered game, bear and reindeer flesh, when such can be obtained. The roots of certain shore-plants, also willow-leaves, *ranunculus*, and saxifrage, etc., enter pretty largely into their diet. The leaves are collected in the latter end of summer, pressed, and consumed during the winter; and in these they are provided with a powerful anti-scorbutic. During the winter, when getting short of other provisions, the bones of seals and walrus caught during summer are crushed, and prepared in the form of a broth or soup, which is consumed by both men and dogs. Of the latter there are a great number in every village, which are chiefly employed in conveying their owners by sledge from one place to another. Although these dogs are not large, three or four of them can with ease carry a man long distances. When the Tchuktchis undertakes long journeys of 300 to 500 miles, he often has as many as eighteen dogs harnessed to his sledge, with which he is able to accomplish seventy to eighty miles a day.

During the first half of the winter we were daily visited by twenty to thirty natives, who got any food the crew might have left. Besides this, they received a considerable quantity of bread from the ship's stores. They made themselves useful in several small ways, such as sawing wood, carrying ice, etc., etc. In the beginning of February, when their provisions began to run short, they all removed from Pitlekai (the nearest village to us) to another village farther east, called Naskai, where they raised temporary tents, and carried on seal-fishing in the open water to be found in the vicinity. About this time the natives made a great haul, allowing to each tent twenty-five to fifty young seals. Besides seals, they got in the same vicinity a good catch of a fish resembling cod.

At first we had some difficulty in holding communication with the natives, but we soon picked up a sufficient number of words to make ourselves intelligible. Lieutenant Nordqvist, who paid special attention to the language of the Tchuktchis, ultimately became tolerably familiar with it. I here give some specimens: *anka*, sea; *atleatle*, snow; *eck*, fire; *ergatik*, to-morrow; *etlongat*, to-

day; *ee*, yes; *jaranga*, tent; *jo*, wind; *kau kau*, food; *koy koy*, cold; *mimil*, water; *murgin*, my; *oinga*, no; nothing; *oumko*, bear; *ounkri*, ptarmigan; *outout*, wood; *rukka*, walrus; *tintin*, ice; *tirkir*, sun; *tschagurgin*, go; *tschepiska*, sleep; *tschopak*, dog; *tschopagat*, drive with dogs; *turgin*, yours.

After the 28th of September, the day on which our further progress was completely arrested, we still cherished a hope of getting free, and accomplishing the remaining little distance to Behring Strait the same autumn; but gradually this hope died out, and we began in earnest to think of the impending winter. With regard to the ship there was really nothing to do, as all preparations to resist an Arctic winter had already been made.

We fitted up the winter tent, the top rope of which was fixed midway up the masts, and from thence extended to the bulwarks. That the daylight might not be shut out from the saloon, the tent was not erected over the quarter-deck. The deck was covered with six inches of snow, which aided considerably in the exclusion of the cold from that quarter. The engine was kept during the whole winter in such a condition that at three hour's notice it could be set in motion.

The vessel was heated by means of four stoves and the galley. One of the stoves was placed in the saloon, one in the engine-room, one between decks, and one in the second mess. With these heating appliances we had no difficulty in keeping up an equable temperature in all parts of the vessel even during the most severe cold (47° C.). For fuel, part coals and part drift-wood were used, the latter brought from the neighboring shore. For heating purposes we consumed about 12 cwt. of coal weekly.

As I feared that the thick and rapidly-forming ice might press with too great a force on the vessel, I endeavored at first to keep her free of the ice on the one side by opening, by means of the saw, a three-feet-broad channel. Soon, however, this work had to be abandoned, as the cold overpowered us. After opening up the stream the one day, on the next we found it covered with ice six to eight inches thick. Should there happen to be a snow-storm during the night, it was

immediately filled up with snow, and then the ice became still thicker.

From the 1st of December until the 1st of April magnetic observations were made every hour; and in addition, on the 1st and 15th of every month, observations were made every five minutes. Meteorological observations were also taken every hour from the 1st of December till the 1st of April; for the remainder of our stay only every four hours. These observations were conducted by eleven persons, of which nine were men of science and officers, and two of the crew. The watch lasted for six hours, and the person on duty remained in the observatory all that time. The magnetic observatory consisted of a building twelve feet long and ten feet broad erected on the land one hundred feet from the shore, and formed of sawn ice-blocks of an equal size. That we might, during snow-storms and darkness, have communication with the vessel without risk of losing our way, ice-pillars were raised at a distance of forty feet from each other, between which ropes were stretched.

During the whole time we were shut up the wind blew almost continually from N.N.W. to N.W. Winds from other quarters were exceptional. The winds between E.N.E., N., and S.W. were cold, while, on the contrary, the winds from S. and S.E. brought a milder temperature. In the first part of the winter, before the ice became too thick, the E. and S.E. winds broke it up and formed large holes or clefts north and east of the vessel. In a heavy northerly storm at the beginning of November, the newly-frozen ice one foot thick, pressing against the older and stronger, which lay aground on the outer sandbank directly astern of us, broke and piled up into *torosser* of some twenty feet high. On the same occasion the ice shot up on to the flat beach and accumulated in several places so as to form ice-walls of a similar height. On the 1st of January, about seven miles N.N.E. of the vessel, there was a channel running east and west, which was so broad that from its southern edge the northern was not discernible. During the latter part of the winter, when the cold became more intense, we could see no open water from our mast-head, but a continuous ice-

field, whose even surface was only broken here and there by some old ice-blocks which had been frozen in by the new ice. Still, on several occasions we saw the so-called "water-sky," from which we inferred that open holes were to be found, although at a great distance. When in the month of May we opened up a channel on the one side of the vessel, the ice nearest us measured seven feet thick.

A table at the foot of this page* shows the thickness of the ice, which was measured on the 1st and 15th of every month, while another indicates the medium, maximum, and minimum temperature for every month.

In Sweden it is usually quite calm as soon as the temperature falls to 20° and under. At our winter station we often had strong wind with 38°, and storm with 30° and under. When the temperature fell under 40° it was generally calm or a light breeze, under 45° we had a complete calm. To go long stretches against a fresh breeze with 30° cold, or even colder, was anything but agreeable—nose, cheeks, and ears were easily liable to be frost-bitten. This can be obviated, however, without much difficulty by binding a thin silk handkerchief over the nose, and letting the corners hang down over the mouth, by which inspiration is made less disagreeable than otherwise it would be. During the whole winter we had only a few very trifling injuries from the frost, notwithstanding that we were out in all possible weathers.

In the severest and coldest storms the watch in the magnetic observatory had to be changed every six hours. In the course of the winter we had some un-

commonly high readings of the barometer—as, for example, on February 17th, at 6 P.M., 790 m.m. at 67° Fahr., or reduced to decimals, = 788, 1 m.m.—which is four millimetres higher than the highest reading recorded in the literature we have on board.

From the beginning of the month of December we made hourly tidal observations. Ebb and flood could scarcely be distinguished. The greatest variation during the spring-tide was only six to eight inches. The water-level, however, varied greatly according to the direction and strength of the wind. The extent of these changes was different for different winds; south-east and south winds usually brought high water, two to three feet over the common water-level. These observations were made by means of the following apparatus: A metal wheel of the circumference of a metre was fixed on the top of a boom. Over that wheel was laid a fine brass-wire line, the thickness of a common log-line, the two ends of which were taken down through the rudder-hole, one upon each side of the helm. The one end was carried through a hole made in the ice beside the rudder, and fastened to two bars of iron which were sunk to the bottom; the other was fixed to a cannon-ball at such a height that it was suspended in the centre of the rudder-hole. The cannon-ball served to keep the line constantly on the stretch. A board with foot and inch measurements was placed between the boom and the deck, and on the line an indicator which, according as the vessel rose or fell, pointed out on the scale the rising and falling of the water.

As we wintered in lat. N. 67° 7', we

* THICKNESS OF THE ICE.

		Ft.
November 1, 1878.....		0.96
December 1, ".....		1.90
December 15, ".....		2.70
January 1, 1879.....		3.10
February 1, ".....		3.65
February 15, ".....		4.04
March 1, ".....		4.16
March 15, ".....		4.24
April 1, ".....		4.30
April 15, ".....		4.68
May 1, ".....		5.20
May 15, ".....		5.45
June 1, ".....		5.20
June 15, ".....		5.10

TABLE OF TEMPERATURE (CENTIGRADE), TAKEN ON BOARD THE VEGA DURING 1878-79, AT L. N. 67° 7', L. W. 173° 24'.

	Medium.	Maximum.	Minimum.
October, 1878....	— 5°.21	+ 0°.8	— 20°.8
November, "....	— 16°.59	— 6°.3	— 27°.2
December, "....	— 22°.81	+ 1°.2	— 37°.1
January, 1879....	— 25°.05	— 4°.1	— 45°.5
February, "....	— 25°.08	+ 0°.2	— 43°.8
March, "....	— 21°.65	— 4°.2	— 30°.8
April, "....	— 18°.93	— 4°.6	— 38°.0
May, "....	— 6°.79	+ 1°.8	— 26°.8
June, "....	— 0°.60	+ 6°.8	— 14°.3

had not to endure the tedium of constant darkness, which is one of the trials of a winter spent in these regions in higher latitudes. On the darkest day of the year the sun, with the aid of refraction, showed half its disk above the horizon at mid-day. In the saloon, from 10 A.M. until 2 P.M. we had as much light as permitted us both to read and write. Outside, one could readily find their way about from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M.

Christmas was celebrated in the usual Swedish style—with Christmas-tree, Christmas presents, fish, and sweet-porridge. Christmas Eve was spent between decks, which for the occasion was decorated with suitable flags and signals. A wooden spar with willow-branches (which had been brought from inland) tied to it did duty as a Christmas-tree. It was hung with paper flags and 200 presents, which latter were divided by lottery among the whole company.

During the winter we had several opportunities of sending home news of us, of which we naturally took advantage, although uncertain if these communications would ever arrive at their intended destination. So early as October we were visited by the chief Menka, mentioned before, and by him we sent letters and telegrams to Anadyrsk, to be

forwarded from thence to Sweden. There is, however, no regular postal communication between Anadyrsk and the larger Siberian towns lying farther west. The letters would not arrive at Nijni Kolymsk until March, when a great annual market is held there. From thence they would be conveyed by visitors to the market homeward bound to Yakutsk, with which regular communication exists. In this way we could not expect our letters to arrive in Sweden before June or July. On several occasions we sent letters with natives on the homeward trip to Nijni Kolymsk, to be forwarded in a similar manner.

As far as the weather permitted, the crew always followed their various occupations in the open air, and it was only in extremely severe weather that they were allowed to work under deck. During their leisure hours they had access to an exceedingly well supplied library; and for their profit and amusement suitable lectures were given every Saturday evening during the darkest season—which, thanks to our scientific companions, were as interesting as they were instructive. In addition to the common rations; in regard to which the subjoined table* of dietary gives information, the crew received daily during the spring

* BILL OF FARE FOR THE VEGA.

	BREAKFAST.	DINNER.	EVENING MEAL.
No. 1.	Butter.....0.06 lb. Coffee.....0.10 " Sugar.....0.08 "	Salt pork.....0.75 lb. Pickled or preserved cabbage..0.75 " Preserved potatoes.....0.12 " Extract of beef.....0.02 " Preserved vegetables.....0.05 " Rice.....0.50 " Raisins.....0.05 " Rum or brandy.....1 gill.	Butter.....0.06 lb. Tea.....0.02 " Sugar.....0.08 " Cheese.....0.12 " Barley....
No. 2.	Same as No. 1.	Preserved meat.....1 ration. Preserved potatoes.....0.12 lb. Preserved vegetables.....0.05 " Preserved onions.....1 ration. Extract of beef.....0.02 lb. Brandy or rum.....1 gill.	Same as No. 1, but without cheese.
No. 3.	Same as No. 1.	Salt pork.....1 lb. Peas..... Extract of beef..... Barley..... Brandy or rum.....	Same as No. 2.

months two cubic inches of cranberry-preserve twice a week, five cubic inches mulberry-preserve four times a week, pickles, besides fresh fish or reindeer-flesh as often as they could be obtained by barter from the natives—usually once a week.

As something remarkable, and, so far as known to me, unexampled in the instances on record of winters passed in these regions, not a symptom of scurvy appeared on board the *Vega* during our stay. In my opinion our exemption may be attributed to the following circumstances:

1st. That we were supplied with sound, good, and, for our habits, suitable food.

2d. That we never had unbroken darkness, which exercises a depressing influence on the spirits.

3d. That we did not suffer from damp of any moment on board, consequent on the *Vega's* thick sides, and an equable heat being preserved; and,

4th. That we all led an industrious life.

Spring seemed to delay her coming. On the 31st of May the sun was circumpolar; but, notwithstanding, its rays were yet without sufficient strength to dissolve the masses of snow which were

accumulated on the land. Not until the middle of June did the snow begin noticeably to diminish day by day, and in the beginning of July the ground was for the most part bare. Immediately after the melting of the snow the land became green, and the flowers sprang up. It is wonderful how rapidly winter and summer succeed one another in the arctic regions. No sooner has a tuft become bare than it is verdant and flower-clad. This sudden change is absolutely necessary in order that, during the short summer of barely two months, everything may quickly mature and furnish seed for another growth.

While the snow was melting, a great number of birds had gathered and hovered about the streams and lagoons which lay at a longer or shorter distance from shore. Our hunters had occupation from morning till night, and our table was always supplied with feathered game of every description, the most appreciated being geese and sandpipers. The melting of both floating and ground ice went on rapidly during this time. In the vicinity of the ship the thickness of the ice diminished one or two inches daily, depending on whether the wind was north or south. The former brought a colder, and the latter, which

No. 4.	Butter.....0.06 lb. Chocolate...0.10 "	Salt beef.....1 lb. Macaroni.....0.15 " or Brown beans.....0.10 " Preserved green peas.....1 ration. Fruit soup.....1 " Brandy or rum.....	Same as No. 2.
No. 5.	Same as No. 4.	Preserved collops, or preserved beef à la mode..... Preserved potatoes.....0.12 lb. Preserved onions.....1 ration. Fruit soup..... Brandy or rum.....	Same as No. 2.

Besides, every man was allowed—

Daily— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dry bread or $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour (two thirds wheat and one third rye), 0.03 lb. tobacco, and 1 cubic inch lime-juice.

Per week—1 lb. flour, 0.30 lb. butter, 0.21 lb. salt, 0.03 lb. pepper, 0.07 lb. mustard, and 2 cubic inches vinegar.

No. 1.—When fresh meat and vegetables could be got, they were substituted for those in No. 2, in accordance with the regulations in the Royal Navy.

No. 2.—The different numbers were distributed in the following manner: No. 1, Sundays; No. 2, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; No. 3, Thursdays; No. 4, Tuesdays; No. 5, Saturdays.

No. 3.—Besides those already mentioned, we had several extra articles of provision—viz., pickles, preserved milk, mulberry-jam, etc.

often blew a gale, a warmer atmosphere. Open holes and long narrow runnels began to appear to the north and north-east of the vessel. These opened and closed according to the quarter from whence the wind blew, whether south or north, which indicated that the ice outside was in motion. In the beginning and middle of July a great quantity of water stood on the ice to the inward of the vessel, and communication with the land became daily more and more difficult.

On the 18th of July, during a stiff breeze from the south, I noticed that the line to our tide-gauge showed astern; and immediately after, I saw the ice to the landward of us separating from the outer ground ice belt. The engine-fires were lit, and at half past four P.M. the vessel was set in motion. Half an hour later we were out in a channel which continually increased in breadth the farther we proceeded, and before evening we were in a comparatively navigable sea. After a detention of nine months and twenty days, we had at last got away as quietly and with as little risk or trouble as if we had gone out to sea from a common harbor.

On Sunday, the 20th of July, at 11 A.M., we passed East Cape, and had then quite completed the North-east Passage. In celebration of this event the national flag was hoisted and a salute given. The same evening we anchored at the mouth of St. Lawrence Bay.

The North-east Passage has unquestionably been accomplished for the first time by the Swedish steamship *Vega*. I attribute the circumstance that this has occupied a year, when it ought to have taken only two months, had there been no special difficulties, to the unusually unfavorable condition of the ice during September, 1878.

To answer the question, If the North-east Passage can annually be made in one season? I am not able, because the ice conditions are so different in different years. The part of the sea nearest the coast is certainly free from ice, during the summer and autumn months, opposite to and east from the efflux of a river; but against this must be placed the difficulties to be met with at and around Cape Tchelyuskin and Taimyr

Island. That a passage is to be found there also once or several times in the summer is equally certain, but that may occur so late that before one can reach Behring Strait the winter has again set in. At the same time, I will not by any means say that there may not be found there during the whole summer and autumn a channel free from ice; but as there is no river affluent in the vicinity of Cape Tchelyuskin and Taimyr Island, which, with sufficient strength, can force the ice northward, as is the case with the great rivers, Obi, Yenisei, Lena, and Kolyma, it may be inferred that the ice there is principally influenced by the winds—namely, that the north wind forces the ice toward land, the south having a contrary effect, and that, consequently, the doubling of these points cannot be calculated upon with certainty at any time, even during the navigable season. The North-east Passage cannot therefore in its entirety be made available for the purposes of commerce; but still an annual traffic might easily be carried on from the westward to the Obi and Yenisei, and from the eastward to the Lena. Unquestionably the way now lies open to Siberia's three greatest rivers; and that land, so rich in minerals, timber, and grain, whose export and import trade has hitherto been conducted by means of caravans, ought now to obtain a practicable route as a connecting link between the New and Old Worlds. In regard to the communication with Yenisei, since Professor Nordenskiöld, for the first time, reached that river in 1875, it has been annually visited by European vessels, conveying European commodities to Siberia, and returning from thence loaded with Siberian products. The traffic to the Lena will probably be taken up by American traders; and the safety of the voyage there and back should be insured when a chart of the Siberian coast has been obtained, as also by the employment of strong and swift steamers.

At St Lawrence Bay we remained only till mid-day on the 21st of July, when we weighed anchor and steered over to the American side, where we anchored at Port Clarence. We remained there till the 26th, when we again crossed over to the Asiatic side, and anchored in Konyam Bay. From thence we went,

on the 28th, to St. Lawrence Island, remaining there from the 31st of July till the 2d of August. We then steered for Behring Island, where we anchored at its south-west point on August 14th. We found here a small village with a church, and twenty-five wooden houses built and owned by an American firm, Hutchinson, Kohl, Philippens, & Co., who here, and on the neighboring islands, carry on seal-fishing. The inhabitants of the island, consisting of a few Russian Government officials, some *employés* of

the Company and natives of the Aleutian Islands, make in all about 300, who reside in the village. There we received our first news from Europe through American newspapers, whereof the last were printed in San Francisco, in April, 1879, and brought from thence by one of the Company's steamers. On the 19th of August we left Behring Island and set our course for Yokohama, where we arrived on the evening of the 2d of September.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

AN EYE-WITNESS OF JOHN KEMBLE AND EDMUND KEAN.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

IN May, 1817, Ludwig Tieck, critic, dramatist, and poet, visited England. He was then forty-four years old; his powers of mind and body at their best. Shakespeare was the one great object of his worship; and he justly regarded a personal acquaintance with the country and countrymen of the poet as indispensable for the systematic study of his works, and those of his contemporary dramatists, in which he was then engaged. Probably no Englishman then living was more conversant with the history of the English stage than Tieck. Of Burbage and Shakespeare's other fellow-actors, of Betterton, Booth, Quin, Macklin, Barry, Garrick, through whom its early traditions had passed, he knew all that the scanty records of our theatre had preserved; and he came to England with the natural hope that some traces of what their genius had done for the illustration of the supreme poet might be found in the great theatres with which their names were identified. It was hard—and it might well be so—for a German enthusiast for the drama to believe that the great histrionic power in the actors of his own time, on which Shakespeare had relied to interpret his works to his countrymen, unaided by the splendor of scenic appointments, should not have left its mark upon their successors. In any case he might hope to see such of the poet's works as kept their hold upon the stage treated with the sympathetic reverence which the loudly proclaimed admiration by the English for their greatest poet led him to expect,

and which he had been accustomed to see applied to the acting of Shakespeare on the stages of Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna.

Tieck's first inquiry on reaching London was, whether the two great theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane were still open. It was late in the season, but, fortunately for his purpose, he was not only in time, but had come just as John Kemble was playing a series of his Shakespearean characters at Covent Garden, previous to taking his final leave of the stage. The great actor had begun these farewell performances on the 22d of April, and had been playing on alternate nights up to the 30th of May, when Tieck first saw him. Never a very strong man, his health for some years had been a good deal broken. A succession of thirty performances, within less than two months, which included King John, the Stranger, Coriolanus, Brutus in *Julius Caesar*, Penruddock in *The Wheel of Fortune*, Hotspur, Cato, Hamlet, Zanga, Cardinal Wolsey, and Octavian in *The Mountaineers*, was enough to have exhausted the forces of a much younger man. Tieck therefore saw him at great disadvantage; and in reading the German critic's remarks, this circumstance must, in justice to Kemble, be kept steadily in view. Much of the languor and slowness which he found in the great actor was due not so much to his habitual style as to the constitutional asthma and physical weakness which compelled him to husband his resources. The passages in his im-

personations which, as we shall see, wrung from Tieck a reluctant admission of their splendor, would be sufficient evidence of this had we not known it from the lips and writings of others who had the good fortune to be familiar with what Kemble had been, and to know him as he then was.

Tieck, whose own reading of Shakespeare subsequently became famous, had studied the actor's art in the critical school of which Lessing was the founder. He had, moreover, seen all the best acting of the German stage at a period rich in actors and actresses of great gifts and accomplishments. He had a right, therefore, to speak with authority; and before turning to what he has to say of the English stage it may not be amiss to illustrate, by his account of the great German actor, Fleck,* the high standard of excellence to which he could refer in judging of the leaders of the English school.

Fleck was slender, not tall, but of the finest proportions; he had brown eyes, whose fire was softened by gentleness, finely pencilled brows, a noble forehead and nose, and in youth his head resembled that of the Apollo. In the parts of Essex, Tancred, Ethelwolf, he was fascinating, especially so as the Infanta Don Pedro in *Ines de Castro*, a part written, like the whole piece, very feebly and vulgarly, but every word of which as spoken by him rang like the inspiration of a great poet. His voice had the purity of a bell, and was rich in full clear tones, high as well as low, beyond what any one could believe who had not heard them; for in passages of tenderness, entreaty, or devotion, he had a flute-like softness at command. And, without ever falling into the grating bass, which often strikes so unpleasantly on our ear, his deep tones rang like metal, with a roll like thunder in suppressed rage, and a roar as of a lion in the unchecked tempest of passion. The tragedian for whom Shakespeare wrote must, in my opinion, have possessed many of the qualities of Fleck, for those marvellous transitions, those interjections, those pauses, followed by a tempestuous

torrent of words, no less than those side strokes and touches of nature, spontaneous, naive, nay, sometimes verging on the comic, which he threw into his performance, were given with such natural truth as to make us understand for the first time all the subtlety and peculiarity of the poet's pathos. When he appeared in any of his great impersonations there was a halo of something supernatural about him, an impalpable horror went with him, and every tone, every look went through our heart. In the part of Lear I preferred him to the great Schröder, for he dealt with it more poetically and more truly to the poet, inasmuch as he labored less visibly at the indications of coming madness, although when it came he exhibited it in all its appalling sublimity. To have seen his Othello was a great experience. In Macbeth Schröder may have surpassed him, for he gave the first act without sufficient significance, and the second act feebly, and with a want of decision, but from the third onward he was incomparable, and in the fifth grand. His Shylock was full of a weird horror, never commonplace, but, on the contrary, noble throughout. Many of Schiller's characters were quite written for him; but the triumph of his greatness, however great he might be in many of them, was the Robber Moor. To this Titian-like creation of a young and daring imagination he gave a terrible reality, a noble elevation; the ferocity was mingled with tenderness so touching that the poet, when he saw it, must unquestionably have been struck with wonder at his own creation. . . . Even the so-called character parts in the drama of every-day life Fleck played with distinction and spirit, infusing a humor into them which made them most attractive.

For the sake of dramatic history, as well as of Kemble's reputation, it is a pity that so competent a critic as Tieck should not have seen the actor at his best. His report might then have claimed the same authority as the admirable account of Garrick in the last year of his public life, which is to be found in the German philosopher and critic Lichtenberg's letters from London to his friend Boye. Still, after making every allowance, there is "much matter to be heard and learned" about Kemble and his contemporaries from the sketches, composed in a great measure from his London letters, which Tieck published in his *Dramaturgische Blätter* in 1826, but which have not hitherto been made known to English readers.

Barren although our stage unhappily is, for the time, of the powers, natural and acquired, which can alone do justice to the Shakespearean drama, Tieck's account of what he saw is not wholly without consolation for us. All was not

* Johann Friedrich Fleck was born in 1757, appeared on the stage in 1777, rose rapidly to the first rank in his profession, and retained it till his death in 1801. He had the qualities of a fine figure, eyes, and voice, and of an expressive face, without which no actor of the poetic drama can be great. Humor, that other essential of the great actor, he seems also to have possessed in an eminent degree. His distinction among the actors of his time was the thoroughness of everything he did. He was not fine in passages, but left upon his audience the impression of a great whole, of characters, true and consistent as life itself.

so perfect in those so-called palmy days of the stage as some would have us believe. Bad acting was not uncommon then any more than now—as, indeed, how can it ever be otherwise than common—the art being so difficult as it is? And although there were actors of great natural gifts, and who, by a lifetime of study and observation, had trained themselves to grapple with the great characters of the poetic drama, and to portray the “high actions and high passions” by which they lifted delighted audiences into that ideal world which, after all, seemed to be the only real one, the stage of that period was far behind our own in this—that liberties of excision and addition were taken with the text of Shakespeare which would now be impossible, and that those accessories which give life and variety to the action of the scene were neglected to an extent as culpable in one way as the excess in scenic splendor and elaboration of costume to which we have of late years been accustomed is objectionable in another.

The first play which Tieck saw at Covent Garden (May 30th) was *Cymbeline*, which he justly calls “the most charming of the poet’s dramas.”

I was prepared to find (he says), owing to the length of the piece, and want of capacity in the actors who could not fill all the parts, much less fill them all well, that I should not see the whole play, and that much of what I should see would be performed in a mediocre style, for we are accustomed to this sort of thing, even in the case of weaker plays; but that there should be an absolute want of connection, and of illusion in many of the finest scenes, nay, that not so much as an attempt at this should be made—for this, I confess, I was not prepared. The whole was treated as a series of declamations, in which some things were spoken admirably, many gracefully, and much, very much, as stupidly as could be, without regard to the poet’s meaning, or even to the elementary rules of elocution.

It frequently struck me as strange and ludicrous that the performers should have adopted any costume, as they seemed in truth to ignore the fact that they were acting altogether. I felt this chiefly in those scenes, assuredly among the finest which even Shakespeare has written—I mean those of that marvellous solitude in which old Belarius, and the king’s two sullen sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, appear. All the more that the poet has given peculiar richness of color, and a glorious freshness to these scenes, did one feel outraged by seeing these youths deport themselves like two young Englishmen, who had dropped into

the theatre for their amusement from the nearest tavern. This revolting kind of commonplace made havoc of these scenes, but the audience appeared to be unconscious of anything amiss.

The curtailments and alterations in the arrangement of this play for the stage have been made in the most reckless way, according to a prevailing usage with the English in such matters; for since adaptations of their poet (like Dryden’s of the *Tempest*, and Shadwell’s of *Timon of Athens*) are no longer represented, they are content with arbitrary abridgments, in which the play often becomes unintelligible, and the meaning of the poet is always sure to suffer. A general knowledge of the work is assumed; the most celebrated passages are allowed to stand; undue prominence is often given to the leading actors; unimportant scenes and speeches are taken from their place, and given to some favorite. One scene is lengthened out, by interpolations or dumb show, to very weariness, while other scenes are shortened or wholly omitted, although they are to carry on the action—in short, such violence is done to the author that an unprejudiced observer finds it hard to reconcile this tyranny with the reverence and homage which the English seem to pay to their great poet whenever they can.

Those whose studies have not shown them how deeply the vice here denounced by Tieck had penetrated into our acted Shakespearean drama, will read his statements with amazement. It was not indeed until long afterward, when his management of Covent Garden, and subsequently of Drury Lane, enabled Mr. Macready to introduce a thorough system of reform, that the scandal was effectively abated. When, among other revivals, *Cymbeline* was produced by him, the play was probably, for the first time, seen upon the stage in something like its true proportions. Local color and correct costumes were introduced, with a skilful reserve, to set off the fine acting of his powerful company. How reverently and beautifully the forest scene, alluded to by Tieck, with the two young men of royal breed, was handled, must still be a delight to many to remember. But to return to our chronicler.

On his first entrance John Kemble reminded me, by his noble presence, his stature, and speaking, expressive face, of our excellent Heinrich Jacobi. . . . The English themselves admit that, even when he was young, the part of Posthumus was one of his weakest; how much more now! His voice is weak and tremulous, but full of expression, and there is a ring of feeling and intelligence in every word, only much too strongly marked, and between every second and third word there

comes a pause, and most of the verses or speeches end in a high key. . . . In consequence of his tedious style of delivery the piece, even though probably one half of it was cut out, lasted an unusual time. This, so to speak, musical declamation was incompatible with all real acting; nay, in a certain degree made it impossible; for when everything is made to depend on little *nuances* of speaking, and every monologue and every single passage is sought to be rounded off into an artistic whole, any delineation of character, of the ebb and flow of passion and feeling, is out of the question. Here and there one saw the great master; for example, in the second act, when Iachimo after his return tells how he has succeeded; the despair, mingled with rage, the kindling of fresh hope, and the falling back into comfortless anguish, were admirably given, and one could see clearly that if Kemble had not succumbed to mannerism, and a one-sided school, he would have been a truly great actor.

The Iachimo of the evening was Young, who threw, says Tieck, no character into the part. He was probably not actor enough to be a villain of a stamp so abhorrent to his own honorable nature. Miss Foote was the Imogen. "She was graceful" is Tieck's criticism, "in the boy's dress; but she was not really equal to the part." How could she be? she, the airy, graceful, fine lady of comedy, how was she to depict all the pathos, the passion, the ineffable mixture of womanly grace and power and dignity of this paragon of Shakespeare's women?

Liston's Cloten, we are told, "was the part played with the most spirit and intelligence. His stuttering, bullying manner was full of meaning, and the uncouthness of his nature was extremely well expressed." But there follows a qualification of a very serious kind. "The actor fell into the mistake of not letting the somewhat heroic side of the Prince peep out through his boorishness. He was all through too thoroughly the clodpole. Thus," continues Tieck,

my longing to see a play of the great national poet performed in London has been at length fulfilled, but not satisfied. Schröder and Fleck, and their brother performers, did much more toward adequately representing the poet; and, fallen though at the present moment the German stage is, were *Cymbeline* to be attempted there, there are undoubtedly many places where a more complete performance would be aimed at, and this wondrous poem would not be so mercilessly mangled. If Shakespeare must be abridged and cut to pieces, let those who set about the task remember what Brutus says of Cæsar:

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXI.. No. 5

"Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Cæsar!
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

The next night Tieck saw John Kemble in Brutus.

As my anticipations (he says) were no longer vague, so was my enjoyment greater. The play itself, too, being narrower in its range, and more easily understood, was altogether better given. Brutus, it is true, was not acted, but only declaimed with intelligence. The celebrated quarrel scene between him and Cassius (Mr. Young) produced but little impression; for scenes of this kind Kemble's voice is much too weak. The orations were well spoken. Charles Kemble, brother of the famous actor, delivered his speech as Antony with great energy, only there was too much malignant bitterness in his laugh at its close, when he saw the people roused, showing a false interpretation of the poet's purpose! Here was an instance of what we often see—that an inferior talent infuses too much of itself into the poet, and thereby drags him down to a lower level. Much may be introduced well and properly in the plays of other writers which is quite out of place where Shakespeare is concerned.

The scene of the mob, with its rising turbulence and its calming down again, was very well given. On this occasion too the costumes were satisfactory.

Tieck had found great fault with the costumes in *Cymbeline*, which appear from his description to have been ludicrously inappropriate. He also objects strongly to the vastness of the stage, which seemed to him to make the effective arrangement of groups upon it almost impossible. And certainly he had good reason for this complaint if no more skill was shown in grappling with this difficulty than in the scene of Cæsar's assassination, as he describes it:—

The stage was deep, and Cæsar sat upon a chair in the extreme background. When the petition was presented, and rejected by him, the conspirators arranged themselves in a well-defined pyramid, of which Cæsar formed the apex, while Brutus stood well forward in the proscenium to the left. Casca is the first to stab him; then Cæsar turns to the right and receives a second blow from the second of his enemies; again he staggers in affright to the left, a few steps forward, and receives a fresh wound, then the same to the right: now the free space on the stage grows larger, and this strange movement of the mortally wounded man becomes more extraordinary and unnatural, but he still goes on staggering across the stage five or six times, so as to be stabbed by the conspirators, who remain quietly standing, until he receives his death-blow from Brutus, and falls forward, exclaiming, "*Et tu*

Brute!" This scene, arranged like the most formal ballet, lost all dignity; and it was rendered outrageous by its pretentious solemnity. It was even impossible to laugh at it. . . . To what will not men become accustomed! I believe, of all the native audience, there was not one who was disturbed by this grotesque piece of stage business.

The First Part of *Henry V.* was the next play in which Tieck saw John Kemble, and his disappointment breaks out in the following prelude to his criticism of the great actor's treatment of Hotspur.

Again I let myself be deluded with the hope that I should see real acting, real impersonation, penetrating truth, and grasp of character, that infusion into noble poetry of life and action which, by exalting all our faculties and rousing them into harmonious exercise, offers to us perhaps the highest enjoyment which man is capable of receiving from art. But all I got for my pains was to hear some passages finely spoken, with a total break-down and failure, as a rule, in all that is most essential. . . . Where was the humor of Hotspur, the young fiery hero, who is as brave as he is unmannerly, who out of vanity hates vanity in others; who, himself the head of the conspiracy, with the best resources in his hands, has so little self-command that he scares away the most powerful of his confederates, and who, as general, as husband, and as friend, by his fiery temper and good humor, shows characteristics so marked and peculiar that the most careless reader never fails to have them vividly stamped upon his fancy? John Kemble declaimed leisurely, intelligently, making frequent efforts at the humor of the part, but never grasping it. Here too he spoke quite as slowly as in the parts I had previously seen, made two or three considerable pauses, now drawled (*klagte*), now emphasized every second or third word, one could not say why, and then ended so frequently in a sort of sing-song in all, that I thought I was again listening to one of those Protestant preachers whom one used to hear twenty years ago in provincial places indulging in this wailing, tedious *tempo*. Percy's first long story to the king Kemble seemed to take as serious earnest, only exaggerated by youthful violence. To this solemn, almost torturing, slowness the ear became so accustomed that when Percy came to the passage—

'In Richard's time—what do you call the place?

A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire—'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,' etc.,

and he all at once spoke it with a quick, sharp utterance, like a man who suddenly cannot call a name to mind, and seeks for it with impatience, the whole house broke out into vehement applause at the sudden drop of the voice and alteration of the *tempo*. It is something noticeable when a thing of this kind, which is a mere matter of course, and which

can be easily hit off by the mediocre actor, is received by the public with such marked admiration. This mannerism, which often shows itself in Kemble, as in other actors, capriciously and without cause, reminds one of the tragic recitation of the French, who in every scene fling out some verses at a galloping pace in succession to passages spoken with measured and exaggerated emphasis.

Tieck, however, in summing up his criticism, is compelled to admit that Kemble "gave a noble and manly portraiture of the young and impetuous Prince, although without the attractiveness, and the gayety of spirit, which the poet has assigned to his hero." In judging of this criticism, one must keep in view, that if the critic had seen Kemble in his best days, or even on some other night, when he was less fatigued, or less out of health, he might have found in his performance the very life, the vivacity, the wayward charm, which he missed on the evening in question. Actors are but mortals, and the finer their sensibilities the more apt are they to be at times unstrung. Kemble, it is well known, during these last performances taxed his powers unfairly. In Mr. Macready's autobiography an account is given of the performance of *Macbeth*, two nights after Tieck saw him in Hotspur, where the same flatness through much of the play was obviously due to this cause. It was contrary to Kemble's principles as an artist, as it was to those of his great sister,* to slur any part of his work. Had he been himself, he would never have languished through the first four acts of the play, as we learn from Mr. Macready he did, that he might electrify his audience in the fifth.

Through the whole first four acts the play moved heavily on, Kemble correct, tame, and ineffective; but in the fifth, when the news was brought, "The Queen, my lord, is dead!" he seemed struck to the heart; gradually col-

* "You never," are Charles Young's words, "caught her slumbering through some scenes, in order to produce, by contrast, an exaggerated effect in others. She neglected nothing. From the first moment to the last she was, according to theatrical parlance, in the character. . . . There were no pauses protracted until they became unintelligible. What was passing in her mind was read in her changing countenance. Each character became a perfect picture, in which, through all the changes of passion, a harmony was perceived."—Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons," vol. ii. p. 383.

lecting himself he sighed out, "She should have died hereafter!" then, as if with the inspiration of despair, he hurried out, distinctly and pathetically, the lines:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," etc.

rising to a climax of desperation that brought down the enthusiastic cheers of the closely-packed theatre. All at once he seemed carried away by the genius of the scene. At the tidings of "the wood of Birnam moving," he staggered, as if the shock had struck the very seat of life, and in the bewilderment of fear and rage could just ejaculate the words, "Liar and slave!" then, lashing himself into a state of frantic rage, ended the scene in perfect triumph. His shrinking from Macduff when the charm on which his life hung was broken by the declaration that his antagonist was "not of woman born" was a masterly stroke of art; his subsequent defiance was most heroic; and, at his death, Charles Kemble received him in his arms, and laid him gently on the ground, his physical powers being unequal to further effort.

The performance in which Tieck saw Kemble as Hotspur was for the benefit of Charles Young, who, following a bad habit, which used to prevail on such occasions, of playing a part that in an ordinary way the *beneficiaire* never would have played, or been allowed to play, undertook the character of Falstaff, which belonged to Fawcett as the leading comedian of the theatre.

Little did Young imagine that among the audience was one of the most accomplished critics in Europe, who disposed of him, no doubt with entire justice, in a contemptuous sentence. "Young made a dry jester, who laughed at himself at every third word of Falstaff, the indescribable, the wonderful, the never-sufficiently-to-be-admired Falstaff."

When, a few nights afterward (June 17th), Tieck saw Kemble in *Henry VIII.*, he was compelled to acknowledge that the genuine power of the actor threw the defects of his somewhat too measured and grandiose style into the shade.

In the performance on this occasion (he writes) there was far more to praise than to blame, and John Kemble as Wolsey was admirable. My ear had at last become somewhat habituated to his inordinately slow, wailing mode of speaking, and as most of the performers spoke more rapidly than usual, especially the king, one grew more readily reconciled to the solemn tones of the old cardinal; and thus the play made the right impression as a whole. Kemble showed himself to be a truly great artist, especially after his fall, when the nobles, gathering round him, rejoice at his

misfortune, and he, in the pride of his grief, but stately to the last, gives full vent to his emotions. The majesty in profound sorrow, the heart which is already broken, but gathers itself together once again in all its power to confront its malignant adversaries, the trembling of the voice, which, after a severe struggle, regains its firm, manly tone—all this was incomparably fine, and of the most consummate excellence. And then, when the old man is left alone with Cromwell, and takes leave of this faithful servant, he breaks down, and pours out as friend to friend the grief which now, despite his efforts, overmasters him, and afterward gives voice to the lessons and warnings of experience with a father-like earnestness, consoling himself in a grand way, and bidding adieu with genuine greatness and composure to the stage, where among statesmen he had played the foremost part. These fine scenes were performed throughout in a way that left nothing to be desired, that satisfied the imagination to the full, and revealed to those who were most familiar with the poet new beauties in nearly every verse. It is difficult to express the delight one feels when a great poet and a great actor come together in this way.

It is difficult indeed, for the pleasure is the most intense, the most satisfying that art can give. But all the more is our gratitude due to the fine observation and the skilful pen which has preserved such a picture for us as this of the great actor in one of his most impressive parts.

The mature years of Kemble (he was then sixty), which were suitable to Wolsey, necessarily told against him in Hamlet, the next part in which Tieck saw him.

It was obvious (are his words) that the artist must have played this part in his youth with very different power, but no doubt he played it then upon the same lines. It would hardly be possible for any man of talent altogether to fail in this infinitely suggestive character, which reveals almost every aspect of humanity, and gives expression to the most diversified emotions in scenes of such various interest. What Kemble brought prominently out was the sad, the melancholy, the nobly suffering aspect of the character. He gave way to tears much too often, spoke many of the scenes—that with the players, for instance—admirably, and moved and bore himself like a man of high blood and breeding. But, as usual, there was almost no distinction between the lighter and heavier parts of the play; and then, again, the distinction between prose and verse was nowhere marked. The great passionate scenes passed off almost flatly; * at least that where the ghost appears was quite ineffective.

* This again was manifestly due to the state of the actor's strength. These scenes had never been accused of want of vigor when he was in full possession of his powers.

In such passages as the opening of the first monologue—

"Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!"

Kemble lingers for some seconds on the "Oh!" with a strongly tremulous cadence.

When Hamlet, speaking of the rugged Pyrrhus, says,

"If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see!"

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus——"

there was a general burst of applause throughout the house, because this forgetfulness, this seeking after the beginning of the verse, was expressed in such a natural way. And indeed when one has been listening for a length of time to a slow, measured, wailing rhythm, regularly interrupted by considerable pauses, and by a succession of highly pitched inflections, one is quite taken by surprise on hearing once more the tones of nature, and the manner of every-day conversation.

I have seen nothing new in this impersonation, neither have I learned anything except that Hamlet, after he has stabbed the king, while saying—

"Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?"

thrusts the poisoned chalice to the king's mouth, and forces him, as he dies, to drink it, which I take to be the right thing. A good effect, too, was produced in this scene by the king being seated some steps above the stage. These words, so explained and acted, brought vividly to my mind Macbeth's imagery in the monologue of the last scene of the first act:

"This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips."

The Ophelia of the evening was Miss Stephens, in accordance with the absurd stage usage, which continued for long afterward, of giving to the singing lady of the theatre a part for which a sensitive imagination and the most subtle delicacy of treatment are indispensable. Most of us will echo Tieck's words: "I have never seen this part played as the poet conceived it, instinct with life, movement, and charm even in her madness." Ophelia is very far from being the colorless, insipid personage which our modern stage generally presents, and which critics are ready to accept as the embodiment of that type of clinging virginal sweetness, "blasted with ecstasy."

When, two nights afterwards, Mr. Kemble appeared for the last time upon the stage, Tieck could not be expected to

share the enthusiasm and the excitement with which the public watched every gesture and intonation of the favorite to whom they owed so much. The event excited so much interest that it found a record in an elaborate *brochure* well known to bibliophiles, in which all the incidents of the evening, and of the public dinner given to Mr. Kemble a fortnight afterward, are preserved in full detail. Some words from a criticism by Hazlitt in the *Times* (June 25th, 1817) give vivid expression to the prevailing sentiment.

There is something in these partings with old public favorites exceedingly affecting. They teach us the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures. Our associations of admiration and delight with theatrical performers are among our earliest recollections—among our last regrets. . . . It is near twenty years ago since we first saw Mr. Kemble in the same character—yet how short the interval seems! the impression appears as distinct as if it were of yesterday. . . . The petty and personal, that which appeals to our senses and our interests, is by degrees forgotten, and fades away into the distant obscurity of the past. The grand and the ideal, that which appeals to the imagination, can only perish with it, and remains with us, unimpaired in its lofty abstraction, from youth to age; as, wherever we go, we still see the same heavenly bodies shining over our heads! We forget numberless things that have happened to ourselves, . . . but not the first time of our seeing Mr. Kemble, nor shall we easily forget the last!

The *Times* critic found in the Coriolanus of that evening no falling away of Mr. Kemble's powers, no diminution of fire or force. "He played the part," he says, "as well as ever he did—with as much freshness and vigor. There was no abatement of spirit or energy—none of grace and dignity; his look, his action, his expression of the character were the same as they ever were. They could not be finer." The colder judgment of Tieck, while making some deductions for occasional feebleness, was compelled to bow before the indisputable genius of the great artist.

On the 23d of June (he writes) Kemble appeared upon the stage for the last time, and took leave forever of the public, which held him in the highest honor, in his most celebrated part, the Coriolanus of Shakespeare. The house was fuller than ever, for no friend of the artist would have missed this evening. Again I must express my regret that the piece was so unmercifully mangled, and its finest passages cut out, a proceeding the more childish see-

ing that they had interpolated a superfluous pageant for the hero's triumphal entry in the shape of a procession with trophies and eagles, which, entering at the back of the stage, and extending over its whole expanse, consumed a great deal of time.* If I cannot agree in regarding the performance as the artist's masterpiece, as his admirers here do, his Wolsey in my opinion being quite as fine, still it is past all question that Kemble proved himself once more a great actor in many of the scenes. Nobler or more marked expression could not be given to the proud nature of Coriolanus, and figure, look, and voice here stood the artist in excellent stead. His heroic wrath, indeed, seemed too feeble, and his fury failed altogether, because his organ was too weak for these supreme efforts, and the actor had to economize it for the most important passages. Greatest and most exciting of all was the close; without exaggeration it might be pronounced sublime.

When Coriolanus exclaims, "Hear'st thou, Mars?" and Aufidius says, "Name not the God, thou boy of tears!" the exclamation "Ha!" to which Coriolanus gives vent in the height

* This was in the second scene of the second act, after the victory at Corioli. No fewer than 240 supernumeraries were introduced into the pageant. It was regarded at the time as a marvel of scenic splendor. When Mrs. Siddons was the Volumnia, she illustrated that power, which only the greatest actors possess, of "filling the stage with her presence," with an effect of which the following eloquent description by the Rev. J. C. Young in the memoirs of his father (2d ed., p. 40) enables us to form some conception. "In this procession, and as one of the central figures in it, Mrs. Siddons had to walk. Had she been content to follow in the beaten track of her predecessors in the part, she would have marched across the stage, from right to left, with the solemn, stately, almost funeral, step conventional. But at the time, as she often did, she forgot her own identity. She was no longer Sarah Siddons, tied down to the directions of the prompter's book, or trammelled by old traditions. She was Volumnia, the proud mother of a proud son and conquering hero. So that, when it was time for her to come on, instead of dropping each foot at equi-distance in its place, with mechanical exactitude, and in cadence subservient to the orchestra, deaf to the guidance of her woman's ear, but sensitive to the throbbings of her haughty mother's heart, with flashing eye, and proudest smile, and head erect, and hands pressed firmly on her bosom, as if to repress by manual force its triumphant swellings, she towered above all around, and rolled, and almost reeled, across the stage, her very soul, as it were, dilating and rioting in its exultation, until her action lost all grace, and yet became so true to nature, so picturesque, and so descriptive, that pit and gallery sprang to their feet electrified by the transcendent execution of an original conception."

of his rage was terrible. The power and the tones of the following speech, as well as the look and bearing, were indescribable:

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! oh
slave!

* * * * *

Cut me to pieces, Volscies! Men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me! Boy! False
hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Fluttered your Volscies in Corioli.
Alone I did it! Boy!

"This is the grand feature in the art of the stage," the critic goes on to say—and who, that has ever had his heart stirred and his imagination kindled and enriched by the genius of a great actor or actress, will not feel the justice of his words?—

that it can bring out, nay, can create effects so vast that for the moment our remembrance of every other pleasure that art can give seems feeble, and but a shadow of what the stage can do. True it is, that its manifestations also fleet away like a shadow, leaving no trace behind; and an unsatisfying remembrance of the great moments of delight and rapture fills us with sadness, for no memorial can restore these fleeting phenomena for those who have hung upon them with transport, because all that language or the painter's skill can do are inadequate to portray what the rapt spectator has seen and heard. Therefore it is only fair that the artist should in any case be required, however poorly, by the loudest applause directly face to face, for he is powerless to preserve even for an instant the product of his genius to tell to a future generation of what quality it was.

Such were the plaudits, the cheers, the shouts of rapture and tears of emotion given to the noble veteran, the honored favorite, whom the public were never to see again. The loudest outburst of applause I had ever heard, even in Italy was but feeble compared to the indescribable din which, after the curtain fell, arose on every side. There were thousands present, packed closely together, and the huge area of the house was changed as if into one vast machine, which produced a supernatural clangor and jubilation, men and women shouting, clapping, smiting the sides of the boxes, might and main, with fans and with sticks, while, to add to the tumult, everybody was making what noise he could with his feet.

After this unheard-of din had lasted for some time Kemble, deeply moved and in tears, again came forward. What seemed impossible, nevertheless, took place, the clamor grew louder and louder, until the tumult of sound aroused the feeling of something awful and sublime.* Kemble bowed, and attempted more

* On Mr. Kemble's reappearance the critic of the *Sun* newspaper wrote next day: "The

than once to give utterance to a few words of parting; at length he regained his composure, but was frequently interrupted by his emotion. Not a sound was heard, save from many points a suppressed low sob. And, when he finished, the storm broke forth again with all its force.

The great body of the audience demanded (as they had done on Garrick's farewell night) that the afterpiece, which had been announced, should not be proceeded with, but, a noisy minority having resisted this, they were left in possession of the field, and it was gone through by the performers amid an uproar, which turned their acting into "inexplicable dumb show."

Tieck had been unable to secure a place for Kemble's last appearance as *Macbeth* (June 5th), when Mrs. Siddons left her retirement to appear for the benefit of her brother, Charles Kemble, as *Lady Macbeth*. It was most fortunate that he was prevented from seeing the great actress in her decay. How bad must the performance have been when Mr. Macready, whose admiration of Mrs. Siddons was almost idolatrous, could write of it thus: "It was not a performance, but a mere repetition of the poet's text—no flash, no sign of her all-subduing genius!" Tieck was already, as we have seen, too much disposed to attribute to a radical vice of style the shortcomings in the only great representative of the Kemble school whom he had seen, which were in a great measure the result of fatigue and physical suffering. The spectacle of Mrs. Siddons, as Macready describes her, would probably have confirmed him in his prejudice. Still, startled though he was by a treatment of Shakespeare's great characters in a way to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed, Tieck could not blind himself to the dignity and breadth of conception, and to the sublime effect of that stateliness of manner, that "large utterance," and rhythmical cadence, the echoes of a great and poetic soul, which won for Kemble so strong a hold upon the imagination of his countrymen. Had Kemble's imper-

acclamations were resumed, but in a manner that we never witnessed before in all the long course of our theatrical experience. It seemed as if all hands struck in unison by a resistless instinct, and certainly never were military movements executed with more precision. It is impossible to describe the effect."

sonations been so wanting in life and variety and truth to nature as Tieck would have us think, had he been a disclaimer merely, and not an actor, he would never have taken the position, which he held to the last not merely with the public, but with the great critics of his day. As a set-off to Tieck's denunciations of his languor and slowness, let us turn to what was said of him by the *Times* critic, already quoted, speaking from a twenty years' knowledge of his efforts in the poetical drama.

The distinguishing excellence of Mr. Kemble's acting may be summed up in one word—*intensity*; in the seizing upon some one feeling or idea, in insisting upon it, in never letting it go, and in working it up, with a certain graceful consistency and conscious grandeur of conception, to a very high degree of pathos or sublimity. If he had not the unexpected bursts of nature and genius, he had all the regularity of art; if he did not display the tumult and conflict of opposite passions in the soul, he gave the deepest and most permanent interest to the uninterrupted progress of individual feeling; and in embodying a high idea of certain characters, which belong rather to sentiment than passion, to energy of will rather than to loftiness or to originality of imagination, he was the most excellent actor of his time.

It is useful to turn back to these records, which remind us that, on our stage, as elsewhere in our history, "great men have been among us, greater none," and to see in what manner they grappled with the characters of Shakespeare, before which all others shrink into insignificance as tests of an actor's powers. By studying these records we keep up to a fitting level the standard by which to estimate the dramatic artists of our own time. Fashions change upon the stage, as they do in the greater world, of which it is the mirror. The manner of one period will seem pedantic to another, its passion overcharged, its humor forced or vulgar. A John Kemble of the present day would be very different from the John Kemble of the past. The elements of his greatness would find a mode of expression less artificial perhaps, and more in harmony with the freer and more varied play of expression, which is demanded by the best culture of the present time. But, in reading such criticisms as those above cited, who can fail to wish that we had upon our stage at this moment something of the high tone and breeding, the sinewy vigor, the

articulate and beautiful utterance of which they tell us?

It was the possession of these qualities, vivified by cultivated intelligence and fine sensibility, rather than the fire of genius, which gave the charm to the acting of Charles Young. Tieck saw him play Othello, but says the performance was by no means to his mind. Why, he does not mention, further than that, handsome though Young was, he did not look well in his Oriental costume. His treatment of the part must, however, have been marked by high qualities when even Keen, who in Othello was pre-eminent, dreaded to have his performance brought into immediate contrast with it. They were to have alternated the parts of Iago and Othello at Drury Lane in 1822. They had never acted together before. Kean first played Othello, but he was so deeply impressed by Young's Iago that he sent the manager to Young after the play to beg that he would not insist on his right to play Othello, and to say that he would regard his consent as a personal obligation.* Young, with characteristic courtesy, complied with the request, and he could afford to do so, for his Iago was in its way quite as fine as Kean's Othello. It had none of the faults which Tieck describes in the Iago of Booth—faults which long afterward continued to infect the stage conceptions of the character.

Charles Kemble (says Tieck) played Cassio

* The Rev. Julian Young, from whose memoirs of his father we learn this fact, mentions an interesting circumstance with reference to Young's early impersonation of Othello. Speaking one day of the importance of the actor's possessing the abstract power of realizing character, Young mentioned that, "in his early theatrical career, while playing Othello, the struggle in his mind between his love for his wife and the sense of wrong she had done him so overwhelmed him with conflicting emotions that, after he had smothered her, he was in such an ecstasy of remorse and misery at his crime that he flung himself wildly on her bed, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and was only recalled to the fact of his having merely represented a murder, instead of having committed one, by the rapturous applause of the audience." This power of "forcing the soul to its own conceit" is indispensable to a great actor; the personal agony and the suffering has to be gone through, but this should be done in the study of the character, and not allowed to dominate the artist in embodying his conception.

admirably, and with a certain lightness of touch; but far too much effort and false study were wasted upon the Iago, just as they always are in Germany. This emphasis of accentuation, this perpetual working of the features, this lowering of the brows, and leering and winking of the eyes, simply defeat and destroy the effect they are intended to produce. Except in some few passages, Iago cannot be played too simply and plainly, with that air of frank honesty and true-heartedness which everybody has known in fellows of his stamp, who, under this habitual mask, are often able for a time to mislead even the most acute. How much more, then, the impetuous Othello, who only discovers what his heart and true nature are, when they have wrought his ruin?

On the same occasion Liston, the play-bills of the day tell us, was the Roderigo. "To my surprise," says Tieck, "Roderigo was played as a clown. The same clever actor, who had performed Cloten in *Cymbeline* so creditably on the whole, performed this young, elegant, love-sick Venetian in quite the same blunder-headed way, and with the same peculiar gait and ungainly gestures, causing numbers of the spectators to laugh heartily whenever he appeared. It would scarcely be possible to push misconception further. Yet this misrepresentation of the poet seemed to cause no dissatisfaction, probably because people, had by long habit grown accustomed to it."

But everything was made right—nay, more than compensated—by the glorious style in which Miss O'Neill played Desdemona. This part is considered an easy one, that almost acts itself; at least, that it would not be easy to spoil it altogether, or not to awaken some interest in it. But the large, simple, innocent, noble nature which was so touchingly and impressively brought out in this performance I have never seen presented in such perfection, nor any performance, in which profound feeling was combined throughout with so much grace. Although I know the play by heart, yet every verse became new to me, and disclosed to me an inner significance which I had not before surmised. Miss O'Neill's figure is fine, her face a pure oval, speaking in every line, her voice strong and clear, of a full penetrating quality. Once again I heard that pure, gentle, womanly cadence which alone touches the heart, not that deep guttural ring, which is supposed to signify passion and grandeur. This lovely woman frequently reminded me of an actress whom I had often seen in Italy, who was not indeed so beautiful, but resembled her in the essential points, and who also had the same clear, full-toned voice, and played incomparably in Goldoni's comedies, and also with superb pathos in Werther's *Charlotte*.

Tieck saw Miss O'Neill again as Flor-

inda in Shiel's play, *The Apostate*, which was produced on May 3d, 1817, with a cast which included Charles Kemble, Charles Young, and Macready. It was a success, as successes were regarded in those days, and was played twelve times that season.* This was one of the cases where the playwright owes his best fame to the actor's skill. The drama was intrinsically worthless.

It is (writes Tieck) a Moorish story, in which a noble maiden, who is deeply in love, is compelled to marry a villain (Pascara) in order to save her lover's life. Her lover arrives to free her from the shameful union, but it is too late. All used-up incidents, and stale tragic exaggerations! The performance of the actress, however, so completely ennobled the poverty of the text that the enjoyment of this evening will take its place among my most pleasurable recollections. The scene in which, being already married, she hears the trumpets of her approaching lover, the cry of exultation, the wild laugh in the extremity of her anguish, and her subsequent collapse, were of the very highest tragic power. People no doubt say that this adventurous stroke of the actor's art, which lies upon the very verge of what is possible and beautiful, is too often introduced; that this hysterical laughter in despair, and these convulsive movements and spasmodic jerkings, recur too often and too capriciously, frequently in passages where they rend the spectator's heart, and when they had better be omitted, so as not to degrade this appalling effect to a vulgar stage trick. If this be really the case, then it is to be regretted that a lady whose excellence is so exceptional should not do more justice to herself than to present anything but what is altogether worthy of a true artist.

A certain physical facility in presenting the external signs of grief, it is well known, frequently gave to Miss O'Neill's performances a semblance of profound pathos which did not spring from depth of emotion. It naturally tempted her to abuse, in the direction indicated by Tieck, a power which stirred, with so little trouble to herself, "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Edmund Kean fell into the same vice, till by repetition the trick made itself felt, and people became callous even to the hysterical sob, which used to make Byron

* Such runs as we are familiar with, fatal to actors, and to public taste, were happily then unknown. Milman's *Fazio*, produced in February, 1818, was acted only fifteen times; Shiel's *Evadne* (February, 1819), thirty times; while Pocock's *Rob Roy* (March, 1818) was acted no fewer than thirty-four times that season—a run quite unusual.

weep, and sensitive women faint. One night, as the Rev. Julian Young records, on the authority of the elder Mathews, when Kean had been trying something of the kind upon the audience, and got hissed, he whispered, as he left the stage, to a brother actor (Wewitzer), "By Jove, old fellow, they've found me out. It won't do any more. I must drop my hysterics."

It was his performance of Pescara in *The Apostate* which made Tieck recognize in Macready the promise of a fine actor. And yet Macready in his "Reminiscences" (vol. i. p. 145) mentions that when the part was given him, after the reading of the play to the actors, he received it "mournfully and despondingly." "Why, William," said Charles Kemble, with his wonted kindliness and good sense, "it is no doubt a disagreeable part, but there is passion in it." And this was just what Macready could turn to account, and he did it so effectively, that Tieck says of him: "The villain, Mr. Macready, was so admirably acted, so impetuous, true, and powerful, that (what never happened to me in England before) I felt myself reminded of the best periods of the actor's art in Germany. If the young man [Macready was then twenty-four] follows the lines on which he is now working, he is sure to make himself a name."

At this time Kean was in the full blaze of his popularity. It was his third season in London. He had got rid of some of his earlier faults of unevenness and want of finish, and was in full possession of the fine physical qualities of eye and voice and figure to which his reckless habits afterward brought premature ruin.

He is the stage hero of the present day (writes Tieck). Those who are ready enough to join in the censure of Kemble, and the mannerism of his school, start with the assumption that the favorite of their idolatry is far above criticism. Kean is a little, slightly built man, quick in his movements, and with brown, clever, expressive eyes. Many who remember Garrick maintain that Kean is like him; even Garrick's widow, who is still alive, is said to concur in this opinion; but she will hardly agree with the many admirers of Kean, who hold that he acts in Garrick's manner, and even surpasses him in many of his paths.

The town was then talking of Kean's Hamlet, which he had played for the first time in London shortly before

(March 14th, 1816). Like all his performances, it had fine moments; but, in the opinion of the best judges, Hazlitt included, it failed to impress the spectator with the pensiveness, the refinement, "the weakness, and the melancholy," the humor playing with a lambent light over the profound pathos, and the fitful but short-lived passion, without which they could not recognize the Hamlet of Shakespeare. The conflict of criticism which raged on every side explains the anxiety which Tieck says he felt to see the new Hamlet.

All the playful, humorous speeches, all the bitter cutting passages, were given in the best style of comedy. But he could not touch the tragic side of the character. His mode of delivery is the very opposite of Kemble's. He speaks quickly, often with a rapidity that injures the effect of what he has to say. His pauses and excess of emphasis are even more capricious and violent than Kemble's, added to which, by dumb show, or sudden stops, and such like artifices, he frequently imports into the verse a meaning which, in a general way, is not to be found in it. He stares, starts, wheels round, drops his voice, and then raises it suddenly to the highest pitch, goes off hurriedly, then comes back slowly, when one does not expect him; by all these epigrammatic surprises, crowding his impersonation with movement, showing an inexhaustible invention, breaking up his part into a thousand little frequent *bons mots*, tragical or comic, as it may happen; and it is by this clever way of, as it were, entirely recasting the characters allotted to him, that he has won the favor of the general public, especially of the women. If he does not weary the attention, as Kemble does, one is being constantly circumvented by him, and defrauded as by a skilful juggler of the impression, the emotion, which we have a right to expect. Now on the artist's part all this is done in mere caprice, with the deliberate purpose of giving a great variety of light and shade to his speeches, and of introducing turns and sudden alterations, of which neither the part nor the author has for the most part afforded the most remote suggestion. This is therefore playing with playing, and more violence is done to an author, especially if that author be Shakespeare, by this mode of treatment than by the declamatory manner of the Kembles.

This criticism, in all essential points, agrees with that of Hazlitt ("Criticisms and Dramatic Essays," 2d ed. p. 178), who thought Kean's general delineation of the character wrong.

It was (he writes) too strong and pointed. There was often a severity, approaching to virulence, in the common observations and answers. There is nothing of this in Hamlet. He is, as it were, wrapped up in the cloud of

his reflections, and only *thinks aloud*. There should therefore be no attempt to impress what he says upon others by any exaggeration of emphasis or manner; no talking *at* his hearers. There should be as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible infused into the part, and as little of the actor. . . . Hamlet should be the most amiable of misanthropes. There is no one line in the play which should be spoken like any one line in Richard; yet Mr. Kean did not appear to us to keep the two characters always distinct.

Hazlitt admits that in the great scene with Ophelia the genius of the actor made itself felt even through his faults.

If there had been less vehemence of effort, it would not have lost any of its effect. But whatever minor faults might be found in this scene, they were amply redeemed by the manner of his coming back after he has gone to the extremity of the stage, from a pang of parting tenderness, to press his lips to Ophelia's hand. It had an electrical effect on the house. It was the finest commentary that was ever made on Shakespeare. It explained the character at once (as he meant it), as one of disappointed hope, of bitter regret, of affection suspended and not obliterated by the distractions of the scene around him.

Tieck does not seem to have been impressed to the same extent by this fine and then novel interpretation of a scene of crucial difficulty; but he thought it at all events worthy of the following minute description:

In the interview with Ophelia, after the famous monologue, overheard by the King and Polonius, Kean does not fall into the error of so many actors, who give this scene an entirely tender and sentimental coloring. He, on the other hand, is perhaps too bitter and severe. The words, "To a nunnery! Go!" which he has to speak a second time after a long intermediate speech, having previously given the same counsel to Ophelia twice in different words, were accentuated by him with an ascending emphasis, till it took the tone of a vehement menace and command, rising almost to a scream, with an expression of marked severity (*Grausamkeit*) in voice, look, and action, after which he retires hurriedly, and has already grasped the handle of the door, when he stops, turns round, and casting back the saddest, almost tearful look, stands lingering for some time, and then, with a slow, almost gliding step, comes back, seizes Ophelia's hand, imprints a lingering kiss upon it with a deep-drawn sigh, and straightway dashes more impetuously than before out at the door, which he slams violently behind him. Peals of applause from all parts of the house rewarded this well-studied specimen of the favorite's art.

Those who remember the Hamlet of Charles Kean in his best days will recognize in this vivid description the original

of what made one of the most effective features of that performance.

The conflicting judgments of theatrical critics are a source of constant perplexity to those who cannot judge for themselves. But it is hardly possible to imagine how two men, like Hazlitt and Tieck, should come to such diametrically opposite opinions as they have recorded of the performance of the Ghost by a Mr. Redmond. "We cannot speak too highly of it," says Hazlitt. "It glided across the stage with the preternatural grandeur of a spirit." His speaking, he admits, was not equally excellent. "A spirit should not whine or shed tears." Contrast this with Tieck's commentary on the deportment of this "poor ghost."

Although with us in Germany, especially in the smaller theatres, the Ghost may not always be what it should be, still he is never seen tottering across the stage so absolutely without dignity and grace as here, without a trace in his appearance either of anguish or of majesty. If Hamlet is at a loss for words to blacken the King, after what epithets must he strive in order to portray a Ghost that neither stands nor walks, and who carries himself as though he had just reeled from the nearest tavern, a Ghost that speaks with such absence of emphasis and meaning? . . . Worst of all is its appearance in the Queen Mother's chamber, when the Ghost with great complacency enters by one door, totters across the stage, and, not looking particularly either at Hamlet or the Queen, goes off through the opposite door, which closes behind him, while Hamlet, inapty enough, hurries after him, and is only kept back by the door slamming in his face. At this passage it is difficult not to laugh. Quite lately a friend of mine in the pit could not contain himself when Kemble played the part in the same way and with the same absurd effect; but the English, who, although they do not believe in ghosts, do not like to have them laughed at, took his conduct much amiss. They are, however, mistaken if they really believe that ghostly apparitions at no time have inspired awe, and we can assure them that even now they would thrill with terror were they to see Schröder in this part, on which has bestowed long and most careful study.

Up to a comparatively recent period the absurdities to which Tieck here calls attention kept their place upon our stage. They would not now be endured. But when will an English actor of the first rank, like Schröder, show his audience in the Ghost, or indeed in any subordinate part, that Shakespeare has put qualities into all his characters which only an artist can thoroughly develop?

Tieck formed a very poor opinion of Kean's Macbeth. He found it a great deal feebler than his Hamlet. "He has not," Tieck writes, "the gifts of mind nor the physique to produce a harmonious whole, but vibrates from one extreme to another, from want of imaginative grasp. Besides all the defects in his style, to which I have already adverted, he tears whole scenes to pieces in the manner of the French tragedians by speaking almost every word at the highest pitch of his voice, and with the strongest emphasis." Even Hazlitt, with all his admiration for Kean, admits that he missed the poetry of Macbeth's character. He finds nothing to praise in it but his acting of the scene after the murder. "The hesitation, the bewildered look, the coming to himself when he sees his hands bloody; the manner in which his voice clung to his throat, and choked his utterance; his agony and tears, the force of nature overcome by passion, beggared description." But Tieck loved and understood Shakespeare too well to be reconciled, by occasional striking passages in a performance, to a fundamental misconception of a character, or physical unfitness for it. Besides, he was irritated—as what Shakespearean scholar has not been?—by the introduction of Locke's Witch Music into the play, with its motley horde of fantastically arranged chorus singers, and by other arrangements of the scene which he discusses at great length, and denounces, not without cause, as tending "to pervert the poet's grand conceptions, and to make them ridiculous."

He was thus not in a mood to see such merits in Kean's performance as it probably had. His judgment of that great actor's Richard III. was probably warped from the same cause. Instead of Shakespeare's play, he was presented with Cibber's perversion of it. He had some nights before seen Booth, an actor of short-lived reputation, who played the part in Kean's manner, but without his genius, and was shocked by the "unwarrantable omissions," no less than by "the pitiful additions," which in his eyes robbed the play of its distinctive excellence. The character of Richard was stripped of its heroic proportions; and he asks, with just indignation, what can be said of a play from which the im-

pressive Cassandra-like figure of Queen Margaret has been omitted?

Kean's scene in the tent, when he wakes up from his ghost-haunted sleep, was regarded by his admirers as one of his greatest achievements. Our own boyish recollections enable us to vouch for the accuracy of the following description of it by Tieck. The best critics of the present day will probably agree that the German was not far wrong in thinking that true art was lost sight of in the attempt to produce a claptrap effect.

As the ghosts disappeared, Richard sprang up from his sleep. But how? He had a naked sword by his side, and, leaning upon this, he staggered forward, sank on one knee, then started back as if he wished to rise, holding high in the air his other arm, which shook violently even to the finger-tips; then trembling, staring with wide-open eyes, he advanced in silent anguish on his knees with violent gesticulations, and yet slowly, into the proscenium, still shaking with fright, and staring at the audience with wide-set eyes. I cannot say how long this idiotic dumb show lasted, which seemed to me a mere mountebank's trick; but when, after a long interval, he wanted to proceed with the monologue, he had to wait almost as long, on account of the extravagant peals of applause, before he could begin.

The great defect which Tieck found in the English stage was its want of completeness and *ensemble*. This was due, not as now to the way such good actors as exist are scattered up and down the theatres of the metropolis, and to the disappearance of permanent companies from the great provincial cities, but to the habit which prevailed of not regarding plays as a whole from a commanding central point, but "thinking only of this or that character, of special scenes, and so forth." We may fitly conclude this paper with some general remarks by Tieck upon what English acting was as he saw it, and what it ought to be, to bring it back to what it must have been, when it had no splendor of scenic accessories to rest upon, but was compelled to trust to its power of impressing the imagination of the audience by speech and gesture, and truth to nature, wisely tempered by art. They are not without significance at the present day.

I have found that the performance of English tragedy is not nowadays essentially different from the French, and that the two stages approximate each other in points where both are most strikingly wrong. In point of fact, we

in Germany follow the same track, and consequently it must be owned that the French school and manner are the best and finest of the three, for in France they have carried to the ripeness of perfection what both English and Germans are still struggling to attain in a tentative and hesitating way. We must, however, not forget that the English had for a great length of time been in possession of a fully developed stage, when the French had scarcely made their first quite insignificant essays in tragedy, which did not assume a national character among them till a much later period. So in like manner the acting of English tragedians was completely formed, and of a marked individuality, before the other countries in Europe had anything similar to show. This histrionic art, as we know from authentic records, and may with the greatest certainty conclude from its effects, was so perfect that the finest performances of later times can have been at best only an approximation to it.

The *ensemble* in those days must have been no less excellent, because otherwise these great plays at their first appearance must have gone off as lamely as they do now, or rather they would never have come into existence at all. The acting of that time, however, I imagine, was very different in kind from that now employed by the French in their tragedies; true, simple, more or less colored and interpenetrated by whim and irony, the very antipodes to all declamation and false emphasis—no rhythmic chanting, no unnecessary pauses and falsetto accents. This spirited, living, natural style of acting, this just and simple manner of speaking, which alone gives scope for and makes every delicacy of gradation possible, sustained and elevated the productions of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; it was in this style that Burbage and Alleyn were great; as Betterton was in later days, and so on down to Garrick. Therefore it is not to be wondered at, if with that monotonous and inflated voice and action, which approach to the French mannerism, together with the exaggeration, which is due simply to the want of imagination and creative power, the works of Shakespeare in these days of ours often make but little impression.

In the matter of acting, Schröder's universal talent laid the foundation of a genuine German school, which of necessity was akin to that old English one to which I have just alluded. A firm reliance upon truth and nature, delight in a high tone of comedy, a freedom of opinion which stoops to no conventions, an enlightened emotional nature, which is not to be dazzled by bombast—all this, with an earnest striving after genuine and profound art, is, if we take the high point of view, our real German nature. And therefore Shakespeare, the incomparable, suits us better than any other poet. . . . True help is only to be found in that uniquely great poet, of whose creative power his country unquestionably still shows that it has glimpses, although often feeble glimpses only.

Tieck then refers to the salutary influence of Goethe in restoring a true

dramatic style to the German drama, and of Schröder, Fleck, Reinicke, Scholz, and others in giving to his country a national stage. He then makes a remark, which the English, in their exaggerated estimate of the merits of foreign actors, would do well to remember. Let them think, for example, of what a French or Italian actress would make of Juliet, Imogen, Constance, Queen Katherine, Lady Macbeth, Isabella, Desdemona, Beatrice,

Rosalind, and they will then appreciate the force of the following words: "To rise to supreme excellence as a German" (let us add, or English) "actor is, no doubt, infinitely more difficult than to become a great French tragedian; just as it is a much higher feat to write a play in the sense in which Shakespeare's or Goethe's are plays, than to write a tragedy on the narrow conventional model."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

YOSHIDA-TORAJIRO.

BY R. L. STEVENSON.

THE name at the head of this article is probably unknown to the English reader, and yet I think it should become a household word like that of Garibaldi. Some day soon we may expect to hear more fully the details of Yoshida's history, and the degree of his influence in the transformation of Japan; even now there must be Englishmen acquainted with the subject, and perhaps the appearance of this sketch may elicit something more complete and exact. I wish to say that I am not, rightly speaking, the author of the present paper: I tell the story on the authority of an intelligent Japanese gentleman, Mr. Taiso Masaki, who told it to me with an emotion that does honor to his heart; and though I have taken some pains, and sent my notes to him to be corrected, this can be no more than an imperfect outline.

Yoshida-Torajiro was son to the hereditary military instructor of the house of Choshu. The name you are to pronounce with an equality of accent on the different syllables, almost as in French, the vowels as in Italian, but the consonants in the English manner—except the *j*, which has the French sound, or, as it has been cleverly proposed to write it, the sound of *zh*. Yoshida was very learned in Chinese letters, or, as we might say, in the classics, and in his father's subject; fortification was among his favorite studies, and he was a poet from his boyhood. He was born to a lively and intelligent patriotism, the condition of Japan was his great concern, and while he projected a better future he lost no opportunity of improving his

knowledge of her present state. With this end he was continually travelling in his youth, going on foot and sometimes with three days' provision on his back, in the brave, self-helpful manner of all heroes. He kept a full diary while he was thus upon his journeys, but it is feared that these notes have been destroyed. If their value were in any respect such as we have reason to expect from the man's character, this would be a loss not easy to exaggerate. It is still wonderful to the Japanese how far he contrived to push these explorations; a cultured gentleman of that land and period would leave a complimentary poem wherever he had been hospitably entertained, and a friend of Mr. Masaki, who was likewise a great wanderer, has found such traces of Yoshida's passage in very remote regions of Japan.

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary; but Yoshida considered otherwise, and he studied the miseries of his fellow-countrymen with as much attention and research as though he had been going to write a book instead of merely to propose a remedy. To a man of his intensity and singleness there is no question but that this survey was melancholy in the extreme. His dissatisfaction is proved by the eagerness with which he threw himself into the cause of reform, and what would have discouraged another braced Yoshida for his task. As he professed the theory of arms, it was firstly the defences of Japan that occupied his mind. The external feebleness of that country was then illustrated by

the manners of overriding barbarians, and the visits of big barbarian war ships : she was a country beleaguered. Thus the patriotism of Yoshida took a form which may be said to have defeated itself : he had hit upon him to keep out these all-powerful foreigners, whom it is now one of his chief merits to have helped to introduce ; but a man who follows his own virtuous heart will be always found in the end to have been fighting for the best. One thing leads naturally to another in an awakened mind, and that with an upward progress from effect to cause. The power and knowledge of these foreigners were things inseparable ; by envying them their military strength, Yoshida came to envy them their culture ; from the desire to equal them in the first, sprung his desire to share with them in the second ; and thus he is found treating in the same book of a new scheme to strengthen the defences of Rioto and upon the establishment, in the same city, of a university of foreign teachers. He hoped, perhaps, to get the good of other lands without their evil ; to enable Japan to profit by the knowledge of the barbarians, and still keep her inviolate with her own arts and virtues. But whatever was the precise nature of his hope, the means by which it was to be accomplished were both difficult and obvious. Some one with eyes and understanding must break through the official cordon, escape into the new world, and study this other civilization on the spot. And who could be better suited for the business ? It was not without danger, but he was without fear. It needed preparation and insight : and what had he done since he was a child but prepare himself with the best culture of Japan, and acquire in his excursions the power and habit of observing ?

He was but twenty-two, and already all this was clear in his mind, when news reached Choshu that Commodore Perry was lying near to Yeddo. Here, then, was the patriot's opportunity. Among the Samurai of Choshu, and in particular among the counsellors of the Daimio, his general culture, his views which the enlightened were eager to accept, and above all the prophetic charm, the radiant persuasion of the man, had gained him many and sincere disciples. He had thus a strong influence at the

provincial court ; and so he obtained leave to quit the district, and, by way of a pretext, a privilege to follow his profession in Yeddo. Thither he hurried, and arrived in time to be too late : Perry had weighed anchor, and his sails had vanished from the waters of Japan. But Yoshida, having put his hand to the plough, was not the man to go back ; he had entered upon this business, and, please God, he would carry it through ; and so he gave up his professional career and remained in Yeddo to be at hand against the next opportunity. By this behavior he put himself into an attitude toward his superior, the Daimio of Choshu, which I cannot thoroughly explain. Certainly he became a *Ronyin*, a broken man, a feudal outlaw ; certainly he was liable to be arrested if he set foot upon his native province ; yet I am cautioned that " he did not really break his allegiance," but only so far separated himself as that the prince could no longer be held accountable for his late vassal's conduct. There is some nicety of feudal custom here that escapes my comprehension.

In Yeddo, with this nondescript political status, and cut off from any means of livelihood, he was joyfully supported by those who sympathized with his design. One was Sákuma-Shozan, hereditary retainer of one of the Shogun's counsellors, and from him he got more than money or than money's worth. A steady, respectable man, with an eye to the world's opinion, Sákuma was one of those who, if they cannot do great deeds in their own person, have yet an ardor of admiration for those who can, that recommends them to the gratitude of history. They aid and abet greatness more perhaps than we imagine. One thinks of them in connection with Nicodemus, who visited our Lord by night. And Sákuma was in a position to help Yoshida more practically than by simple countenance, for he could read Dutch, and was eager to communicate what he knew.

While the young Ronyin thus lay studying in Yeddo, news came of a Russian ship at Nangasaki. No time was to be lost. Sákuma contributed " a long copy of encouraging verses ;" and off set Yoshida on foot for Nangasaki. His way lay through his own province of

Choshu ; but as the high-road to the south lay apart from the capital, he was able to avoid arrest. He supported himself, like a *trouvère*, by his proficiency in verse. He carried his works along with him, to serve as an introduction. When he reached a town he would inquire for the house of any one celebrated for swordsmanship, or poetry, or some of the other acknowledged forms of culture ; and there, on giving a taste of his skill, he would be received and entertained, and leave behind him, when he went away, a compliment in verse. Thus he travelled through the Middle Ages on his voyage of discovery into the nineteenth century. When he reached Nangasaki he was once more too late. The Russians were gone. But he made a profit on his journey in spite of fate, and stayed awhile to pick up scraps of knowledge from the Dutch interpreters—a low class of men, but one that had opportunities ; and then, still full of purpose, returned to Yeddo on foot, as he had come.

It was not only his youth and courage that supported him under these successive disappointments, but the continual affluence of new disciples. The man had the tenacity of a Bruce or a Columbus, with a pliability that was all his own. He did not fight for what the world would call success, but for "the wages of going on." Check him off in a dozen directions, he would find another outlet and break forth. He missed one vessel after another, and the main work still halted ; but so long as he had a single Japanese to enlighten and prepare for the better future, he could still feel that he was working for Japan. Now he had scarce returned from Nangasaki when he was sought out by a new inquirer, the most promising of all. This was a common soldier, of the Hemming class, a dyer by birth, who had heard vaguely* of Yoshida's movements, and had become filled with wonder as to

their design. This was a far different inquirer from Sákuma-Shozan, or the counsellors of the Daimio of Choshu. This was no two-sworded gentleman, but the common stuff of the country, born in low traditions and unimproved by books ; and yet that influence, that radiant persuasion that never failed Yoshida in any circumstance of his short life, enchanted, enthralled, and converted the common soldier, as it had done already with the elegant and learned. The man instantly burned up into a true enthusiasm ; his mind had been only waiting for a teacher ; he grasped in a moment the profit of these new ideas ; he too would go to foreign, outlandish parts, and bring back the knowledge that was to strengthen and renew Japan ; and in the mean time, that he might be the better prepared, Yoshida set himself to teach, and he to learn, the Chinese literature. It is an episode most honorable to Yoshida, and yet more honorable still to the soldier, and to the capacity and virtue of the common people of Japan.

And now, at length, Commodore Perry returned to Simoda. Friends crowded round Yoshida with help, counsels, and encouragement. One presented him with a great sword three feet long and very heavy, which, in the exultation of the hour, he swore to carry throughout all his wanderings, and to bring back—a far-travelled weapon—to Japan. A long letter was prepared in Chinese for the American officers ; it was revised and corrected by Sákuma, and signed by Yoshida, under the name of Urinaki-Manji, and by the soldier under that of Ichigi-Koda. Yoshida had supplied himself with a profusion of materials for writing ; his dress was literally stuffed with paper which was to come back again enriched with his observations, and make a great and happy kingdom of Japan. Thus equipped, this pair of emigrants set forward on foot from Yeddo, and reached Simoda about nightfall. At no period within history can travel have presented to any European creature the same face of awe and terror as to these courageous Japanese. The descent of Ulysess into hell is a parallel more near the case than the boldest expedition in the Polar circles. For their act was unprecedented ; it was criminal ; and it was to take them beyond the pale of

* Yoshida, when on his way to Nangasaki, met the soldier and talked with him by the roadside ; they then parted, but the soldier was so much struck by the words he heard that, on Yoshida's return, he sought him out and declared his intention of devoting his life to the good cause. I venture, in the absence of the writer, to insert this correction, having been present when the story was told by Mr. Masaki.—F. J.

humanity into a land of devils. It is not to be wondered at if they were thrilled by the thought of their unusual situation ; and perhaps the soldier gave utterance to the sentiment of both when he sang, " in Chinese singing " (so that we see he had already profited by his lessons), these two appropriate verses :

We do not know where we are to sleep to-night,

In a thousand miles of desert where we can see no human smoke.

In a little temple hard by the seashore they lay down to repose ; sleep overtook them as they lay, and when they awoke " the east was already white " for their last morning in Japan. They seized a fisherman's boat and rowed out — Perry lying far to sea because of the two tides. Their very manner of boarding was significant of determination, for they had no sooner caught hold upon the ship than they kicked away their boat to make return impossible. And now you would have thought that all was over. But the Commodore was already in treaty with the Shogun's Government ; it was one of the stipulations that no Japanese was to be aided in escaping from Japan ; and Yoshida and his followers were handed over as prisoners to the authorities at Simoda. That night he who had been to explore the secrets of the barbarian slept, if he might sleep at all, in a cell too short for lying down at full length, and too low for standing upright. There are some disappointments too great for commentary.

Sákuma, implicated by his handwriting, was sent into his own province in confinement, from which he was soon released. Yoshida and the soldier suffered a long and miserable period of captivity, and the latter indeed died, while yet in prison, of a skin disease. But such a spirit as that of Yoshida-Torajiro is not easily made or kept captive ; and that which cannot be broken by misfortune you shall seek in vain to confine in a bastille. He was indefatigably active, writing reports to government and treatises for dissemination. These latter were contraband ; and yet he found no difficulty in their distribution, for he always had the jailor on his side. It was in vain that they kept changing him from one prison to another ; Gov-

ernment by that plan only hastened the spread of new ideas, for Yoshida had only to arrive to make a convert. Thus, though he himself has laid by the heels, he confirmed and extended his party in the State.

At last, after many lesser transferences, he was given over from the prisons of the Shogun to those of his own superior, the Daimio of Choshu. I conceive it possible that he may then have served out his time for the attempt to leave Japan, and was now resigned to the provincial government on a lesser count, as a Ronyin or feudal rebel. But, however that may be, the change was of great importance to Yoshida ; for by the influence of his admirers in the Daimio's council, he was allowed the privilege, underhand, of dwelling in his own house. And there, as well to keep up communication with his fellow-reformers as to pursue his work of education, he received boys to teach. It must not be supposed that he was free ; he was too marked a man for that ; he was probably assigned to some small circle, and lived, as we should say, under police surveillance ; but to him, who had done so much from under lock and key, this would seem a large and profitable liberty.

It was at this period that Mr. Masaki was brought into personal contact with Yoshida ; and hence, through the eyes of a boy of thirteen, we get one good look at the character and habits of the hero. He was ugly and laughably disfigured with the small-pox ; and while nature had been so niggardly with him from the first, his personal habits were even sluttish. His clothes were wretched ; when he ate, or washed, he wiped his hands upon his sleeves ; and as his hair was not tied more than once in two months, it was often disgusting to behold. With such a picture, it is easy to believe that he never married. A good teacher, gentle in act, although violent and abusive in speech, his lessons were apt to go over the heads of his scholars, and to leave them gaping, or more often laughing. Such was his passion for study that he even grudged himself natural repose ; and when he grew drowsy over his books, he would, if it was summer, put mosquitoes up his sleeve, and if it was winter, take off

his shoes and run barefoot on the snow. His handwriting was exceptionally villainous; poet though he was, he had no taste for what was elegant; and in a country where to write beautifully was not the mark of a scrivener but an admired accomplishment for gentlemen, he suffered his letters to be jolted out of him by the press of matter and the heat of his convictions. He would not tolerate even the appearance of a bribe, for bribery lay at the root of much that was evil in Japan, as well as in countries nearer home; and once when a merchant brought him his son to educate, and added, as was customary,* a little private sweetener, Yoshida dashed the money in the giver's face, and launched into such an outbreak of indignation as made the matter public in the school. He was still, when Masaki knew him, much weakened by his hardships in prison; and the presentation sword, three feet long, was too heavy for him to wear without distress: yet he would always gird it on when he went to dig in his garden. That is a touch which qualifies the man. A weaker nature would have shrunk from the sight of what only commemorated a failure. But he was of Thoreau's mind, that if you can "make your failure tragical by correctness, it will not differ from success." He could look back without confusion to his enthusiastic promise. If events had been contrary, and he found himself unable to carry out that purpose—well, there was but the more reason to be brave and constant in another; if he could not carry the sword into barbarian lands, it should at least be witness to a life spent entirely for Japan.

This is the sight we have of him as he appeared to schoolboys, but not related in the school-boy spirit. A man so careless of the graces must be out of court with boys and women. And, indeed, as we have all been more or less to school, it will astonish no one that Yoshida was regarded by his scholars as a laughing-stock. The schoolboy has a keen sense of humor. Heroes he learns to understand and to admire in books; but he is not forward to recognize the heroic

under the traits of any contemporary man, and least of all in a brawling, dirty, and eccentric teacher. But as the years went by, and the scholars of Yoshida continued in vain to look around them for the abstractly perfect, and began more and more to understand the drift of his instructions, they learned to look back upon their comic schoolmaster as upon the noblest of mankind.

The last act of this brief and full existence was already near at hand. Some of his work was done; for already there had been Dutch teachers admitted into Nangasaki, and the country at large was keen for the new learning. But though the renaissance had begun, it was impeded and dangerously threatened by the power of the Shogun. His minister—the same who was afterward assassinated in the snow and in the very midst of his body-guard—not only held back pupils from going to the Dutchmen, but by spies and detectives, by imprisonment and death, kept thinning out of Japan the most intelligent and active spirits. It is the old story of a power upon its last legs—learning to the bastille, and courage to the block; when there are none left but sheep and donkeys, the State will have been saved. But a man must not think to cope with a revolution; nor a minister, however fortified with guards, to hold in check a country that had given birth to such men as Yoshida and his soldier-follower. The violence of the ministerial Tarquin only served to direct attention to the illegality of his master's rule, and people began to turn their allegiance from Yeddo and the Shogun to the long-forgotten Mikado in his seclusion at Rioto. At this juncture, whether in consequence or not, the relations between these two rulers became strained, and the Shogun's minister set forth for Rioto to put another affront upon the rightful sovereign. The circumstance was well fitted to precipitate events. It was a piece of religion to defend the Mikado; it was a plain piece of political righteousness to oppose a tyrannical and bloody usurpation. To Yoshida the moment for action seemed to have arrived. He was himself still confined in Choshu. Nothing was free but his intelligence; but with that he sharpened a sword for the Shogun's minister. A party of his followers were

* I understood that the merchant was endeavoring surreptitiously to obtain for his son instruction to which he was not entitled.—F. J.

to waylay the tyrant at a village on the Yeddo and Rioto road, present him with a petition, and put him to the sword. But Yoshida and his friends were closely observed; and the too great expedition of two of the conspirators, a boy of eighteen and his brother, awakened the suspicion of the authorities, and led to a full discovery of the plot and the arrest of all who were concerned.

In Yeddo, to which he was taken, Yoshida was thrown again into a strict confinement. But he was not left destitute of sympathy in this last hour of trial. In the next cell lay one Kusákahé, a reformer from the southern highlands of Satsuma. They were in prison for different plots indeed, but for the same intention; they shared the same beliefs and the same aspirations for Japan; many and long were the conversations they held through the prison wall, and dear was the sympathy that soon united them. It fell first to the lot of Kusákahé to pass before the judges; and when sentence had been pronounced he was led toward the place of death below Yoshida's window. To turn the head would have been to implicate his fellow-prisoner; but he threw him a look from his eye, and bade him farewell in a loud voice, with these two Chinese verses:

It is better to be a crystal and be broken,
Than to remain perfect like a tile upon the
housetop.

So Kusákahé, from the highlands of Satsuma, passed out of the theatre of this world. His death was like an antique worthy's.

A little after, and Yoshida too must appear before the court. His last scene was of a piece with his career, and fitly crowned it. He seized on the opportunity of a public audience, confessed and gloried in his design, and, reading his auditors a lesson in the history of their country, told at length the illegality of the Shogun's power and the crimes by which its exercise was sullied. So, having said his say for once, he was led forth and executed, thirty-one years old.

A military engineer, a bold traveller (at least in wish), a poet, a patriot, a schoolmaster, a friend to learning, a

martyr to reform—there are not many men dying at seventy who have served their country in such various characters. He was not only wise and provident in thought, but surely one of the fieriest of heroes in execution. It is hard to say which is most remarkable—his capacity for command, which subdued his very jailors, his hot, unflagging zeal, or his stubborn superiority to defeat. He failed in each particular enterprise that he attempted; and yet we have only to look at his country to see how complete has been his general success. His friends and pupils made the majority of leaders in that final revolution now some twelve years old; and many of them are, or were until the other day, high placed among the rulers of Japan. And when we see all round us these brisk intelligent students, with their strange foreign air, we should never forget how Yoshida marched afoot from Choshu to Yeddo, and from Yeddo to Nangasaki, and from Nangasaki back again to Yeddo; how he boarded the American ship, his dress stuffed with writing material; nor how he languished in prison, and finally gave his death, as he had formerly given all his life and strength and leisure, to gain for his native land that very benefit which she now enjoys so largely. It is better to be Yoshida and perish than to be only Sákuma and yet save the hide. Kusákahé, of Satsuma, has said the word: it is better to be a crystal and be broken.

I must add a word, for I hope the reader will not fail to perceive that this is as much the story of a heroic people as that of a heroic man. It is not enough to remember Yoshida; we must not forget the common soldier, nor Kusákahé, nor the boy of eighteen, Nomura, of Choshu, whose eagerness betrayed the plot. It is exhilarating to have lived in the same days with these great-hearted gentlemen. Only a few miles from us, to speak by the proportion of the universe, while I was droning over my lessons, Yoshida was goading himself to be wakeful with the stings of the mosquito; and while you were grudging a penny income tax, Kusákahé was stepping to death with a noble sentence on his lips.
—*Cornhill Magazine.*

RADIANT MATTER.

WHEN the man of science deals with some hitherto unexplained phenomena of Nature, he first collects all the available facts, and then casts about in his mind for some hypothesis which will bring them into harmony with one another. The latter process has been well called the "scientific use of the imagination," and is illustrated by the history of every physical discovery. Thus the theory of gravitation, which brought so many terrestrial and celestial phenomena into harmony with law, was, in the first instance, a leap of the imagination on the part of Newton. The undulatory theory of light sprang from the effort of a great mind endeavoring to co-ordinate a vast body of facts, which fell into order under its application. In the same way Dr. Joule imagined that heat is a mode of motion among the ultimate particles of matter; and the truth of his brilliant "guess" was shown by the competence of the theory to explain all the phenomena which heat exhibits.

Among these guesses of genius, many have been futile; others have failed after carrying their authors far on the road toward explanation; while there are some provisions which were correct, though they were not capable of proof at the time when they were made. Perhaps no physical philosopher ever possessed a more forward-looking mind than Faraday, and certainly none ever made more use of the scientific imagination. Many of his views only waited for verification until the means of research had been enlarged or improved, and among these his anticipations in regard to what he termed the radiant condition of matter have received remarkable confirmation in some results which have been obtained, and quite recently given to the world, by Mr. Crookes.

It was Faraday's belief that a form of matter existed whose subtlety surpassed that of gases as much as the gaseous surpassed the liquid, or the liquid the solid state of matter. Aided by physical apparatus such as Faraday could not command, Mr. Crookes is carrying out an inquiry of the utmost interest, and we propose to give a short account of the facts which he has lately laid before the

scientific world in connection with his researches on radiant matter.

Chemists have found that when two bodies, A and B, are capable of uniting together in several proportions, the several quantities of A which combine with a constant quantity of B stand to one another in very simple ratios. Thus the element oxygen will combine with the element chromium in proportions of 1 to 2, or 2 to 4, or 3 to 6; but one element can only unite with a constant quantity of another element by well-defined steps or increments, standing to one another in simple numerical ratios.

The scientific use of the imagination led Dalton to infer from this strange fact that elementary bodies are composed of ultimate particles, or "atoms," each with a constant weight peculiar to itself, and that combination between two elements takes place by the juxtaposition of these atoms. This hypothesis harmonized a chaos of chemical facts, and made everything orderly where before all was disorder. Hence the "atomic theory" has come to form the basis of modern chemistry, and the unseeable "atom" takes its place in science as an undoubted physical fact.

Two or more atoms united together constitute a molecule. Thus one atom of the elementary body oxygen combines with two atoms of the element hydrogen to form a molecule of water, which substance we may therefore consider as composed of a vast number of molecules, each of which is again compounded of the elements oxygen and hydrogen united in the proportion of two to one.

Dalton's law had long been accepted by chemists when Dr. Joule added another and equally important conception to the molecular view of matter. He showed that heat, which the earlier philosophers considered as something having a material existence, ought properly to be regarded as a mode of motion. A rifle bullet striking an iron target has its motion of translation suddenly stopped; and, as a result, the lead is found to be heated. Joule proved that when the bullet is arrested its motion as a mass is converted into an unseen interior movement of its ultimate particles,

or molecules, of which molecular movement heat is the sensible manifestation.

In ordinary language we speak of hot and cold bodies as if the terms were absolute; but in calling ice cold and boiling water hot we simply refer them to the standard of our sensations; both boiling water and ice would seem hot to an organism whose temperature was below freezing point. Every terrestrial body possesses some absolute heat, or, in other words, the molecules which compose it are in more or less active movement; and upon their activity depends the temperature of the body.

Now the amount and character of this internal molecular movement which declares itself sensibly as heat varies in solids, liquids, and gases. The "scientific imagination" has revelled in picturing the kind and extent of movements which are executed by the ultimate particles of matter in each of these conditions. With solids and liquids we have at present no concern, but it is supposed that the molecules of gases are constantly moving forward in straight lines with uniform velocity until they impinge either against each other or against the walls of the containing vessel. Such a vessel may be likened to a hive containing a swarm of bees; and we readily see that upon the number of bees in the hive will depend the length of flight which each bee can make before coming into contact with another bee. Suppose the average distance a bee can fly without colliding with its neighbor is two inches, then we will call that dimension the "mean free path" of the bees. If we remove one half of the bees from the hive we double this free path, and we might go on reducing the number of bees until it extended from one end of the hive to the other.

The molecular conception of matter declares that this figure represents the state of things in every gaseous body, and bearing this in mind we turn for a few moments to consider the phenomena of the electric discharge through gases, which, as we shall presently see, occupy an important place in the research.

The electric spark passes with difficulty through the mixture of gases forming our atmosphere, and air is consequently called a non-conductor or "dielectric." A flash of lightning, or the

spark from an electrical machine, exhibits the violence with which electricity is discharged through air; but it passes readily through a high vacuum, exhibiting very beautiful phenomena.

Most persons have seen the well-known Geissler's vacuum tubes, and are acquainted with the appearances presented by the discharge. The space separating the positive and negative poles is filled with violet-colored light, but a close inspection shows that the immediate neighborhood of the negative pole is surrounded by a dark region. The violet light is produced by collisions among the molecules of gas left after exhaustion, which are excited into abnormal activity by the passage of the electric current. These molecules, as will afterward appear, stream out from the negative toward the positive pole, and the small dark space around that pole represents their mean free path, or, in other words, the distance which they traverse before coming into contact with their fellows.

So at least Mr. Crookes's imagination led him to suppose; and in the verification of this brilliant guess, he has made the world acquainted for the first time with that radiant condition of matter which Faraday pre-vised. Faraday, as we have said, wanted means to prove the truth of his anticipation, for the vacuum of an ordinary Geissler's tube is far more perfect than any which could be produced in his day by the old-fashioned air-pump, while it falls very short of the extreme exhaustions used in Mr. Crookes's research. Very perfect vacua were required by that gentleman in the construction of his radiometer, and special means were devised for their production; these have been further improved during the recent investigations, and exhaustion can now be carried to almost absolute perfection.

With these means at hand, Mr. Crookes found that, as the vacuum in a Geissler's tube improved, the dark space surrounding the negative pole increased, and he was ultimately enabled to carry exhaustion so far as to make this dark space equal to the whole length of the tube. In other words, he removed so many of the molecules forming the inclosed gaseous matter that, like the bees in the hive, they could pass from end to end

without collision. When this point was reached the residual matter within the tube exhibited entirely new phenomena; the violet light of the electric discharge disappeared, and that which has been well called radiant energy took its place.

It was soon found that a particular degree of exhaustion was most favorable for the display of this new force. The vacuum might be so perfect that the discharge would not pass at all; on the other hand, it might be too low, in which case the violet light of the ordinary discharge was seen. The best point is reached when one millionth part of the atmospheric pressure remains in the tube. Very high figures convey no meaning to the mind; it is easy to speak of a million, but difficult to realize what the word signifies. Let the reader therefore imagine that the barometric column of mercury representing the pressure of our atmosphere is one mile in height, then one millionth of that pressure will be represented by a space one sixteenth of an inch in length.

Still there is matter remaining in the tube, and when this is excited to rapid movement by the passage of an electric current, the tube becomes brilliantly phosphorescent from the impact of the flying molecules on its walls. Different kinds of glass glow with different-colored light. English glass shines with blue, German glass with yellow, and uranium glass with green radiance. Substances of known phosphorescent properties glow with an intense light when exposed in the tube to the battering of these ultimate particles of matter. The diamond shines with a new lustre, ruby emits a deep red light, colorless alumina glows red like the ruby, and in particular a substance known as "Becquerel's phosphorescent sulphide" shines with marvellous brilliancy.

It may well be asked whether we have to do with material bodies at all in tubes from which matter has been practically eliminated, and how we can speak with certainty of the impact of actual particles in a vacuum so nearly absolute. Theory, however, assures us that we have by no means got rid of all the molecules originally contained in the tube; on the contrary, their name is legion even after reaching these high exhaustions; and if

we follow Mr. Crookes through his experimental demonstrations, we find good reasons for believing what theory declares.

As we have already stated, the excited particles move away from the negative pole, and they do so in straight lines whose direction is at right angles (or normal) to the bounding surfaces of the pole. If this be, for example, a flat metal plate standing vertically, the molecules rush away from it in horizontal streams; if the pole be concave, the streams converge; if convex, they diverge; and if spherical, they radiate in all directions.

In an ordinary vacuum tube the electric discharge seeks the shortest path between the two poles, and no matter how sinuous that course may be made by the glass-blower, the current follows every curve into which the glass is bent. Radiant matter behaves in quite another way; the particles are not discharged by the nearest route from one pole to the other, but they ray out from the negative pole in straight lines which are persistently normal to its surface, no matter what may be the position of the positive pole in the tube. The molecules are incompetent to turn a corner—they behave, indeed, just like a stream of bullets—and if their energy be excited in a V-shaped tube having a pole at each of its upper extremities, these molecular bullets are projected only along one leg of the V; they cannot turn the corner, and do not seek the positive pole like an ordinary electric discharge.

The stream of excited particles may be arrested by an obstacle placed in its path. Mr. Crookes arranges a tube in such a manner that a small cross of thin mica can be made to stand erect within it at pleasure; when in this position the cross faces the negative pole, which consists of a flat plate of metal. Radiant matter streams out horizontally from the plate, and declares its presence by rendering the opposite end of the glass tube brilliantly phosphorescent. The cross being erected interposes an obstacle in the path of the particles, and its "shadow" is at once projected dark on the glowing end of the tube.

Here we have something very like demonstration of the material character of the discharge from the negative pole,

but a more conclusive proof is at hand. If a magnet is brought near to a Geissler's tube, the violet light is strongly attracted; a deflection in the path of the discharge ensues, but disappears with the removal of the magnet. In the same way radiant matter is sensible to magnetic influence, and the stream of particles is attracted or repelled accordingly as the north or south pole of the magnet is presented to it. The removal of the magnet is not followed, as in the case of the ordinary discharges, by the return of the stream to its original path; on the contrary, it remains permanently deflected, and continues to follow the new direction until it is driven back by presenting the repelling pole of the magnet.

Advantage is taken of this fact to show yet more conclusively the material character of radiant energy. A tube fitted with a small revolving disk furnished with peripheral vanes, like a water-wheel in miniature; the negative pole is a flat plate occupying one extremity of the tube; from this the discharge proceeds horizontally, striking against the little wheel in its passage. No movement follows, because under these circumstances the particles impinge equally on the vanes above and below the centre of rotation. But when the north pole of a magnet is applied in such a way as to deflect the stream a little from its horizontality, those vanes only are struck which lie on one side of the centre, and the wheel rotates with great velocity. On reversing the magnetic poles and throwing the molecular stream to the other side of the centre, the rotation of the disk is at once reversed in accordance with the changed direction of the particles.

It will be remembered that about two years ago the same investigator brought before the world the remarkable instrument now so well known as the radiometer. It consists of a light disk furnished with four peripheral vanes, hung on a delicate vertical axis, and inclosed within an exhausted glass bulb. When exposed to heat or light, the disk revolves more or less rapidly according to the amount of heat or light supplied.

Many explanations have been offered to account for this strange phenomenon, but it was reserved for Mr. Crookes

himself, to furnish the true solution of the problem. He constructed a radiometer with vanes metallic on one side only, and so arranged matters that the disk formed the negative pole, placing the positive pole indifferently at any part of the exhausted bulb of the instrument. Upon the passage of the current, radiant matter streamed away from the metallic faces of the vanes, and the reaction of the discharge, like the kick of a gun against the shoulder, set the disk in rapid rotation.

He next found that radiant energy can be excited by light or heat as well as by electricity. For this purpose an exhausted bulb was provided having a light disk supported upon a vertical axis, and furnished with vanes inclined to the horizon at an angle of about thirty degrees. Beneath this disk, and encircling the axis, was a coil of platinum wire which could be heated to redness by the passage of an electric current. As the temperature of the wire rose, radiant energy was excited; streams of molecules issued from the inclined vanes, and rotation of the disk followed from their unbalanced reaction. Similarly it was demonstrated that light was competent, equally with heat and electricity, to produce the phenomena of radiant matter; but we should need a diagram to explain the more complex apparatus by which this was proved.

In this way it was shown that the movements of the radiometer depend on radiant energy, and one of Nature's riddles was answered, as riddles always must be, by an effort of the imagination. Yet, as Professor Tyndall has said, "there are Tories even in science who regard imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed. Those are they who, having observed its action in weak vessels, are unduly impressed by its disasters. They might with equal justice point to an exploded boiler as an argument against the use of steam. Bounded by co-operant reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer; without this power, our knowledge of nature would be a mere tabulation of sequences. We should still believe in day and night, summer and winter; but casual relations would disappear, and with them that science which is now binding the

parts of nature together to an organic whole."

But to return. The experiments we have described leave little room for doubt that we have been concerned with the motions of actual particles of matter, that a real hail-storm of molecular projectiles caused these glass tubes to glow, the gems and other bodies to phosphoresce, the vane disks to revolve; and in that hail we are brought face to face with the ultimate constituents of matter. We stand on the threshold of a new world. Atoms and molecules are only inferences from certain properties of matter, and their existence has been, and still is, stoutly denied. Their reality depends on the same kind of proof as favors those imagined pulses of a suprasensuous atmosphere called the æther which enable us to explain the phenom-

ena of light; but in presence of Mr. Crookes's experiments we almost seem to see those inconceivably minute particles of matter which can never be brought within the actual ken of man, for he puts the unknowable and unseeable molecules into harness before our eyes, and sets them turning a wheel like a stream of water.

Such is an outline of the phenomena exhibited by matter in its radiant condition with which this research has made us acquainted. It furnishes the best objective evidence yet afforded in support of that theory of the molecular condition of matter which forms the basis of modern physics, and will undoubtedly lead future inquirers into new, unexpected, and fruitful fields of observation.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

BY FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

WHEN the eve is growing gray, and the tide is rolling in,
I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
And the fisherfolks are near,
But I wis they never hear
The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay, and I hear their merry din,
But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;
He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier,
To wait and watch him coming when the tide was rolling in.

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,
And I hear his jovial song, and his merry face I see;
And now! he's at the pier,
My bonny love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands outstretched to me.
O my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands are stark and thin!
O hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn?
O have you nought to say
Upon our wedding day?
Love, hear you not the wedding bells across the bay of Lynn?

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own!
For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and waves that moan!

But never a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah me! ah me! I did but dream: and I am all alone,
Alone, and old, and gray: and the tide is rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, away, in the old graveyard at Lynn!

Temple Bar.

HENRI REGNAULT.

It was at the Paris Exhibition of the year 1869 that the whole artistic and fashionable world of the gay capital crowded round two pictures, the work of a young artist, who even by name was unknown to all but a small circle of intimate friends. One was a portrait of General Prim, just then named Dictator of Spain. The other a likeness of a Spanish lady in rose-color dress and black "mantilla." A well-known critic thus describes these two remarkable performances :

"The General is represented on horseback, bare-headed, checking his fiery steed, on the crest of a hill. The painting of the black Andalusian barb is as fine as anything ever done in equestrian portraiture. Behind the principal figure a tumultuous crowd rush onward impetuously, waving standards and brandishing guns and swords. The whole composition constitutes rather an historical picture than a portrait. It is full of life and movement, and painted with extraordinary vigor and daring. The likeness of the Spanish lady forms a complete contrast to the storm and strength of the former. On a light background is portrayed, with the utmost delicacy and refinement, a lovely woman's face, finished like a miniature. The majesty of the one, and grace of the other, is surprising when one remembers they are executed by the same hand."

Although the public, as a whole, could not be said to be equally enthusiastic, and some were rather troubled and perturbed at the audacity of the youthful genius who had appeared in their midst, still none showed indifference to the display of such manifest talent ; and for a few weeks Henri Regnault's name was in every mouth, and his pictures the great topic of conversation in every Parisian drawing-room.

Mean time where was the artist, object of all this attention and discussion ? Far away in the sunny South, revelling in the beauties of the Eternal City, utterly indifferent to the world's praise or blame. He thus writes to his friend M. Cayalis on the 31st May, 1869 :

"You say I am not working enough ! Wretch ! Think you that what I show is all I have accomplished during the year ? Do you imagine that my own art education, all the notes I take right and left, all the studies and experiments I make, are got through while I am asleep ? You are afraid, then, that I shall be spoiled by my success ! No, I don't think I am any longer of an age to feel vapid satis-

faction at a mere newspaper article or letter of congratulation. I trust that M. Henri Regnault, my master, will say to me some day in the future, 'Come, old boy, I am pleased with you at last.' And, between ourselves, I cannot help hoping that same day is far distant, for I know I shall infallibly deteriorate from the moment I am satisfied with my own productions. I long to be in Morocco, Algiers, or Tunis. I am rusting here. Rome gives me the impression now of a dark room lit by a night-light. I long for more sun. Why do you gainsay me ? Well, I suppose we must not allow ourselves to think about it just now ! I vow, however, that one of these days you and I shall embrace on the Pyramids, or in some Indian temple at the top of one of those marble staircases, leading through tropical plants and heavily scented flowers to the sacred waters."

Henri Regnault, the second son of Victor Regnault (a distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, and for twenty-five years director of the manufactory of Sèvres), was born in Paris on the 30th October, 1843. From infancy he showed signs of the artistic talent that distinguished him in later life. Everything he saw around him he transferred to paper, refusing invariably to copy either from a drawing or a print. He thus acquired the power, exercised so remarkably afterward, of portraying the movements and positions of almost every animal with the greatest accuracy and fidelity. As he grew older he spent all his holidays, and periods of convalescence from any childish illness, executing large sketches for finished pictures ; those done at the age of twelve of the battles of Issus, Arbèles, and Rocroi, which were shown at the École des Beaux-Arts, indicate an astonishing daring in composition and power of drawing.

After distinguishing himself and taking a high degree for proficiency in classical studies, he left college in 1859, and was then free to follow the bent of his artistic genius. His father put him to work in the studio of a former pupil of Ingres, M. Lamothe. Here the facility he displayed with his pencil was so great that he soon was permitted to paint in oils, and even admitted in May, 1862, to compete for the "Prix de Rome." The subject he chose was "The Mother of Coriolanus entreating him to spare

Rome." It did not gain the prize, but created a very favorable impression on the jury, who presented him with a special medal. He then undertook a large religious picture of the Entombment. He thus writes to a friend on the subject, showing that even at twenty years of age he comprehended artistic aims and aspirations :

"I am going to begin my great painting of the Entombment, of which you have seen the sketch. I have made all the studies for it from nature, and will have my canvas in two or three days. I am undertaking a gigantic performance, but think I shall be able to attain my end ; the ardor and energy I feel ought to enable me to cope with Herculean difficulties. I see my picture in imagination, and it is superb.

"I will not exhibit it to the public unless fully convinced it is good. The best rule to make is, never to submit a work to hostile criticism unless you are satisfied with it yourself. As long as faults can be detected they must be rectified until the result realizes one's best ideal. I will not be in a hurry, so that my judgment may have time to mature and lead the way, for it is the head and not the hand that ought to direct, and I feel sure it is impossible to make any progress in art unless the painter's conceptions far surpass his mechanical power. I live a constant struggle against time, and, sad to say, am generally beaten.

"I work away like a slave," he says in another letter, "never stopping in spite of the fogs and darkness round me. If poets love winter and dreams by the fireside, we artists abhor all that is not light, blessed light ! Beautiful sun ! glorious heat which permits us to work in shirt-sleeves and slippers. We cannot paint with our feet on a 'chaufferette.' We must have freedom of movement and a clear sky. Perhaps at some future time in my wanderings I may be able to find a more equable climate than ours, where the vault of heaven will be always blue above me. '*Haine au gris !*' will henceforward be my war-cry."

At this period of his career began that crisis which all natures of any originality and strength have to undergo, when the leaven of young life, working within them, induces them to throw off the fetters of ancient habit and routine that have hitherto bound down their genius, and give it scope to respond to the impulse leading toward realism and life.

"I know not," he writes to a friend, "if I am beginning to understand the rich and infinite language of art better, but I seem to hear it spoken all round me, and by everybody. I see beauty in a country road, or in a hillside standing out against the sky, even in the blue of heaven reflected in the stream that runs beside a dirty Parisian street. Why can

I not therefore find the same elevated, divine sensations when my eyes are shut and not looking at what is round them ? Then I only see prosaic stiffness and want of symmetry. Artists and poets ought to be given abodes above the clouds, where (while their rhapsodies last) they might forget everything and lose their identity in the pure ether around them. No disturbing influence from the world should be allowed to enter, not a curl of earthly smoke should cloud their sky, only the faintest sound of church bells might penetrate at rare intervals amid the harmonies of the infinite depths of blue. Why can one not from time to time cast off this tenement of clay, and be enabled to experience those sensations that are too delicate and subtle to pierce through the mortality that envelopes us ! Yes, I endeavor to make progress, but I think I am going through a period of great mental sterility. I have no doubt you have felt the same. Entire worlds, before hidden, are revealing themselves ; the heavy clouds that hid the mountain tops are clearing away, illumining the shadows of the abyss. I feel as if I were being initiated into profound mysteries, which open vast horizons in art, and transport me into so pure and rarefied an atmosphere that I am almost suffocated, and my eyes blinded by the unaccustomed light. Still I believe I am expanding and advancing."

From this moment we see him continually at the Louvre, studying the works of Titian or Paul Veronese, and forming the project of copying the "Marriage in Cana of Galilee" the size of the original. The Venetian painter's splendor and stateliness had a peculiar fascination for him.

In 1866 he again competed for the "Prix de Rome," choosing as the subject of his picture "Thetis bringing Achilles the arms forged by Vulcan." He could not carry out the idea he had formed for the goddess, and, utterly discouraged, felt inclined to lay down his palette and brush and give up the contest in despair. The day of the decision was fast approaching, when the desponding artist, on going to spend an evening at the house of a friend, met a girl there whose expressive face and graceful appearance immediately inspired him. He hurriedly made a sketch of her, went home, and in twelve days the picture was repainted, sent in, and obtained the prize, Thetis being represented by the young lady. Having thus obtained what he had striven for during three years in vain, he allowed himself a holiday, and went for a tour in Brittany, whence he brought back some powerful sketches. But the wild scenery of that rock-bound

coast was not adapted for the development of his genius.

"How can one be strong," he laments, "in the face of such a waste of waters, under the influence of this terrible raging sea, beating against the rocks that have dared to defy the ocean, by opposing a dark and serried line to its tumultuous raging."

His soul hankered after the orange groves and soft breezes of the South, and these he was soon destined to enjoy, for, according to the Academy rules, having gained the Prix de Rome he was sent free of expense to the Eternal City. So, in the spring of the year 1867, we see him on his way, expressing his delight and describing his impressions in a series of fresh and brilliant letters, dashed off to his father and intimate friends at spare moments snatched from his work. They, in fact, constitute the sole information we possess of his artistic life and aims at this period.

Rome disappointed him: his dreams had surpassed the reality; he found the Forum small and contracted.

"How could those conquerors, those giant heroes, find room to pass under such triumphal arches without crushing against the walls the trophies and troops of slaves attached to their chariots. Think of the battlements of Nineveh, where twenty-five chariots could go abreast, and those ancient Indian temples, piled up fifteen stories high, with their hundreds of steps and bands of priests, where whole populations came to worship. I cannot imagine Cæsar or Marius ascending to the Capitol by the narrow, unimposing road we are told is the Via Sacra."

Even St. Peter's did not console him, or seem grand enough when seen near. But there was one artistic achievement which certainly realized his highest conceptions—the roof of the Sistine Chapel.

"It is a marvel of marvels," he exclaims. "In general disposition and arrangement it is prodigious! In tone it is soft, harmonious, and powerful, but has almost the effect of a nightmare on one's senses. It gives a shock like falling from a great height. It is too magnificent! After having seen it, a feeling of exhaustion came over me, instead of the joy and pleasure intercourse with the great masters generally gives."

"For me," he says elsewhere, "Michael Angelo is a god one dreads to touch, for fear fire should come out of him and burn one up."

But what he enjoyed most were his

walks and rides in the country round Rome. He thus describes a sunset seen from the heights of Tusculum:

"The 'Campagna,' stretched away in front of us, with Rome in the distance. A little to the left shone the sea; then came Monte Cavo, with the picturesque village of Rocca di Papa, clambering in tiers one above the other up the mountain side; still farther to the left stretched the Albanian hills, while to the right lay the Sabine range, with their splendid outline firm and accentuated as steel. As the sun got nearer the horizon the trees covering the sides of Monte Cavo took the color almost of crimson velvet, the plain was bathed in roseate light, and the portion of the mountains in shadow turned a brilliant sapphire blue. The sea glowed as if on fire, and great clouds loomed heavy overhead. It was superb! I now understand why the theatres of the ancients were so devoid of decoration. What could man do in the face of this wonderful nature but lay down his brush and make the landscape his background."

He pays a visit to Liszt at the request of a friend, who had sent him one of his compositions to submit to the criticising eye of the great musician, and thus writes of him:

"He received me with the most charming amiability. I rather trembled as I rang the bell, and although under the protection of a friend, who had already been presented to him, my heart beat as if I were on the point of being ushered into a dentist's consulting-room. I began stuttering and stammering—Monseigneur, Monsignor, Monsieur l'Abbé, Maître, etc., etc., but he immediately put me at my ease by the dignity and simplicity of his manner. I ceased to tremble, and soon saw in the ferocious black-haired individual nothing but an enthusiastic, real artist, and a devoted friend of Camille. He spoke to me of him with an admiration that seemed thoroughly genuine. He read over the 'Veni Creator' while I was there, stopping every now and then to praise it. He then played, with all his fantastic power and energy, some bits from his own symphonies of Dante and St. Francis, and invited me to come and see him any Friday I liked. I had always imagined he was a 'poseur,' but have changed my opinion, and was, on the contrary, profoundly impressed by his genius, charm, and good looks."

Mean time our young artist was heaping up stores of knowledge and experience, though not actually doing any work. He writes accounts to his father and grandmother of expeditions to Tivoli, luncheons eaten in the ancient Temple of the Sibyl, visits to the villas outside Rome, with their "beautiful woods and fountains," all described with a vitality and grace impossible to

give an idea of in short extracts. Hearing there is a possibility of an eruption of Vesuvius he rushes off with a friend to Naples, where he is completely fascinated by the beauties around him. He writes from Sorrento :

"I am in Paradise ! What mornings, what days, and, above all, what nights ! If you only could see the Bay of Naples reflecting the moon and stars, with the outline of Vesuvius in the distance ! The calm ! the silence ! only broken every now and then by the sighing of the sea, which runs up, and dies in a ripple at our feet."

If he goes on an expedition to Ostia duck-shooting, he misses all his birds, he is so absorbed by the natural charms around him.

"The lakes stretch a great distance in the midst of vast plains, bounded on the horizon by the Sabine and Albanian hills, and nearer at hand by forests of stone pines that skirt the sea-shore. Nothing is finer than the effect of these sombre, giant masses mirrored in calm, clear water, which reflects also the blue of heaven, giving it the brilliancy of precious stones. Never did I feel farther removed from civilization, or more isolated than in the midst of the reeds which encircle the banks like a ring of gold. The primitive appearance of our little boats, the wild and woe-begone expression of our oarsmen, added to the illusion. It was one of those days that will long remain imprinted on my memory."

In the middle of December, 1867, after a flying visit to Paris, he returned to Rome, and set to work on his picture of Judith and Holofernes. But his health broke down, and after struggling in vain against malaria and weakness, he was at last obliged to accept the doctor's verdict, and leave the fever-weighted air of the ancient city.

He immediately turned his steps toward Spain, the country of his dreams, and his abode (with the exception of the short interval spent at Tangiers) for the short space of life still left him. Here he for the first time was destined to make acquaintance with the works of Velasquez and Murillo, who exercised a less overwhelming effect on his mind than Michael Angelo, and led him to the true cultivation of his powers.

"There are pictures all round us," he cries, "in this enchanted land. In the cathedral at Burgos we saw some admirable groups of beggars. Oh, Velasquez ! you are omnipresent here ! your tones of color, in all their purity and clearness, abound in every corner and street ! What a painter ! 'Dio mio !' No one ever accomplished anything before his

time except Titian and Tintoretto. What color ! what charm ! what originality and facility of execution ! What a pity he did not devote his marvellous talent and astounding power to more elevating themes ! The impression would be incredible of a dramatic or pathetic subject painted with the same truth and simplicity in attitude and color, devoid of forced effects, apparent sacrifices or any of the wire-pulling which has become traditional, and which is supposed to be the curriculum all art students must undergo. May I be executed if I do not make leagues of progress at Madrid ! I have begun a copy of one of the great master's pictures. If we wait for political events to settle down before we start on our travels, it is more than probable I shall have plenty of time to do other work. We paint every day from half past eight in the morning to six in the evening, for Signor Madrazo permits us to come before the museum opens, and we do not leave until it shuts."

On the morning of the 29th of September, after going, as was their wont, to the gallery, and working quietly for about two hours, they observed a young artist, deadly pale, whispering something to one of his companions, and suddenly every one shut his paint-box. The custodians took off their uniforms and appeared in plain clothes. In a few moments there was not a creature left in the place. They went down to the "concierge," the doors were shut, Madrid was in a state of revolution. The young artists hastened home to leave their painting materials, and then sallied out to watch the course of events. For a few days they were thrown into the midst of the insurrection which deprived Isabella of her throne, and sent the Bourbons for some years out of Spain. The friends did not waste their opportunities. "We make sketches on every side," writes Henri. "Madrid is full of superb pictures, with its mixture of squalor and splendor, tapestries and flags."

A little farther on he tells his father :

"I am to do a portrait of Prim ; it will be interesting work. He is the man just now in Spain. Wanted—a king. Do you know of one by chance ? If so, despatch him here. He must be stupid, ugly, and have no political opinions or intelligence. Existence in Spain is delightful, and is not nearly appreciated at its real value. It is a mine of wealth for a painter, putting out of the question the country and its inhabitants. The old Spanish masters seem more useful from an instructive point of view than unapproachable giants like Michael Angelo or Raphael. They admit you into their intimacy ; they show you nature in all her simplicity and dignity ; they do not at-

tempt to hide the means they use, and ask nothing better than to initiate the tyro into the mysteries of art, and allow him to worship without crushing his soul with their sublime contempt. They have used the every-day light of the world, and thought beggars as well as kings worthy of their brush. Cripples, dwarfs, children, everything is useful, nothing rejected as vile or coarse. You have only to take your choice out of what they offer. There is no one-sided or distorted view of nature imparted, and their work might have been done to-day, and no one would say it was out of date or old-fashioned.

"Our great difficulty has been to persuade the gypsies to sit to us. For a long time they would only consent to tell our fortunes, and then went away, but yesterday at last we induced three to pass the day at the 'atelier.' We made a study of them; they are splendid. One of them is expecting to become a mother. I am to be godfather to the baby, which is to come into the world in the month of January. I should like to assist at a gypsy festival now I am one of the family. Our three friends of to-day promised to bring two more to-morrow. I hope they will give us letters of introduction to their relations in Andalusia, so that we may be well received there next year."

"We went," he says farther on, "a day or two ago to see the future mother, under the guidance of the honest fellow her husband, who showed us the way to the little suburb outside Madrid inhabited exclusively by gypsies. It was night. We entered a long one-storied house divided into several compartments; each family occupies one. A charcoal fire was lit on the floor in the middle of the room. On one side were the mattresses on which they sleep. All the occupants sat in a circle warming themselves, the children perfectly naked. The donkeys passed freely backward and forward, eating the straw that was scattered about."

Thus we find him making experience of every phase and form of life. Leaving his gypsy surroundings, he enters into all the fashionable gaieties of the Carnival. He describes some of the scenes they were spectators of with a graphic pen.

"One afternoon, all the Prado, on the side of the Retiro and close to the Alcala gate, was covered with rows of chairs, the occupants of which could only be compared to a brilliant flower-bed, with their parasols clustered together. Under each of these many-hued mushrooms glowed a pair of bright black eyes, however plain the rest of the face might be. There are very few women in Madrid also who as a rule do not boast a clear olive complexion that harmonizes with a surrounding of divers colors. Still nothing is so admirable a set-off as the mantilla, and, thanks be to goodness, they are coquettish enough not entirely to forsake this for the artificial flowers and humming-birds of your Parisian hats. This is a country of strong contrasts. As the crowd were returning from

the Carnival the sound of a bell was heard coming down the 'Carrera San Geromimo'; it was the last sacrament being carried by the priest to a dying man. Immediately, according to Spanish custom, all the populace went down on their knees, and nothing could be imagined more grotesque than to see the masks, with their camel's heads, monkey faces, and devil's tails, cast themselves piously on the earth. But let me take you away from all the gay crowd at about eleven o'clock at night into one of the wine-shops in the Calle de Toledo, little dens frequented by the common people and 'torreros.' Sit down with us, and take what these courteous fellows, with their bright-colored handkerchiefs and embroidered jackets, offer so hospitably. They pass their glasses, and after you have done them the honor of drinking, they will put it to their lips too. Listen to Lola while she sings with her soft mellow contralto one or two gypsy dirges, or a love song, with its long-drawn sighs and monotonous rhythm, to which the guitar makes such an exquisite accompaniment. Then 'hóla! hóla! hóla!' they jump up, clapping their hands. A handsome 'picador' begins to dance, showing his white teeth, and throwing himself from side to side, while he holds the silk scarf tied round his loins. And when that is over, to bed! for we have 'work to do to-morrow.'"

It is curious how, amid this life of amusement and occupation, one continually recurring thought comes back with sad persistence, as though a presentiment of his fate hung over him.

"What I would give to read the future, and find written there the certainty of accomplishing what I want to do! If I could say to myself, 'In two or three years' time you will return laden with materials, you will have acquired plenty of knowledge, and you will have twenty-five years given you to make use of them.' Ah! then all would be well; but to die on the road! never to reach the goal! that is what weighs on me like lead."

A sudden stop was put to his enjoyment in the brilliant Spanish capital by the discourteous way in which Prim treated him on the subject of his portrait, which he came to see, and declared, in a haughty, brusque manner, was not a good likeness, or to his taste. Regnault, in consequence, left Madrid in disgust, taking the portrait with him. "I travelled third-class," he exclaims, in the bitterness of his heart. "If there had been a sixth-class compartment on the railway I would have taken it, so humiliated did I feel." After shaking the dust of Madrid off his feet, he made up his mind at last to carry out his project of visiting the ancient palace of the Moors; and on the 12th of September,

1869, we find him and his brother in art, George Clairin, revelling in the artistic and natural beauties of Granada. Everything he had seen up to that time seemed effaced from his memory; the Alhambra completely fascinated his imagination. He passed days amid its enchantments, working incessantly, as he tells his friends. He is absorbed painting water-colors of fantastic difficulty.

"I wish I could put into words what I think of Granada, queen of cities, with its turquoise sky, rose-color towers, and its golden, silver, and jewelled Alhambra. For several days I could not do a stroke of work. I saw nothing but *fire* round me. What artists these Moors were!

"We are living close to the palace. A stately avenue of trees leads from us to it. All around us is perfect in foliage, climate, and color; in a word, a dream of happiness! an Arabian Night's tale! Since our arrival there has not been the smallest cloud on our horizon, not even a mist between us and the intense blue of heaven. The Alhambra is certainly magnificent. I spend hours every day deciphering the translations of the verses of the Koran that are written in all directions on the walls."

The news referring to the success of his picture of Judith and Holofernes reached him faintly from Paris. He could not understand the enthusiasm, so emphatically expressed by the Parisians, for his productions. In the midst of such natural and artistic beauties the favorable opinion of his fellow-citizens, which it had once been his highest ambition to obtain, seemed of no account. The view from the Alhambra, the panorama of mountains round, and the immense plain of the Vega stretching away in the blue distance, were all-sufficing.

"Life was too short," as he says, "to read stupid papers. One must keep all one's eyesight for art. In our beautiful enchanted palace up here, where we are so tranquil and happy, no rumor of revolution even troubles us. We allow discussion and fighting to go on in the world, while we do homage to the genius of these old Moors, discovering every day new splendors and greater wonders and beauty of design. Divine Alhambra! whose walls in the morning are emerald, by day pearl, and at sunset amethyst and gold. We wait every evening until the moon comes out, and after she has lit up the delicate tracery work, and put to sleep the genii and phantoms who haunt this marvellous fairy palace, we take our leave, regretfully turning round at every step, unable to take our eyes off the rose-color marble columns that at certain moments take the mother-of-pearl flesh tint of a lovely goddess."

The only interest the two friends took in the revolution then going on in Spain arose from the fact of its delaying the arrival of their luggage, containing oil paints and canvas, and thus preventing the execution of all the wonderful pictures they saw in imagination. Little did they then foresee the political events that were destined to wake them rudely out of their bliss, touching all nearest and dearest to their hearts, and dissipating the radiant visions around them with the icy breath of sadness and despair. Well might they say they could discern no cloud on the bright blue sky of Spain; but there was one looming on the northern horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, that was destined ere long to overshadow the heavens, chasing the brightness and sunshine out of their lives.

With the restlessness and energy of his nature, Henri, now that he had become acquainted with the works of the Moors in Spain, felt impelled to study them also in Africa. So his next letters are dated from Tangiers, where the festival of Rhamadan was in course of celebration; and he soon saw enough to convince him that a lengthened residence in the old African town would be of great advantage artistically. His pockets were full of money, as he had just sold his picture of "Salomé" to a dealer for £560. He therefore took a studio, and wrote to his friend, George Clairin, to Granada, telling him that he must come over. And there they set up house together, decorating the interior in the style of their beloved Alhambra, painting the walls themselves.

"I shall certainly do my work for the Exhibition here. I am twenty times better and happier than in Rome, with its oppressive atmosphere and theatrical-looking models. Our rooms are covered, couches and floor, with Eastern carpets. We have become quite Moorish in our habits and customs; always leave our slippers at the door. No chairs are allowed in the establishment; all European ugliness is strictly prohibited. Our domestics consist of Lagraine, my servant, who superintends the preparation of colors and canvas, photography and carpentry; Nana, our cook, and Ali Pata, my groom, a small, shrivelled-up monstrosity of fifty, as ugly as he is intelligent. Besides these, we have an Arab boy who does all the marketing and out-door work, and, to complete the establishment, a lovely Moorish girl, who not only 'poses' to us herself, but brings her friends too. Imagine the

picture we have around us when we ascend to the balcony at the top of our abode, the snow-white town, descending in terraces to the sea, like a staircase of marble steps. All the flat roofs covered with groups of Moorish women and negresses, seated on carpets or standing about, hanging out their washing on cords stretched across. The combination made by their yellow turbans, silver embroidered petticoats, and rose-color or green handkerchiefs, is wonderful. At last, in truth, we see the East. I will so impregnate myself with beauty and light that I need not be afraid of returning to our dull, every-day world, and forgetting the experiences I have made here. When I live in Paris again I shall only have to shut my eyes to summon up Moors, fellahs, Hindoos, enchanted palaces, golden plains, azure lakes, in fact all the East. Oh, blessed, thrice blessed light! They tell me it is better to intrust the *Salôme* (which I am sending off) to a cockle-shell of a sailing vessel than to a Spanish railway. I forget the story: look it up for me. The moment is chosen immediately after *Salôme* has danced before Herod, which will explain the tossed hair and short dress."

The appearance of this work in the Paris *salon* was the artistic event of the year. The idea was an entirely new one. There was no composition, no story told; it simply depended on extraordinary execution for the effect produced. The charge of sensuality was brought against it, and here certainly we think Regnault must plead guilty; but was it not the fault of the age in which he lived, and the people for whom he painted? Both the artist and his countrymen required purifying of the great national sin of materialism in a fire such as no country ever went through before. He was destined, alas! to succumb, carrying with him all the unfulfilled promises of his youth, and all the possibilities his admirers prophesied for him. Of the charge of seeking to startle by selecting original and *bizarre* subjects, he defends himself indignantly.

"I have no intention of revolutionizing or dazzling the public mind. It would be a blunder to attempt it, and I hope you do not believe me capable of such want of enlightenment. I paint whatever comes into my head, and appears to me simple and natural. If my critics profess to think I try to ape eccentricity, I cannot prevent their doing so. Remember, I am left to my own inspirations here, I see no other artistic work, and follow, uninfluenced, my personal sentiment and manner of seeing things. I dare say, however, it is true that I do not give sufficient solidity and depth of tone. The fact is, I paint in the midst of brilliant sunshine, and am accustomed to see figures on a background of dead white, which most likely has induced me to use

a wrong key-note in the pervading color. I have no doubt I am off the right path altogether. Do write to me, and say sincerely what you think of the picture I now send."

He had a magic power of putting the sunshine amid which he lived upon his canvas. Can we not all of us remember turning in from the murky atmosphere of the London streets to a small dark gallery in Bond Street, and standing astonished opposite the "Execution without Judgment," dazzled by the light and luminousness of the sky, and sunlit marble steps, at the foot of which lay the decapitated figure, the red blood running down and staining the whiteness of the staircase? It was the work of a young Titian, playing with the gifts the gods had bestowed upon him.

The announcement of the declaration of war fell like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky upon the two friends, shivering their bright dreams into fragments; destroying the peace and happiness of the life they were leading amid the picturesque and artistic surroundings of their African home. Like the rest of their countrymen, they at first expected to hear of nothing but triumph and victory; all the more cruel therefore was their disappointment and grief when the news of the disasters and misfortunes that befell the French arms reached them. They had no longer any heart to paint, and spent their whole time awaiting the arrival of the steamer from Gibraltar with the last papers and telegrams, or rushing off to official headquarters to learn more accurate information. When the news got very bad they made up their minds to hasten to the aid of their unfortunate country. Regnault writes: "We are off, father. We must return home and learn to handle heavier tools than the palette and brush; France has need of all her sons to aid her in her vast distress."

Toward the middle of September he and his friend Clairin reached Paris, trembling lest they should find it already invested, and all possibility of entrance cut off. Those who had known Regnault before were struck by the difference that three years had wrought in him. Their memory was that of an enthusiastic young student, full of charm but reckless and wild. They found the same enthusiasm restrained and kept in

check. The same charm considerably enhanced by the moral improvement effected in heart and mind. He was now matured, serious, having placed his affections high, and above those affections his duty and honor. He enrolled himself at first in a battalion of "Franc-Tireurs," but yielded shortly afterward to the persuasions of his friends, and entered the ranks of the National Guard. A feeling of devotion animated him, and gave him that naïve and sublime confidence which supported the brave defenders of Paris to the last. Amid all the stress and bustle of war, however, his heart turned often to his work and his sunny home at Tangiers. Seventeen days before his death he writes to his friend at Gibraltar:

"I do not know if you ever received the letter I sent you by balloon-post six weeks ago. I was then on the point of starting for the front with Clairin, and have been kept here for a month doing duty in the advanced posts, sleeping in the snow on the frozen earth, or on a lake of half-thawed mud, sometimes with not a thing to eat, but obliged to march every day twelve hours, knapsack on back—fasting: in fact, all the delights of active warfare—in a severe winter campaign. We slept under a tent at the foot of Mont-Valérien, exposed to the most violent and cutting wind during the three coldest nights of the year, the thermometer marking fifteen to seventeen degrees below zero. Several men were frozen to death. It was a sore trial for all, but almost unbearable for me, who had passed three winters in a warm climate. Let us hope our sufferings will be of some avail. We get no news from outside, and have no idea how things are going. My father has been a prisoner ever since the beginning of the siege, and I have had no news of him for the last three or four months. The population of Paris are very calm; they bear the deprivations they have to undergo with extraordinary patience. No one complains; all have become resigned, and only ask as a reward good news of the fighting in the provinces, and the joy of taking part in the last struggle that is destined to deliver Paris. Be good enough to look after Legraine, my servant, and see if he is still at Tangiers; if not, ascertain who is taking care of my studio. In case I should die in this war, M. Clairin (George's father) possesses a paper in which my last wishes are written, and he is authorized to repay any disbursements made by you or others."

And yet, though he faced death thus calmly, he had every reason to be enamored of life. Since his return a marriage he had long wished for had been decided on, and whenever he could snatch a moment from military

duties they were spent with his betrothed. But the darkness of the political horizon dimmed the brightness even of his personal future; he could not hold up against the pervading feeling of gloom; he went through the regular routine of his life with the same persevering precision and heroism, but all the energy of trust and confidence had gone.

He kept a journal during his long nights of vigil at his post, in which we can see how this sadness weighed on him.

"We have lost a great many of the rank and file," he writes; "the gaps must be filled, and with better, stronger men. This ought to be a lesson to us. We must not permit ourselves to be enervated by a life of easy pleasure. Existence for its own sake is no longer possible. A short time ago it was the fashion to believe in nothing but enjoyment, but to-day the Republic calls on us to lead a pure, honorable, serious life, and to offer up our souls and bodies on the altar of our country, and in a more extended sense as a sacrifice in the cause of emancipated humanity."

As a common soldier, Regnault had shirked none of the duties of his position. His captain, struck by his zeal, intelligence, and courage, offered him promotion. Regnault declined the honor, however, and gave his reasons in an admirably simple, patriotic letter. He says in one paragraph:

"Perhaps the qualities of coolness and submission which you are pleased to acknowledge I possess might, thanks to your instruction, have made me a passable officer. But I am afraid that my very small experience in military affairs might expose me to the necessity of receiving instruction from those of a lower grade than myself who would be more worthy and capable of filling the position. My example therefore will be of more avail than my commands. I have decided to undergo the fatigues and trials of the profession without faltering, to be always well to the front, and so encourage those of my comrades who might be inclined to hesitate. In me you have a good soldier; do not lose him for the sake of making an inferior officer."

Regnault was killed in the performance of his duty, at Bougival, on the 19th of January, struck down by almost the last shot fired under the walls of Paris. The mobilized battalions of the National Guard had received an order to attack the Prussians intrenched behind the walls of the park of Bougival. The French soldiers fought heroically all day, but to no effect. When evening came the command to retire was given.

Among those whose fate was uncer-

tain was Henri Regnault. His comrades had seen him lingering behind, and implored him to come on with them. "I only want to fire off my last cartridges, and will join you directly," answered the brave young voice through the smoke and twilight. It was the last ever seen or heard of him. The news of his disappearance was known that night in Paris. All, however, were unwilling to believe he was killed. George Clairin set himself at dawn next day to seek his friend on the field of battle, but in vain, and it was only on the 22d of January that the body was recognized among the dead brought to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise for burial. The effect the confirmation of his sad fate caused in Paris was most remarkable. Although suffering under the humiliation of a vast national disaster, there were tears left to shed for the loss of him who had died so bravely fighting in her cause. The funeral service was read on the eve of the capitulation of the capital, the solemn silence being only broken at rare intervals by the boom of the cannon on the distant ramparts.

Henri's family were absent, ignorant even of his sad fate; but a wreath of white lilac that lay on his coffin testified there was one who mourned more deeply and hopelessly than even father, brother, or sisters. All the artistic and literary world were present also to do their young comrade honor; for in those cultivated circles, where art reigns supreme and is a portion of the national life and pride, they felt a ray of brightness had departed, and that the angel of death had indeed dealt them a cruel blow. Although he had only exhibited a few works, all had felt, with the appreciative sensibility of their race, that there was the promise of a great artist in the brave bright spirit that had been snatched from among them. And so, during the cruel sad months that followed, the great city shed many a tear on his grave, chanted many a poem in his honor, and enshrined his memory forever in her great beating heart, among those of her best-loved and most gifted children.—*Temple Bar*.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"MARY, MARY!"

Is there any one awake and listening—perhaps with a tremor of the heart—for the calling out of "White Dove, ahoy!" from the shore? Once the ordinary loud noises of the morning are over—the brief working of the pump, the washing down of the decks—silence reigns once more throughout the yacht. One can only hear a whispering of the rain above.

Then, in the distance, there is the muffled sound of the paddles of a steamer; and that becomes fainter and fainter, while the White Dove gradually loses the motion caused by the passing waves. Again there is an absolute stillness, with only that whispering of the rain.

But this sudden sound of oars? and the slight shock against the side of the vessel? The only person on board the yacht who is presentable whips a shawl

over her head, darts up the companion way, and boldly emerges into the moist and dismal morning.

"Oh, Angus!" she cries to this streaming black figure that has just stepped on deck, "what a day you have brought with you!"

"Oh, it is nothing!" says a cheerful voice from out of the dripping mackintosh—perhaps it is this shining black garment that makes the wet face and whiskers and hair glow redder than ever, and makes the blue eyes look even bluer. "Nothing at all! John and I have agreed it is going to clear. But this is a fine place to be in, with a falling glass! If you get a squall down from Glencoe, you won't forget it."

"A squall!" she says, looking around in amazement. Well might she exclaim; for the day is still and gray and sombre; the mountains are swathed in mist; the smooth sea troubled only by the constant rain.

However, the ruddy-faced Doctor, having divested himself of his dripping garment, follows his hostess down the companion, and into the saloon, and sits down on one of the couches. There is an odd, half-pathetic expression on his face as he looks around.

"It seems a long time ago," he says, apparently to himself.

"What does?" ask his hostess, removing her head-gear.

"The evenings we used to spend in this very saloon," says he—looking with a strange interest on those commonplace objects, the draughts and dominoes, the candlesticks and cigar-boxes, the cards and books—"away up there in the north. It seems years since we were at Dunvegan, doesn't it, and lying off Vaternish Point? There never was as snug a cabin as this in any yacht. It is like returning to an old home to get into it."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," says his hostess, regarding him with a great kindness. "We will try to make you forget that you have ever been away. Although," she added frankly, "I must tell you you have been turned out of your state-room—for a time. I know you won't mind having a berth made up for you on one of those couches."

"Of course not," he said; "if I am not in your way at all. But—"

And his face asked the question.

"Oh! it is a nephew of Denny-mains who has come on board—a Mr. Smith, a very nice young fellow; I am sure you will like him."

There was nothing said in reply to this.

Then the new-comer inquired, rather timidly, "You are well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And—and Miss Avon too?" said he.

"Oh, yes! But Mary has suffered a great misfortune since you left."

She looked up quickly. Then she told him the story; and in telling him her indignation awoke afresh. She spoke rapidly. The old injury had touched her anew.

But, strangely enough, although Angus Sutherland displayed a keen interest in the matter, he was not at all moved to that passion of anger and desire for vengeance that had shaken the Laird. Not at all. He was very thoughtful for a

time; but he only said, "You mean she has to support herself now?"

"Absolutely."

"She will naturally prefer that to being dependent on her friends?"

"She will not be dependent on her friends, I know," is the answer; "though the Laird has taken such a great liking for her that I believe he would give her half Denny-mains."

He started a little bit at this, but immediately said,

"Of course she will prefer independence. And, as you say, she is quite capable of earning her own living. Well, she does not worry about it? It does not trouble her mind?"

"That affair of her uncle wounded her very keenly, I imagine, though she said little; but as for the loss of her little fortune, not at all! She is as light-hearted as ever. The only thing is that she is possessed by a mad notion that she should start away at once for London."

"Why?"

"To begin work; I tell her she must work here."

"But she is not anxious? She is not troubled?"

"Not a bit! The Laird says she has the courage of ten men; and I believe him."

"That is all right. I was going to prescribe a course of Marcus Aurelius; but if you have got philosophy in your blood it is better than getting it in through the brain."

And so this talk ended, leaving on the mind of one of those two friends a distinct sense of disappointment. She had been under the impression that Angus Sutherland had a very warm regard for Mary Avon; and she had formed certain other suspicions. She had made sure that he, more quickly than any one else, would resent the injury done to this helpless girl. And now he seemed to treat it as of no account. If she was not troubling herself; if she was not giving herself headaches about it; then, no matter! It was a professional view of the case. A dose of Marcus Aurelius? It was not thus that the warm-hearted Laird had espoused Mary Avon's cause.

Then the people came one by one in to breakfast; and our young Doctor

was introduced to the stranger who had ousted him from his state-room. Last of all came Mary Avon.

How she managed to go along to him, and to shake hands with him, seeing that her eyes were bent on the floor all the time, was a mystery. But she did shake hands with him, and said "How do you do?" in a somewhat formal manner; and she seemed a little paler than usual.

"I don't think you are looking quite as well as when I left," said he, with a great interest and kindness in his look.

"Thank you, I am very well," she said; and then she instantly turned to the Laird and began chatting to him. Angus Sutherland's face burned red; it was not thus she had been used to greet him in the morning, when we were far away beyond the shores of Canna.

And then, when we found that the rain was over, and that there was not a breath of wind in this silent, gray, sombre world of mountain and mist, and when we went ashore for a walk along the still lake, what must she needs do but attach herself to the Laird, and take no notice of her friend of former days? Angus walked behind with his hostess, but he rarely took his eyes off the people in front. And when Miss Avon, picking up a wild flower now and again, was puzzling over its name, he did not, as once he would have done, come to her help with his student-days' knowledge of botany. Howard Smith brought her a bit of wall rue, and said he thought they called it *Asplenium marinum*: there was no interference. The pre-occupied Doctor behind only asked how far Miss Avon was going to walk with her lame foot.

The Laird of Denny-mains knew nothing of all this occult business. He was rejoicing in his occupation of philosopher and guide. He was assuring us all that this looked like a real Highland day—far more so than the Algerian blue sky that had haunted us for so long. He pointed out, as we walked along the winding shores of Loch Leven, by the path that rose, and fell, and skirted small precipices all hanging in foliage, how beautiful was that calm, slate-blue mirror beneath, showing every outline of the sombre mountains, with their masses of Landseer mist. He stopped his com-

panion to ask her if she had ever seen any thing finer in color than the big clusters of scarlet rowans among the yellow-green leaves. Did she notice the scent of the meadow-sweet in the moist air of this patch of wood? He liked to see those white stars of the grass-of-Parnassus; they reminded him of many a stroll among the hills about Loch Katrine.

"And this still Loch Leven," he said at length, and without the least blush on his face, "with the Glencoe mountains at the end of it, I have often heard say was as picturesque a loch as any in Scotland on a gloomy day like this. Gloomy I call it, but ye see there are fine silver glints among the mist; and—and, in fact, there's a friend of mine has often been wishing to have a water-color sketch of it. If ye had time, Miss Mary, to make a bit drawing from the deck of the yacht, ye might name your own price—just name your own price. I will buy it for him."

A friend! Mary Avon knew very well who the friend was.

"I should be afraid, sir," said she, laughing, "to meddle with any thing about Glencoe."

"Toots! toots!" said he; "ye have not enough confidence. I know twenty young men in Edinburgh and Glasgow who have painted every bit of Glencoe, from the bridge to the King's House inn, and not one of them able to come near ye. Mind, I'm looking forward to showing your pictures to Tom Galbraith; I'm thinking he'll stare!"

The Laird chuckled again.

"Oh, aye! he does not know what a formidable rival has come from the south; I'm thinking he'll stare when he comes to Denny-mains to meet ye. Howard, what's that down there?"

The Laird had caught sight of a pink flower on the side of a steep little ravine leading down to the shore.

"Oh, I don't want it; I don't want it!" Mary Avon cried.

But the Laird was obdurate. His nephew had to go scrambling down through the alders and rowan-trees and wet bracken to get this bit of pink crane's-bill for Miss Avon's bouquet. And of course she was much pleased; and thanked him very prettily; and was it catch-fly, or Herb Robert, or what was it?

Then out of sheer common courtesy she had to turn to Angus Sutherland.

"I am sure Doctor Sutherland can tell us," she says timidly; and she does not meet his eyes.

"It is one of the crane's-bills, any way," he says indifferently. "Don't you think you had better return now, Miss Avon, or you will hurt your foot?"

"Oh, my foot is quite well now, thank you!" she says; and on she goes again.

We pass by the first cuttings of the slate-quarries; the men suspended by ropes round their waists and hewing away at the face of the cliff. We go through the long straggling village; and the Laird remarks that it is not usual for a Celtic race to have such clean cottages, with pots of flowers in the window. We saunter idly onward, toward those great mountain-masses, and there is apparently no thought of returning.

"When we've gone so far, might we not go on to the mouth of the pass?" she asks. "I should like to have a look even at the beginning of Glencoe."

"I thought so, said the Laird, with a shrewd smile. "Oh, aye! we may as well go on."

Past those straggling cottages, with the elder-bush at their doors to frighten away witches; over the bridge that spans the brawling Cona; along the valley down which the stream rushes; and this gloom overhead deepens and deepens. The first of the great mountains appears on the right, green to the summit, and yet so sheer from top to bottom that it is difficult to understand how those dots of sheep maintain their footing. Then the marks on him; he seems to be a huge Behemoth, with great eyes, grand, complacent, even sardonic in his look. But the farther and farther mountains have nothing of this mild, grand humor about them; they are sullen and awful; they grasp the earth with their mighty bulk below, but far away they lift their lurid peaks to the threatening skies, up there where the thunder threatens to shake the silence of the world.

"Miss Avon," Doctor Sutherland again remonstrates, "you have come five or six miles now. Suppose you have to walk back in the rain?"

"I don't mind about that," she says

cheerfully. "But I am dreadfully, dreadfully hungry."

"Then we must push on to Clac-haig," says the Laird; "there is no help for it."

"But wait a moment," she says.

She goes to the side of the road, where the great gray boulders and ferns, and moist marsh-grass are, and begins to gather handfuls of "sourrocks;" that is to say, of the smaller sheep's sorrel. "Who will partake of this feast to allay the pangs of hunger?"

"Is thy servant a baa-lamb that she should do this thing?" her hostess says, and drives the girl forward.

The inn is reached but in time; for behold there is a gray "smurr" of mist coming down the glen; and the rain is beginning to darken the gray boulders. And very welcome are those chairs, and the bread and cheese and beer, and the humble efforts in art around the walls. If the feast is not as the feasting of the Fishmongers—if we have no pretty boxes to carry home to the children—if we have no glimpses of the pale blue river and shipping through the orange light of the room, at least we are not amazed by the appearance of the Duke of Sussex in the garb of a Highlander. And the frugal meal is substantial enough. Then the question about getting back arises.

"Now, Mary," says her hostess, "you have got to pay for your amusement. How will you like walking seven or eight miles in a thunder-storm?"

But here the Laird laughs.

"No, no," he says, going to the window. "That wagonette that has just come up I ordered at the inn on passing. Ye will not have to walk a step, my lass; but I think we had better be going, as it looks black overhead."

Black enough, indeed, was it as we drove back in this silent afternoon, with a thunder-storm apparently about to break over our heads. And it was close and sultry when we got on board again, though there was as yet no wind. Captain John did not like the look of the sky.

"I said you were going to bring a gale with you, Angus," his hostess remarked to him cheerfully at dinner.

"It begins to look like it," he answered gravely; "and it is getting too late to run away from here if the wind

riser. As soon as it begins to blow, if I were John, I would put out the starboard anchor."

"I know he will take your advice," she answers promptly.

We saw little of Angus Sutherland that evening, for it was raining hard and blowing hard; and the cabin below, with its lit candles, and books, and cards, and what not, was cheerful enough, while he seemed very much to prefer being on deck. We could hear the howling of the wind through the rigging, and the girgling of the water along the sides of the yacht; and we knew by the way she was swaying that she was pulling hard at her anchor chain. There was to be no beautiful moonlight for us that night, with the black shadows on the hills, and the lane of silver on the water.

A dripping and glistening figure comes down the companion; a gleaming red face appears at the door. Mary Avon looks up from her draughts but for an instant.

"Well, Angus, what is the report?" says Queen Titania brightly. "And what is all the noise on deck? And why don't you come below?"

"They have been paying out more anchor chain," says the rough voice from out of the mackintosh; "it is likely to be a nasty night, and we are going to lower the topmast now. I want you to be so kind as to tell Fred to leave out some whiskey and some bread and cheese, for John thinks of having an anchor watch."

"The bread and cheese and whiskey Fred can get at any time," says she; and she adds, with some warmth, "But you are not going to stay on deck on such a night. Come in here at once. Leave your mackintosh on the steps."

Is it that he looks at that draught-board? It is Mr. Howard Smith who is playing with Mary Avon. The faithless Miranda has got another Ferdinand now.

"I think I would rather take my turn like the rest," he says absently. "There may be some amusement before the morning."

And so the black figure turned away and disappeared; and a strange thing was that the girl playing draughts seemed to have been so bewildered by the ap-

parition that she stared at the board, and could not be got to understand how she had made a gross and gigantic blunder.

"Oh, yes; oh, certainly!" she said hurriedly; but she did not know how to retrieve her obvious mistake.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNSPOKEN APPEAL.

"WHAT have I done? Is she vexed? Have I offended her?" he asked the next morning, in a rapid manner, when his hostess came on deck. The gale had abated somewhat, but gloom overspread earth and sky. It was nothing to the gloom that overspread his usually frank and cheerful face.

"You mean Mary?" she says, though she knows well enough.

"Yes; haven't you seen? She seems to treat me as though we had never met before—as though we were perfect strangers—and I know she is too kind-hearted to cause any one any pain—"

Here he looks somewhat embarrassed for a moment; but his customary straightforwardness comes to his rescue.

"Yes; I will confess I am very much hurt by it. And—and I should like to know if there was any cause. Surely you must have noticed it?"

She had noticed it, sure enough; and, in contrast with that studied coldness which Mary Avon had shown to her friend of former days, she had remarked the exceeding friendliness the young lady was extending to the Laird's nephew. But would she draw the obvious conclusion? Not likely; she was too stanch a friend to believe any such thing. All the same there remained in her mind a vague feeling of surprise, with perhaps a touch of personal injury.

"Well, Angus, you know," she said evasively, "Mary is very much preoccupied just at present. Her whole condition of life is changed, and she has many things to think of—"

"Yes; but she is frank enough with her other friends. What have I done that I should be made a stranger of?"

A pathetic answer comes to these idle frettings of the hour. Far away on the shore a number of small black figures emerge from the woods, and slowly pass.

along the winding road that skirts the rocks. They are following a cart—a common farm-yard cart; but on the wooden planks is placed a dark object that is touched here and there with silver—or perhaps it is only the white cords. Between the overhanging gloom of the mountains and the cold rays of the wind-swept sea the small black line passes slowly on. And these two on board the yacht watch it in silence. Are they listening for the wail of the pipes—the wild dirge of Lord Lovat, or the cry of the *Cumhadh na Cloinne*? But the winds are loud, and the rushing seas are loud; and now the rude farm-yard cart with its solemn burden is away out at the point; and presently the whole simple pageant has disappeared. The lonely burying-ground lies far away among the hills.

Angus Sutherland turns round again, with a brief sigh.

"It will be all the same in a few years," he says to his hostess; and then he adds indifferently, "What do you say about starting? The wind is against us; but any thing is better than lying here. There were some bad squalls in the night."

Very soon after this the silent loch is resounding with the rattle of halyards, blocks, and chains, and Angus Sutherland is seeking distraction from those secret cares of the moment in the excitement of hard work. Nor is it any joke getting in that enormous quantity of anchor chain. In the midst of all the noise and bustle Mary Avon appears on deck to see what is going on, and she is immediately followed by young Smith.

"Why don't you help them?" she says, laughing.

"So I would if I knew what to do," he says good-naturedly. "I'll go and ask Dr. Sutherland."

It was a fatal step. Angus Sutherland suggested somewhat grimly, that, if he liked, he might lend them a hand at the windlass. A muscular young Englishman does not like to give in, and for a time he held his own with the best of them; but long before the starboard anchor had been got up, and the port one hove short, he had had enough of it. He did not volunteer to assist at the throat halyards. To Miss Avon, who was calmly looking on,

he observed that it would take him about a fortnight to get his back straight.

"That," said she, finding an excuse for him instantly, "is because you worked too hard at it at first. You should have watched the Islay man. All he does is to call 'Heave!' and to make his shoulders go up as if he were going to do the whole thing himself. But he does not help a bit. I have watched him again and again."

"Your friend, Dr. Sutherland," said he, regarding her for an instant as he spoke, "seems to work as hard as any of them."

"He is very fond of it," she said simply, without any embarrassment; nor did she appear to regard it as singular that Angus Sutherland should have been spoken of specially as her friend.

Angus Sutherland himself comes rapidly aft, loosens the tiller rope, and jams the helm over. And now the anchor is hove right up; the reefed mainsail and small jib quickly fill out before this fresh breeze; and presently, with a sudden cessation of noise, we are spinning away through the leaden-colored waters. We are not sorry to get away from under the gloom of these giant hills, for the day still looks squally, and occasionally a scud of rain comes whipping across, scarcely sufficient to wet the decks. And there is more life and animation on board now; a good deal of walking up and down in ulsters, with inevitable collisions; and of remarks shouted against, or with, the wind; and of joyful pointing toward certain silver gleams of light in the west and south. There is hope in front; behind us nothing but darkness and the threatenings of storm. The Pap of Glen-coe has disappeared in rain; the huge mountains on the right are as black as the deeds of murder done in the glen below; Ardgour over there, and Lochaber here, are steeped in gloom. And there is less sadness now in the old refrain of Lochaber since there is a prospect of the South shining before us. If Mary Avon is singing to herself about

Lochaber no more! And Lochaber no more!
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!

—it is with a light heart.

But then, if it is a fine thing to go bowling along with a brisk breeze on our

beam, it is very different when we get round Ardshiel and find the southerly wind veering to meet us dead in the teeth. And there is a good sea running up Loch Linnhe—a heavy gray-green sea that the White Dove meets and breaks, with spurts of spray forward, and a line of hissing foam in our wake. The zig-zag beating takes us alternately to Ardgour and Appin, until we can see here and there the cheerful patches of yellow corn at the foot of the giant and gloomy hills; then "Bout ship" again, and away we go on the heaving and rushing gray-green sea.

And is Mary Avon's oldest friend—the woman who is the stanchest of champions—being at last driven to look askance at the lady? Is it fair that the young lady should be so studiously silent when our faithful Doctor is by, and instantly begin to talk again when he goes forward to help at the jib or foresail sheets? And when he asks her, as in former days, to take the tiller, she somewhat coldly declines the offer he has so timidly and respectfully made. But as for Mr. Smith, that is a very different matter. It is he whom she allows to go below for some wrapper for her neck. It is he who stands by, ready to shove over the top of the companion when she crouches to avoid a passing shower of rain. It is he with whom she jokes and talks—when the Laird does not monopolize her.

"I would have believed it of any girl in the world rather than of her," says her hostess, to another person, when these two happen to be alone in the saloon below. "I don't believe it yet. It is impossible. Of course a girl who is left as penniless as she is might be pardoned for looking round and being friendly with rich people who are well inclined toward her; but I don't believe—I say it is impossible—that she should have thrown Angus over just because she saw a chance of marrying the Laird's nephew. Why, there never was a girl we have ever known so independent as she is!—not any one half as proud and as fearless. She looks upon going to London and earning her own living as nothing at all! She is the very last girl in the world to speculate on making a good match—she has too much pride—she would not speak another

word to Howard Smith if such a monstrous thing were suggested to her."

"Very well," says the meek listener. The possibility was not of his suggesting, assuredly: he knows better.

Then the Admiral-in-chief of the White Dove sits silent and puzzled for a time.

"And yet her treatment of poor Angus is most unfair. He is deeply hurt by it—he told me so this morning—"

"If he is so fearfully sensitive that he cannot go yachting and enjoy his holiday because a girl does not pay him attention—"

"Why, what do you suppose he came back here for?" she says warmly. "To go sailing in the White Dove? No; not if twenty White Doves were waiting for him! He knows too well the value of his time to stay away so long from London if it were merely to take the tiller of a yacht. He came back here, at a great personal sacrifice, because Mary was on board."

"Has he told you so?"

He has not; but one has eyes."

"Then suppose she has changed her mind: how can you help it?"

She says nothing for a second. She is preparing the table for Master Fred; perhaps she tosses the novels on to the couch with an impatience they do not at all deserve. But at length she says,

"Well; I never thought Mary would have been so fickle as to go chopping and changing about within the course of a few weeks. However, I won't accuse her of being mercenary; I will not believe that. Howard Smith is a most gentlemanly young man—good-looking, too, and pleasant tempered. I can imagine any girl liking him."

Here a volume of poems is pitched on to the top of the draught-board as if it had done her some personal injury.

"And in any case she might be more civil to a very old friend of ours," she adds.

Further discourse on this matter is impossible, for our Friedrich d'or comes in to prepare for luncheon. But why the charge of incivility? When we are once more assembled together, the girl is quite the reverse of uncivil toward him. She shows him—when she is forced to speak to him—an almost painful courtesy; and she turns her eyes

down as if she were afraid to speak to him. This is no flaunting coquette, proud of her wilful caprice.

And as for poor Angus, he does his best to propitiate her. They begin talking about the picturesqueness of various cities. Knowing that Miss Avon has lived most of her life, if she was not actually born, in London, he strikes boldly for London. What is there in Venice, what is there in the world, like London in moonlight—with the splendid sweep of her river—and the long lines of gas-lamps—and the noble bridges? But she is all for Edinburgh: if Edinburgh had but the Moldau running through that valley, and the bridges of Prague to span it, what city in Europe could compare with it? And the Laird is so delighted with her approval of the Scotch capital that he forgets for the moment his Glaswegian antipathy to the rival city, and enlarges no less on the picturesqueness of it than on its wealth of historical traditions. There is not a stain of blood on any floor that he does not believe in. Then the Sanctuary of Holyrood: what stories has he not to tell about that famous refuge?

"I believe the mysterious influence of that Sanctuary has gone out and charmed all the country about Edinburgh," said our young Doctor. "I suppose you know that there are several plants, poisonous elsewhere, that are quite harmless in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. You remember I told you, Miss Avon, that evening we went out to Arthur's Seat?"

It was well done, Queen Titania must have thought, to expose this graceless flirt before her new friends. So she had been walking out to Arthur's Seat with him in the summer afternoons?

"Y—yes," says the girl.

"Aye; that is a most curious thing," says the Laird, not noticing her downcast looks and flushed cheeks. "But what were they, did ye say?"

"Umbelliferous plants," replied Angus Sutherland in quite a matter-of-fact manner. "The *Ceanothe crocata* is one of them, I remember; and I think the *Cicuta virosa*—that is, the Water Hemlock."

"I would jist like to know," says the Laird, somewhat pompously, "whether that does not hold good about the neigh-

borhood of Glesca also. 'There's nothing so particular healthy about the climate of Edinburgh, as far as ever I heard tell of. Quite the reverse—quite the reverse. East winds—fogs—no wonder the people are shilpit looking creatures as a general rule—like a lot o' Paisley weavers. But the ceety is a fine ceety, I will admit that; and many's the time I've said to Tom Galbraith that he could get no finer thing to paint than the view of the High Street at night from Prince's Street—especially on a moonlight night. A fine ceety: but the people themselves!—' here the Laird shook his head. "And their manner o' speech is most vexsome—a long, sing-song kind o' yaumering as if they had not sufficient manliness to say outright what they meant. If we are to have a Scotch accent, I prefer the accent—the very slight accent—ye hear about Glesca. I would like to hear what Miss Avon has to say upon that point.

"I am not a very good judge, sir," says Miss Avon prudently.

Then on deck. The leaden-black waves are breaking in white foam along the shores of Kingairloch and the opposite rocks of Eilean-na-Shuna; and we are still laboriously beating against the southerly wind; but those silver-yellow gleams in the south have increased, over the softly purple hills of Morvern and Duart. Black as night are the vast ranges of mountains in the north; but they are far behind us; we have now no longer any fear of a white shaft of lightning falling from the gloom overhead.

The decks are dry now; camp-stools are in requisition; there is to be a consultation about our future plans after the White Dove has been beached for a couple of days. The Laird admits that, if it had been three days or four days, he would like to run through to Glasgow and to Strathgovan, just to see how they are getting on with the gas-lamps in the Mitherdrum Road; but, as it is, he will write for a detailed report; hence he is free to go wherever we wish. Miss Avon, interrogated, answers that she thinks she must leave us and set out for London, whereupon she is bidden to hold her tongue and not talk foolishness. Our Doctor, also interrogated, looks down on the sitting parliament—he is standing at the tiller—and laughs.

"Don't be too sure of getting to Castle Osprey to-night," he says, "whatever your plans may be. The breeze is falling off a bit. But you may put me down as willing to go anywhere with you, if you will let me come."

This decision seemed greatly to delight his hostess. She said we could not do without him. She was herself ready to go anywhere now—eagerly embraced the youth's suggestion that there were, according to John of Skye's account, vast numbers of seals in the bays on the western shores of Knadbale; and at once assured the Laird, who said he particularly wanted a sealskin or two and some skarts' feathers for a young lady, that he should not be disappointed. Knapdale, then, it was to be.

But in the mean time? Dinner found us in a dead calm. After dinner, when we came on deck, the sun had gone down; and in the pale, tender blue-gray of the twilight, the golden star of the Lismore light-house was already shining. Then we had our warning lights put up—the port red light shedding a soft crimson glow on the bow of the dingy, the starboard green light touching with a cold, wan color the iron shrouds. To crown all, as we were watching the dark shadows of Lismore island, a thin, white, vivid line—like the edge of a shilling—appeared over the low hill; and then the full moon rose into the partially clouded sky. It was a beautiful night.

But we gave up all hope of reaching Castle Osprey. The breeze had quite gone; the calm sea slowly rolled. We went below—to books, draughts, and what not, Angus Sutherland alone remaining on deck, having his pipe for his companion.

It was about an hour afterward that we were startled by sounds on deck; and presently we knew that the White Dove was again flying through the water. The women took some little time to get their shawls and things ready; had they known what was awaiting them, they would have been more alert.

For no sooner were we on deck than we perceived that the White Dove was tearing through the water without the slightest landmark or light to guide her. The breeze that had sprung up had swept before it a bank of sea-fog—a most unusual thing in these windy and change-

able latitudes; and so dense was this fog that the land on all sides of us had disappeared, while it was quite impossible to say where Lismore light-house was. Angus Sutherland had promptly surrendered the helm to John of Skye, and had gone forward. The men on the lookout at the bow were themselves invisible.

"Oh, it is all right, mem!" called out John of Skye, through the dense fog, in answer to a question. "I know the lay o' the land very well, though I do not see it. And I will keep her down to Duart, bekass of the tide."

And then he called out,

"Hector, do you not see any land yet?"

"*Cha n'eil!*" calls out Hector, in reply, in his native tongue.

"We'll put a tack on her now. Ready about, boys!"

"*Ready about!*"

Round slews her head, with blocks and sails clattering and flapping; there is a scuffle of making fast the lee sheets; then once more the White Dove goes plunging into the unknown. The non-experts see nothing at all but the fog; they have not the least idea whether Lismore light-house—which is a solid object to run against—is on port or starboard bow, or right astern, for the matter of that. They are huddled in a group about the top of the companion. They can only listen and wait.

John of Skye's voice rings out again.

"Hector, can you not mek out the land yet?"

"*Cha n'eil!*"

"What does he say?" the Laird asks, almost in a whisper; he is afraid to distract attention at such a time.

"He says 'No,'" Angus Sutherland answers. "He cannot make out the land. It is very thick; and there are bad rocks between Lismore and Duart. I think I will climb up to the cross-trees and have a look round."

What was this? A girl's hand laid for an instant on his arm; a girl's voice—low, quick, beseeching—saying "*Oa, no!*"

It was the trifle of a moment.

"There is not the least danger," says he lightly. "Sometimes you can see better at the cross-trees."

Then the dim figure is seen: going up

the shrouds ; but he is not quite up at the cross-trees when the voice of John of Skye is heard again.

"Mr. Sutherland !"

"All right, John !" and the dusky figure comes stumbling down and across the loose sheets on deck.

"If ye please, sir," says John of Skye ; and the well-known formula means that Angus Sutherland is to take the helm. Captain John goes forward to the bow ; the only sound around us is the surging of the unseen waves.

"I hope you are not frightened, Miss Avon," says Mr. Smith quite cheerfully, though he is probably listening, like the rest of us, for the sullen roaring of breakers in the dark.

"No—I am bewildered—I don't know what it is all about."

"You need not be afraid," Angus Sutherland says to her abruptly, for he will not have the Youth interfere in such matters, "with Captain John on board. He sees better in a fog than most men in daylight."

"We are in the safe-keeping of one greater than any Captain John," says the Laird, simply and gravely ; he is not in any alarm.

Then a call from the bow.

"Helm hard down, sir !"

"Hard down it is, John !"

Then the rattle again of sheets and sails ; and as she swings round again on the other tack, what is that vague, impalpable shadow one sees—or fancies one sees—on the starboard bow ?

"Is that the land, John ?" Angus Sutherland asks as the skipper comes aft.

"Oh, aye !" says he with a chuckle.

"I was thinking to myself it wass the loom of Duart I sah once or twice. And I wass saying to Hector if it wass his sweetheart he will look for he will see better in the night."

Then by and by this other object, to which all attention is summoned : the fog grows thinner and thinner ; some one catches sight of a pale, glimmering light on our port quarter ; and we know that we have left Lismore light-house in our wake. And still the fog grows thinner, until it is suffused with a pale blue radiance ; then suddenly we sail out into the beautiful moonlight, with

the hills along the horizon all black under the clear and solemn skies.

It is a pleasant sail into the smooth harbor on this enchanted night ; the far windows of Castle Osprey are all aglow ; the mariners are to rest for a while from the travail of the sea. And as we go up the moonlit road, the Laird is jocular enough, and asks Mary Avon, who is his companion, whether she was prepared to sing "Lochaber no more !" when we were going blindly through the mist. But our young Doctor remembers that hour or so of mist for another reason. There was something in the sound of the girl's voice he cannot forget. The touch of her hand was slight ; but his arm has not even yet parted with the thrill of it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HIS LORDSHIP.

MISS AVON is seated in the garden in front of Castle Osprey, under the shade of a drooping ash. Her book lies neglected beside her, on the iron seat ; she is idly looking abroad on the sea and the mountains, now all aglow in the warm light of the afternoon.

There is a clanging of a gate below. Presently up the steep gravel path comes a tall and handsome young fellow, in full shooting accoutrement, with his gun over his shoulder. Her face instantly loses its dreamy expression. She welcomes him with a cheerful "Good-evening !" and asks what sport he has had. For answer he comes across the greensward, places his gun against the trunk of the ash, takes a seat beside her, and puts his hands round one knee.

"It is a long story," says the Youth.

"Will it bore you to hear it ? I've seen how the women in a country house dread the beginning of the talk at dinner about the day's shooting, and yet give themselves up, like the martyrs and angels they are ; and—and it is very different from hunting, don't you know, for there the women can talk as much as anybody."

"Oh ! but I should like to hear, really," says she. "It was so kind of a stranger on board a steamer to offer you a day's shooting."

"Well, it was," says he ; "and the

place has been shot over only once—on the 12th. Very well; you shall hear the whole story. I met the keeper by appointment, down at the quay. I don't know what sort of a fellow he is—Highlander or Lowlander—I am not such a swell at those things as my uncle is; but I should have said he talked a most promising mixture of Devonshire, Yorkshire, and Westmoreland—"

"What was his name?"

"I don't know," says the other leisurely. "I called him Donald, on chance; and he took to it well enough. I confess I thought it rather odd he had only one dog with him—an old retriever; but then, don't you know, the moor had been shot over only once; and I thought we might get along. As we walked along to the hill Donald says, 'Dinna tha mind, sir, if a black-cock gets up; knock un ower, knock un ower, sir.'"

At this point Miss Avon most unfairly bursts out laughing.

"Why," she says, "what sort of countryman was he if he talked like that? That is how they speak in plays about the colliery districts."

"Oh, it's all the same!" says the young man, quite unabashed. "I gave him my bag to carry, and put eight or ten cartridges in my pockets. 'A few mower, sir; a few mower, sir,' says Donald, and crams my pockets full. Then he would have me put cartridges in my gun even before we left the road; and as soon as we began to ascend the hill I saw he was on the outlook for a straggler or two, or perhaps a hare. But he warned me that the shooting had been very bad in these districts this year; and that on the 12th the rain was so persistent that scarcely anybody went out. Where could we have been on the 12th? surely there was no such rain with us?"

"But when you are away from the hills you miss the rain," remarks this profound meteorologist.

"Ah! perhaps so. However, Donald said, 'His lordship went hout for an hour, and got a brace and a alf. His lordship is no keen for a big bag, ye ken; but is just satisfied if he can get a brace or a couple of brace afore lunch-eon. It is the exerceeze he likes.' I then discovered that Lord——had had

this moor as part of his shooting last year; and I assured Donald I did not hunger after slaughter. So we climbed higher and higher. I found Donald a most instructive companion. He was very great on the ownership of the land about here; and the old families, don't you know; and all that kind of thing. I heard a lot about the MacDougalls, and how they had all their possessions confiscated in 1745; and how, when the Government pardoned them, and ordered the land to be restored, the Campbells and Breadalbane, into whose hands it had fallen, kept all the best bits for themselves. I asked Donald why they did not complain; he only grinned; I suppose they were afraid to make a row. Then there was one MacDougall, an admiral or captain, don't you know; and he sent a boat to rescue some shipwrecked men, and the boat was swamped. Then he would send another; and that was swamped too. The Government, Donald informed me, wanted to hang him for his philanthropy; but he had influential friends; and he was let off on the payment of a large sum of money—I suppose out of what the Dukes of Argyll and Breadalbane had left him."

The Youth calmly shifted his hands to the other knee.

"You see, Miss Avon, this was all very interesting; but I had to ask Donald where the birds were. 'I'll let loose the doag now,' says he. Well; he did so. You would have thought he had let loose a sky-rocket! It was off and away—up hill and down dale—and all his whistling wasn't of the slightest use. 'He's a bit wild,' Donald had to admit; 'but if I had kent you were agoin' shoot-in' earlier in the morning, I would have given him a run or two to take the freshness haff. But on a day like this, sir, there's no scent; we will just have to walk them up; they'll lie as close as a water-hen.' So we left the dog to look after himself; and on we pounded. Do you see that long ridge of rugged hill?"

He pointed to the coast-line beyond the bay.

"Yes."

"We had to climb that, to start with; and not even a glimpse of a rabbit all the way up. 'Ave a care, sir,' says Donald; and I took down my gun from my shoulder, expecting to walk into a

whole covey at least. 'His lordship shot a brace and a alf of grouse on this very knoll the last day he shot over the moor last year.' And now there was less talking, don't you know; and we went cautiously through the heather, working every bit of it, until we got right to the end of the knoll. 'It's fine heather,' says Donald; 'bees would dae well here.' On we went; and Donald's information began again. He pointed out a house on some distant island where Alexander III. was buried. 'But where are the birds?' I asked of him at last. 'Oh,' says he, 'his lordship was never greedy after the shootin'! A brace or two afore luncheon was all he wanted. He baint none o' your greedy ones, he baint. His lordship shot a hare on this very side last year—a fine long shot.' We went on again: you know what sort of a morning it was, Miss Avon?"

"It was hot enough even in the shelter of the trees."

"Up there it was dreadful: not a breath of wind: the sun blistering. And still we ploughed through that knee-deep heather, with the retriever sometimes coming within a mile of us; and Donald back to his old families. It was the MacDonnells now; he said they had no right to that name; their proper name was MacAlister—Mack Mick Alister, I think he said. 'But where the dickens are the birds?' I asked. 'If we get a brace afore luncheon, we'll do fine,' said he; and then he added, 'There's a braw cold well down there that his lordship aye stopped at.' The hint was enough; we had our dram. Then we went on, and on, and on, and on, until I struck work; and sat down, and waited for the luncheon basket."

"We were so afraid Fred would be late," she said; "the men are all so busy down at the yacht."

"What did it matter?" the Youth said resignedly. "I was being instructed. He had got further back still now, to the Druids, don't you know, and the antiquity of the Gaelic language. 'What was the river that ran by Rome?' 'The Tiber,' I said. 'And what,' he asked, 'was *Tober* in Gaelic but a spring or fountain?' And the Tamar in Devonshire was the same thing. And the various *Usks*—*uska*, it seems, is the Gaelic for

water. Well, I'm hanged if I know what that man did *not* talk about!"

"But surely such a keeper must be invaluable," remarked the young lady innocently.

"Perhaps. I confess I got a little bit tired of it; but no doubt the poor fellow was doing his best to make up for the want of birds. However, we started again after luncheon. And now we came to place after place where his lordship had performed the most wonderful feats last year. And, mind you, the dog wasn't ranging so wild now; if there had been a ghost of a shadow of a feather in the whole district we must have seen it. Then we came to another well where his lordship used to stop for a drink. Then we arrived at a crest where no one who had ever shot on the moor had ever failed to get a brace or two. A brace or two! What we flushed was a covey of sheep that flew like mad things down the hill. Well, Donald gave in at last. He could not find words to express his astonishment. His lordship had never come along that highest ridge without getting at least two or three shots. And when I set out for home, he still stuck to it; he would not let me take the cartridges out of my gun; he assured me his lordship never failed to get a snipe or a blackcock on the way home. Confound his lordship!"

"And is that all the story?" says the young lady, with her eyes wide open.

"Yes, it is," says he, with a tragic gloom on the handsome face.

"You have not brought home a single bird?"

"Not a feather!—never saw one."

"Not even a rabbit?"

"Nary rabbit!"

"Why, Fred was up here a short time ago, wanting a few birds for the yacht."

"Oh, indeed," says he, with a sombre contempt. "Perhaps he will go and ask his lordship for them. In the mean time, I'm going in to dress for dinner. I suppose his lordship would do that, too, alter having shot his thirty brace."

"You must not, anyway," she says.

"There is to be no dressing for dinner to-day; we are all going down to the yacht after."

"At all events," he says, "I must

get my shooting things off. Much good I've done with 'em!"

So he goes into the house, and leaves her alone. But this chat together seems to have brightened her up somewhat; and with a careless and cheerful air she goes over to the flower borders and begins culling an assortment of various-hued blossoms. The evening is becoming cooler; she is not so much afraid of the sun's glare; it is a pleasant task; and she is singing, or humming, snatches of songs of the most heterogeneous character.

Then fill up a bumper!—what can I do less Than drink to the health of my bonny Black Bess?

—this is the point at which she has arrived when she suddenly becomes silent, and for a second her face is suffused with a conscious color. It is our young Doctor who has appeared on the gravel path. She does not rise from her stooping position, but she hurries with her work.

"You are going to decorate the dinner-table, I suppose?" he says somewhat timidly.

"Yes," she answers, without raising her head. The fingers work nimbly enough; why so much hurry?

"You will take some down to the yacht too?" he says. "Everything is

quite ready now for the start to-morrow."

"Oh, yes!" she says. "And I think I have enough now for the table. I must go in."

"Miss Avon," he says; and she stops—with her eyes downcast. "I wanted to say a word to you. You have once or twice spoken about going away. I wanted to ask you—you won't think it is any rudeness. But if the reason was—if it was the presence of any one that was distasteful to you—"

"Oh, I hope no one will think that!" she answers quickly; and for one second the soft, black, pathetic eyes meet his. "I am very happy to be among such good friends—too happy, I think—I, I must think of other things—"

And here she seems to force this embarrassment away from her; and she says to him, with quite a pleasant air,

"I am so glad to hear that the White Dove will sail so much better now. It must be so much more pleasant for you, when you understand all about it."

And then she goes into the house to put the flowers on the table. He, left alone, goes over to the iron seat beneath the ash tree; and takes up the book she has been reading, and bends his eyes on the page. It is not the book he is thinking about.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

GREEK AND CHRISTIAN VIEWS OF BEAUTY.

BY THE REV. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

UNDESIGNED coincidences between men of great capacity have special value in an age of conferences and addresses like the present. Great meetings are excellent for conventional statements, public amenities, and formal manifestoes, and it is just as well that opponents, however determined, should practise good manners, and perhaps learn mutual respect, by meeting each other personally, and exchanging circumlocutions and generalities which at best express their willingness to let each other alone. But on such occasions nobody says all he means, even if he means all he says; and by mutual amnesty men avoid seeing the real drift of each other's statements. It is far more important for the progress of truth and knowledge when

two persons of proved powers and unquestionable honor are drawn to the same subject without the least reference to each other, and work out real agreement of thought on different data and methods. The late and deeply-lamented Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford, and the first Slade Professor of Fine Arts, have of late, and one for many years, and in ever-varying form, given us highly original views on Natural Beauty; and any notable agreement in principle between men so different in habits of thought must be well worth our examination.

Their great idea in common is the argument for divine intelligence in creation, which may be drawn from natural beauty, to support that drawn from

natural design. Beauty indicates reason as clearly as mechanism does. Let us observe the concert of these statements. Professor Ruskin's first or theoretic definition of Fine Art is man's expressed delight in God's work. Man, too, sees that it is good; that it to say, in its natural state: he sees in nature a visible quality, like a hand-mark, which shows him that it is good, or of God. He calls that Beauty, and rejoices to imitate it after his fashion and according to his views.* He may call what we call God's work the work of Nature, the laws of Nature, of elements and forces, of anything which is not an Intelligent Will or Personal God: the "supervening finish"† of beauty, whatever it is, is there and undisputed. Now, says the argument of Professor Mozley,‡ beauty is there; it is seen; and it can only be there by being seen. It is inexplicable. It stands upon the threshold of the mystical world, and excites a curiosity about God; that is to say, about the reason which appeals through beauty to our reason. In seeing it man is conscious of a veil and curtain, which has the secrets of a moral existence behind it. It requires reason to see it: it is an appeal to a rational mind, and can only proceed from mind. And, further, the following saying of the Rev. Hugh Macmillan's is almost the burden of his teaching from the external shows of nature—that their beauty is essentially symbolic; and that it may be said (speaking carefully, and by analogy only, of human feeling, as attributed to God) that this stamp of loveliness and delight is the expression of his rejoicing in his works, the symbolic witness by which he yet pronounces them good. It is remarkable, once more, that what we call Dædalian beauty, or visible excellence and unspeakable ingenuity of contrivance, appeals also to the reason through the eye, and is called beauty by analogy, though it is in fact the argument from intelligent contrivance, corresponding to the com-

paratively unused argument from the sentiment of natural beauty. Again, Professor Mozley observes, with great subtlety, that contrivance for man's benefit is independent of man's understanding, and will work for him however he may reject its idea, and whether he pays any attention to it or not. "But it is essential to the very sense and meaning of natural beauty that it should be seen by reason's eye. Inasmuch then as it is visible to reason alone, we have in the very structure of nature a recognition of reason, and a distinct address to reason, and an indication of a Present Creator appealing to us by his work."

Perhaps the best illustration of this irrepressible reappearance of natural beauty, under what seems the least favorable circumstances, is that in "Modern Painters," vol. iv. p. 198. It is there pointed out* how the continued ruin and disintegration of mountain peaks, effected by various causes and incalculably violent forces, nevertheless take place in agreement with laws of fair curvature, so that continued destruction ever renews natural beauty, besides its ministry to human awe. And here we might return to Dr. Mozley's further inquiry into the nature and origin of the emotion called awe or solemnity, and that delight in it which is so popular as to be almost uni-

* "The forms which in other things are produced by slow increase, or gradual abrasion of surface, are in the Aiguilles produced by rough fracture, where rough fracture is to be the law of existence. A rose is rounded by its own soft ways of growth; a reed is bowed into tender curvature by the pressure of the breeze . . . but Nature gives us in these mountains a more clear demonstration of her will. 'Growth,' she seems to say, 'is not essential to my work, nor concealment, nor softness, but curvature is; and if I must produce my forms by breaking them, the fracture itself shall be in curves. If, instead of dew and sunshine, the only instruments I am to use are the lightning and the frost, then their forked tongues and crystal wedges shall work out my laws of tender line. Devastation instead of nurture may be the task of all my elements, and age after age may only prolong the unrenovated ruin; but the appointments of typical beauty which have been made over all creatures shall not therefore be abandoned; and the rocks shall be ruled, in their perpetual perishing, by the same ordinances that direct the bending of the reed and the blush of the rose.'"—"Modern Painters," Part V., ch. xiv., vol. iv., p. 198.

* This may be extended to beauty of contrivance, adaptation, or mechanism, which we have called Dædalian beauty, as well as to beauty of aspect.

† ἐπιτελεσθέντων τελός, Ar. Eth. Nic., Of happiness supervening on the well-ordered life of the Sophron.

‡ Sermon on Nature, p. 145.

versal ; but his most important Sermon on Nature ought to be faithfully studied, and cannot be transcribed here. It has additional weight at the present time, because it appeals to the sense of sight, which is the nearest appeal by Spirit to reason through sense. Beauty is as much a phenomenon as oxygen or hydrogen : as good a fact as torpedoes and vivisection, blood-poisoning and river-poisoning, typhoid or grenade shell, or any other product of modern civilization, which may possibly console us for her absence. Faith may be pronounced immoral, hope smitten on the mouth, love analyzed into what is gracefully called natural function ; all three are blasphemed and denied by pretty nearly the whole literary generation ; but it does not suit culture to deny beauty, or materialism to quarrel with culture. And irrefragable beauty does certainly, to those who concede the possible existence of Spirit, or to any person whenever he does so, seem like a personal appeal for His own and due glory, from the Father of spirits to man. We cannot see why Goethe's view of nature as a manifestation of God should be accused of Pantheism. He does not say the Earth-Spirit is divine ; he says his office is to weave for God the vesture man sees him by. And Carlyle adds, in words yet weightier, that nature, which is the Time-Vesture of God, and reveals him to the wise, hides him from the foolish.* The spirit of art then to Theists and upward in the scale of creed, is the spirit of aspiring or adoring delight in the sight of God's works. And my reason for repeating this definition for the fiftieth time is, that it appears to be altogether forgotten by modern artists and critics ; or it has been repeated conventionally till it is worth nothing on the exchange of genuine convictions. And there appears just now the more reason for reproducing this sufficiently great and true idea, because its withdrawal or partial effacement seems to be grievously felt in English art. In French work, as we have it, such an absence is not felt, because the spirit of self-expression, and skilful and witty display of human emotion, good, bad, and indifferent, is and always has been the be-all

and the end-all of French art. It is highly trained in learning and technics ; it is vivid, powerful, logically in accordance with its own rules ; it is often noble and aspiring ; but it is without God in this world, and strongly preferred by a majority on this side the Channel for that reason.

But we are not here concerned with French art. The object of the present writer is to go back once more to the Greek view of nature and of beauty, *sanc-tos ausus recludere fontes*. Let us see whether that was religious or irreligious, godly or godless. If it shall be proved to be atheistic like that of the modern Renaissance, so much the worse for both Art and Religion, meaning by the latter word in this place man's knowledge of God through his visible works. But if the Greek view of beauty be found to have been Pantheistic only, and that in the Theistic sense*—so that the Attic citizen really thought the olives of his Academe had something of an unknown God in them, or manifested God to him—then it is no use trying to appeal to his life as godless, or to his art as irreligious. He did not know God, but he certainly sought after him. He was, no doubt, rather superstitious, as St. Paul told him ; and as had been remarked of him in another tone by Thucydides 400 years before. His Deisidæmonia sometimes did him more harm than good ; but he did, after his fashion, believe in God, and feel after him, as manifested by natural things. He thought Nymphs lived in the streams, and Dryads in the oaks, and that Athene was somewhere about Athens, chiefly in the Parthenon. But he thought Athene was " his goddess " in good earnest, and that she might be one manifestation of the one Θεῖον ; and, moreover, that the Nymphs and Dryads would know, if he polluted the land by murder, or other evil deeds, beneath their oaks, or by their streams. He believed in a Theion or Divinity, and in a kind of watchful police of spirits and local heroes dead

* Pantheism, when explained to mean the absorption of the Infinite in the Finite, of God in Nature, is Atheism. When explained to mean the absorption of Nature in God, of the Finite in the Infinite, it amounts to an exaggeration of Theism.—Fleming's " Vocabulary of Philosophy."

* Sartor Resartus, ch. viii., Bk. III.

and gone before, who would not have their land polluted by his sin. And for a time, and in a measure, he ruled himself accordingly. In the Periclean, or Pheidian age, the Athenian soldier, seaman, and legislator was about the last person in the world to look to as an example of "Nature's happy Agnosticism." As our Gothic ancestors built churches for modern infidels to criticise, or contemplate as denuded of their associations and their reverence, so Pheidias and Ictinus, who certainly believed very much more in God than the modern Renaissance, bequeathed it to the Parthenon, to make the most of, not as an argument for Greek Theism, but for modern Atheism. It has again and again been pointed out how sympathetically St. Paul deals with his Areopagitic audience. He addresses them almost as one of themselves, only he has this special message which, he knows, they all so desire and long to hear: "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." We do not mean to pursue this again.* All we have to say is that appeal by side-wind to Greek art as unconnected with Religion, and the service of God, is utterly out of the question. Nature worship is still worship, however untaught and misdirected.

It has been said, with truth, that the stronger side of the Greek worship of beauty is that the Greek considered human beauty symbolic of Divine. That is to say, he was in possession of one great branch of Dr. Mozley's argument, but arrived at imperfect conclusions, being hampered partly by imperfect analysis, and partly by his own more imperfect morals. He argued thus: Physical beauty is everywhere; but is represented by human beauty, since man is greater and better than other animals, and is the proper standard. Human beauty is, first analagous to, and secondly symbolic of, an ideal, typical, or Divine beauty. Thirdly, the physical side of human beauty is, in many cases, and ought to be in all, co-ordinate with ideal, or moral, or mental beauty. All these adjectives were, if not confounded, at least not per-

fectly defined or distinguished, in the Greek mind, up to the latter days of Socrates at least. But the Greek mind was shrewd as well as subtle, and practical as well as creative. What stands so much in the way of our endeavors to understand it is, in fact, that beauty was a real and practical thing in its sight. The modern Englishman can get up a knowledge of beauty as an article of commerce, honorable or the contrary; to the Athenian it was an element of daily life, and a basis of his many thoughts about himself. It is one of the great responsibilities of having the Faith in Christ set before one, that it must be taken or left, and nothing else will answer the same questions about one's self. Right or wrong, it is a hopeful hypothesis of mankind, and of every man; and if you leave it, and try to make another for yourself, you incur a responsibility which Phidias, or Pericles, or Strepsiades, or Dicæopolis of Acharnæ, or any other Zeugite or Thete—none of them incurred. These had, in fact, nothing better than beauty (as they understood the word and the thing) wherein to find a sign of God, a token of immortality, and right and final end of evil. They never heard St. Paul; they were not, like us, heirs of nineteen ages of men all dead in faith; they were the fathers, of whom the Apostle did not despair, who felt after God. But having to feel after him blindly, and to construct a theory of him for their own use, they took the great natural beauty in which they lived as a guide to him and sign of him; and looked, as in a glass and darkly, for some kind of beauty of Holiness, which should include all others; which should not only possess, but be the ideal fountain of strength, and beauty, and wisdom and right, and the knowledge of all things whatever, as they are and no otherwise. This Idea, or universal antitype, had for its type every fair or good sight a Greek saw all day. The Agalma of Athene, the long friezes of gods and heroes, the blue water and whistling breeze of the Ægean, the horse, and the olive, the cypress, and nightingale, and violet-bed by the well—these were all part of the witness of beauty! And he did not hear their witness as a rhetorical diletante; he thought if all these concretes

* See "Pheidias in Oxford," *Contemporary Review*, March, 1879.

were fair, and noble youths and maidens fairer yet, then the man perfected in self-balanced righteousness and knowledge, the Sophron, was fairest of all, and the best sign of God to all men. He ought to have felt as a corollary, as Minucius Felix, the keen Roman lawyer-covert said in his day, that no idol in the likeness of man should be set up for God, since man himself was made in God's own image.

Now after many days we are recalled, by an Oxford Hellenist (as we venture to call that person with considerable knowledge of Greek), to the thought that natural beauty is a sign of God; that the mechanism of creation is, and was, designed by a designer, not only for a man to live by, but to dwell on with wonder, admiration, hope, sense of support in belief. As it was a central witness in the Greek Theology, so it is an important one in our own. The older and simpler Greek of Marathon would be involved in a kind of Pantheistic demonology of local presences. He would say, I live among these haunting good neighbors of nymphs and heroes; they are children of the gods, and make the beauty of the scenes they live in, therefore this delight of the eye I find in that scenery is Divine, and shows me there is a God. Or later, he might let Plato say the same thing for him in abstract terms, that the ideal of beauty is the ideal of the God and Father of us all. It may be submitted that many moderns of the Renaissance had better do the same, and that the Renaissance determination to do nothing of the kind is a bar between it and any true Hellenism. Dr. Mozley is simply as Hellenic in his view of Greek beauty as Sir F. Leighton, or Professors Poynter or Richmond. Nature was to Pheidias, as to Goethe and these moderns, the Time-Vesture, a raiment whereby we see God, or the mirror wherein he shows us of himself; and it is time that Theists of these latter days should see how much they have in common with the fathers of our art, our soul-wisdom, and hand-cunning. And it is really a thing to be most thankful for, that a trained theologian and metaphysician, wholly devoted to the teaching of the Christian faith, should reopen this connection between the phenomena of natural beauty and

spiritual thought, between the body and its earthly perfection (with other and earthly things in theirs), and the final ideal, or perfection, or Holiness, or Lord and Rest of the soul.

That such a true "renascence" of principle should have issued from Oxford through the utterances of her Regius Professor of Divinity and her first Slade Professor of Art, is auspicious enough in itself; and it points to some reaction from that contempt or despondency about beauty, as good at all, or useful at all, or practical at all, or anything at all, or in any sense worth living for, which has long enough prevailed in that seat of learning, and in the country which it now rather too faithfully and promptly reflects and represents. That this principle has been forgotten is evident, and it has been proved also that that is not in fact our fault; for that beauty soon ceased to be a guide to Greek thought because of the complete failure of Greek morals. We have enough to blame ourselves for; but we did not poison Pheidias, or make Praxiteles compose Aphrodites from contemporary Laises and Thaïses; or introduce rhyppaphy or pornography. Our very vices are mere copies, as far as they have anything to do with art. Our fault is, first, in undue, though not unnatural, suspicion of art; which throws many either into ascetic rejection, or into highly undesirable insurrection against decency. Secondly, in our determination not only to follow the Greek discipline in art, but to neglect our own Gothic landscape-motives because the Greek made man the standard of drawing. Thirdly, we are wrong in allowing science to browbeat us ridiculously out of art and religion, both at once, and in the same way.

When we speak of the decline of artistic spirit or inspiration, it must be remembered that we only echo the complaints of skilled teachers and thoughtful scholars, as a pretty wide experience and observation entitles us to do. It does seem that the general incredulity of the age has a great deal to do with this faint-heartedness in art. It is not want of skill; we have men as skilful as lived in the Florence of Michael Angelo, if not as in the Venice of Titian. It is that poverty of spirit, which has the

same effect on the painter, as the not believing or utterly not caring for what he says has on the orator. The advocate states his case with sound and fury, quite irrespectively of the facts; the historical painter heeds no facts, for he is incredulous of history. And as this condition of mind, now universally affected in the literary and scientific world, seems due chiefly to the popular pursuit of science, we wish to make some observations as to the bearing of the latter on modern art. It does not seem likely to do any more good to art than the old Greek and Latin education and standard. That ignored sculpture and architecture, but it made us read Herodotus, and supplied the imagination with whole galleries of unrealized subjects, which may yet be worked out, now that we have painters who are also scholars. The old classical teaching supplied fair and appreciating critics, who partly felt that art has other objects than white muslin. Now we have a glut of third-rate chemists, instead of third-rate classics; they are no doubt useful and blameless, but their pursuit does not seem to bring them into contact with art or higher thought; but to tend only in the direction of commerce, in cheaper and worse manufactures than ever. In fact, analytic education makes against the creative search of beauty, which defies analysis. Stronger and loftier minds thus trained may possess, and often do possess, good tastes and high aspiration; but aspiration involves a mysterious factor in all its operations, and painting will not flourish on the principle that nothing can come out of the sack but what is in the sack; for man is, after all, more than a sack capable of turning itself inside out. History, he thought, till lately, was the marvellous record of his life—art was the illustration of his life. Now the chief results of science on the life of the spirit are negative. Love, delight, adoration, are only scientifically expressed as unknown forces and quantities not at present evaluable. They look like elements of another and spiritual life; and that science denies. Consequently, the only thing science has proved is that on its own data (which only it will recognize as grounds of thought) life is not worth

having.* One may hang on without God in this world, as students of nature and culture do; because one does not know where else to go. One may continue to discharge natural functions, in the same spirit as somebody who has missed his train at Normanton or Didcot, and must wait till he is taken on. A man has a family and friends, and cannot well go off in a massacre; and so he stays with them, as he cannot ask them to come with him. Or he retains recondite interest in his specialties, and what he calls discovery; lives in lecture-room rivalries, expatiates in Reviews, and clamors for the endowments now retained by the priestly enemies of the human race. Autolatry certainly supports and advances its devotees in this world; as the devil used to do, when we were allowed to keep one. Science, culture, and æsthetics, or their best advertised professors, are at present united by a joint cupidity, founded on a common atheism; or, let us say, agnosticism; or use any other unmeaning term which the Decadence may demand. It has its aim, its reasons, its logic, and the courage of its opinions. There is no God, and theology is endowed. Argal, that money ought to go to school boards and laboratories; and that is the propelling force of university commissions.

But for society in general, scepticism is like any other modern pursuit: matter of self-indulgence for the luxurious classes, and of commerce for the rest. Its object is purely pecuniary to the great mass of students. You have to follow the tone of your leaders, or you will not get on, or be numbered among professors now, or be put into the priest's office when the time comes. Principal Tulloch long ago remarked on the advantages of a sceptical profession, and if a lad had been educated in culture free of prejudices, he is naturally without scruple in availing himself of it. A very sensible German *savant*, in the *Times* the other day, writing on vivisection with the phlegm of his country, said the only good he saw in physiology was that it enabled him to maintain a wife

* This paper was written before Mr. Mallock's work on the subject, which the writer has not yet read.

and family ; and outsiders can see no more in any other scientific avocation. As for the dogged determination of physicists to have truth, whatever it is, and the like, that seems practically to amount to little more than unlimited defiance of all blasphemy acts. Theoretically, it resembles the dogged determination of the little boy who would not leave off crying for the moon. Now, though the history or science of religion may not be of itself specially favorable to art, an atmosphere of aggressive irreligion is directly against the loftier, more poetic, or creative spirit of art. There is no poetry in modern science, because in rejecting God it rejects the element of awe, and the hope of any knowledge except its own discoveries ; and whatever these may be, they result either in recondite fact or mathematical formula. The interest they possess is confined to the salaried specialist, unless commerce can make something of them. The question of their utility may be argued *pro* and *con*. Whether the benefits of overproduction, crowded population, great industrial fortunes, and big cities counterbalance their unquestionable evils, is not our affair. But science and analysis, and all her fruits, are directly against the higher feelings about beauty, and that love of Nature on her outside, which is the ground of all art, high, low, and intermediate.

Sight and the joy of sight, sound and its strange and manifold appeal, both raise, with all the delight they arouse, the undefined longing, which is both joy and pain, for some immeasurably better thing. How true is Mr. Saunders's observation in the "New Republic," that poetry is the most treacherous handmaid of priestcraft ! So are all the arts, and well they may be ; for to priestcraft, or as we say to religion, they owe their continued existence. The appeal so eagerly made by artistic immoralists to science, begging her, on the ground of a common atheism, to come down and deliver them from virtue, can never lead to a stable alliance. Science may be godless if men will have it so, and scientific men may be immoral, though we do not know any who are at all that way ; but mere denial and plain wickedness will not produce any beauty, or disprove the fact that the traditions of art

were preserved by religious persons. It was their error to abjure natural beauty, but they nevertheless desired a beauty of the Spirit in their spiritual city. And to this day the essence of all art worth having is a delightful self-discontent, or longing, or aspiration ; and beauty and all its works protest forever with Augustine, against the denying spirit of analysis : *Pecisti nos ad Te, Domine ; et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.*

We think some grave attention ought to be paid to this longing or aspiring tendency, which is, as matter of fact, experienced under the highest influence of the nobler arts, and certain phenomena of external nature. It may be an illusion of which our scientific teachers must regretfully deprive us ; but we are quite as sure of it as of our own existence. And having just quoted the "New Republic," we cannot help recurring with a sense of delectable incongruity to the Sermon on Nature by Professor Mozley. It is agreeable to pass to a profound writer who is not dull from a brilliant one who is not shallow. Professor Mozley and Mr. Mallock both insist, each in his way, on the religious bearings of the modern feeling for Nature in its pictorial aspect. The Professor speaks to the following purpose : we shall not quote the undergraduate now, partly because he deserves to be read through with great attention ; and certainly to be read over again by those who have only considered the "New Republic" as the brightest and keenest of squibs. The Sermon on Nature points out that the argument from Beauty is an independent and formidable supplement to that from Design :

"When the materialist has exhausted himself in efforts to explain utility in nature, it would appear to be the peculiar office of beauty to rise up suddenly as a confounding and baffling *extra*, which was not even formally provided for in his scheme. It is essential to the very sense and meaning of beauty that it should be seen ; and inasmuch as it is visible to reason alone, we have thus in the very structure of nature a recognition of reason and a direct address to reason, wholly unaccountable unless there be a higher reason or mind. I say beauty is visible to reason alone. What makes the beauty of a great spectacle of nature ? Why should we be affected by visible objects in the way we are—by so many perpendicular feet, by masses, projections, angles, vapor, color, space, and extent ? The only accurate infor-

mation we can obtain about these facts is that which a surveyor or mineralogist can give us : the facts themselves are wholly inadequate to account for the poetical impression they produce. The glory of nature really resides in the mind of man : there is an inward intervening light through which the material objects pass. The brute sees all the objects which are beautiful to man, only without their beauty ; which aspect is inherent in man, and part of his reason."

Now, as beauty requires reason to see it, its existence is an express acknowledgment of rational Mind. And that cannot proceed except from mind.

Beauty stands on the threshold of the mystical world, and excites a curiosity about God. Curiosity about his attributes and relation to ourselves (which are inscrutable) is a strong part of worship and of praise—in those, correctly speaking, who have not yet deprived themselves of the capacity for either. In short, the theoretic faculty in art, as Professor Ruskin calls it ; the curiosity of worship and praise, as Professor Mozley calls it ; and the emotion of delighted longing, as yet short of worship and praise, as I think Mr. Mallock describes it* are the same feeling in different states and persons.

It is on a habit of contemplation like this that all the best prospects of art for our generation appear to stand. Without it, art has no theory and no interest ; it sinks into dilettantism and *genre* painting, furniture-pictures and patterns, china-collecting, and the collecting nuisance in general, artistic *crétinnes* and artistic *crétinism* or criticism. Copying any dulness of invention are the too well understood pest of our artist-workmen. But if a sterling age of repetition and learned languor is come or coming, when leading painters are to give up hope of original subject, and the public select canvases only with a view to harmony with their wives' dresses, why art will be all copying, and beneath and beyond any expression of one's indifference to it. There never was such a thing as a learned age : but it may be well that a certain number of persons of no invention, and unskilled as workmen, should be learned in art as registrars, critics by comparison of age with age, and in fact as historians of arts ; and that they should hold a certain consider-

able rank as teachers of, or talkers about art. But when they come to be numerous, and to assert in full coterie that a critic is to write about art without being a workman, and the workman not to care about nature because the critic does not choose to study it, then they appear likely to stand in the way of any real national improvement. Our hopes for all are based on the study of Nature, because freshness is wanted everywhere, and she is never stale ; because originality is wanted everywhere, and she never fails to suggest ; because discipline is wanted everywhere, and she will enforce labor, and her own majestic and all-reconciling laws of curve, color, and composition. Thirty years ago the painter's study of nature seemed to rise by easy slopes to the higher ideal : now trade and science both join to shut out any ideal at all. Scientific incredulity, and the commercial standpoints of our privileged generation, alike ignore what won't prove and what won't pay. Science can only tell us it can find nothing spiritual, and will, in an indefinite time, or with help of some undetermined factor, prove that there is none to find. Commerce enforces cynical luxury : it is good always to have what others cannot get, not to have high desires and cheap content. Both enforce a stupid hardness of heart which always checks imaginative conception as far as it can. Both are entirely against that future and unpractical longing for some great spiritual good exterior to ourselves, which is the crux of materialism ; and against which agnostics fight with a hatred and defiance far excelling any Christian dread of the devil. Neither realize nor care for history, which is to them an old almanac, to the painter and scholar the written tragedy of man, fruitful of all high thought and noble subject. Science would use art, like every other means of expression, which can be applied to the purposes of material analysis ; but if used for those purposes only, art becomes material in her hands. Trade would use art to help to sell her goods, and for quantity's sake wants to make art mechanical. The analyst who learns to draw does so for the sake of analysis, as the painter who learns anatomy does so for the sake of painting. Applied art cannot of course extend its

* "New Republic," ii. p. 169, 3d ed.

sphere, or uplift itself beyond that to which it is applied.

The rights, or natural hold of science on art, should never be disputed. All true work is scientific, and inaccurate art is no art at all.* Anatomy is demonstrable to the senses if you like to trust them. You can prove the right curvature of Atalanta's spine and the proper angle of her radius and ulna, as she stoops after the apple; you can make out a case for every muscle in Meilanion. Both are beautiful too; but they do not include all art, or exclude all other subjects of art. It is melancholy to think that our best painters can find heart to go no further into Greek history than Lempriere's Dictionary takes them; or, at all events, that they only sit at the feet of Smith. Hellenic painting should be something more than bodily beauty plus anatomical knowledge, and we are not called on to turn the theatre of Dionysius into a dissecting school. And that is the object, to the anatomical painter, who thinks that Gustave Doré that "*il faut fourrer la main dedans.*" What was right or excusable in Michael Angelo, was the ruin of his scholars. Even now it seems hard for a painter to resist the demonstrable dignity of the *savant*. And it is offered him if he will only fall down and worship analysis, if he will only remember that flesh is flesh indeed, and bone nothing but phosphate of lime; that life is the Lord knows what, and that there is no Lord. What is the use of painting sunrise and sunset? What do they prove? Both are explained; there is none that maketh his sun to rise; and nobody is more or less evil or good than anybody else. Why represent storm or calm? There is no more awe in the one, and no more joy in the other; nobody ever sent the former or the latter rain, or made a way for the lightning or the thunder. Growth and budding earth-life; well, it is all force, we know what

to call it, and that is what we want. It looks very nice? Yes, so does a well-done preparation in a bottle. It is formidable to all who believe even in the elementary principles of morality, how soon the faith in all things, from the Nicene Creed to the laws of decency, can be taken out of a man.

We do not know enough of the Religion of Humanity to speak very confidently about it. It seems to bring its select professors into a state of esoteric autolatry which must make them thoroughly comfortable; but it does not seem to possess any of the qualities of a popular creed. It has only a negative side. Worshipping Humanity, after all, means worshipping yourself in the name of humanity, and may make a man interesting as a study, but scarcely formidable as a propagandist. If you do not believe in God, you can adore Comte, or any dead or living Frenchman you like; with ritual and hagiology, with *dulia*, *hyperdulia*, *latria*, or any degree of devotion you please. If you deny the Christian faith which permeated the soul of Dante, it cannot do him or you any harm to call a month after him. It would be an interesting problem in the Rule of Three to determine, on the supposition that Dante is worth a calendar month, how much time ought to be allotted to Macaulay, or, indeed, to Mr. Robert Montgomery? But, considered as an outbreak of Atheism, Positivism is, of course, formidable; for it at once supplies Atheism with a new set of watchwords. It has produced a remarkable reaction against the solemn verdict of the collective reason of mankind for the existence of God and a future state. Why? Because in a vast number of minds a future state is rather an idea than a belief. The favorite problem of all who shirk repentance and the Christian faith has always been high morality without creed; and here they have a new morality, advertised and warranted as unprecedented—a discipline of self-sacrifice for the sake of self-satisfaction, combined with a religion so transparently puerile as to give no trouble whatever. But to whatever extent they may prevail or be used to formulate negation, autolatry and the worship of Humanity seems to us highly unfavorable to the inventive or theoretic side of art.

* The word verifiable I take to be lately introduced. I do not know its precise meaning, but I suppose it connotes the highest degree of moral certainty. Mathematic conclusions are demonstrable; the literary axioms of Professor Matthew Arnold are verifiable; at least I believe he invented the word for them. The evidence of our senses is, as a rule, dubious, as nobody is ever believed to tell the accurate truth about his own perceptions.

They seem to keep people in an atmosphere of self-assertion and continued struggle against inspiration or influence from without. Admiring study of Nature must, one would think, endanger the orthodoxy of a Positivist painter; the mighty mother has strange ways of hinting at a Maker somewhere. As we think the modern eclectic system of looking for art only in works of art, as if all that can be done in a learned age is to be learned, and registers great works one cannot emulate or even follow, has much to do with Atheistic distaste for natural beauty. We should say, contemptible as the remark may seem, that there are unknown factors of thought in the contemplation of Nature, which militate against Atheistic self-content, or that despondency of unbelief which is obliged to be content with self, knowing no other spiritual thing. To the one tone of mind Nature and her beauty are apt to suggest vague humiliation and personal smallness; to the other she offers vague comfort and unverifiable tenderness. The safe pursuit for the Materialist painter is to follow David, before Robespierre made him acknowledge the Être Suprême, and without his convulsive genius genius. To labor at *technique* till the eye for beauty is anatomic and esoteric; to be sated with the nude, and sunk in abstract curvature, half-tint decoration, *bric-à-brac*, and the beauties of ever-new old masters, seems to be the appointed fate of many. But no comfort of natural beauty, or wayside happiness of contemplation, will ever come out of this for the people; and that is what is really wanted.

It has always seemed to me, from a certain experience (which is what it is, and inalienable), that art and spiritual hope so far resemble each other as to involve a certain self-discontent, and continual reaching after some "Thing" better than oneself indefinable, but which can *know* one as no human creature really can. Poets seek to fulfill this longing in various ways; and then they are conventionally said to fly to Nature for the sympathy they cannot find anywhere else. Shelley thus found such comfort as was possible for him, and Byron thought it better (as for him it was) to be alone, and love earth only for its earthly sake. This is neither Pantheistic nor potheis-

tic, as Carlyle said; it is, in fact, reaching out after a Spirit in Nature and its beauty, who cares for you—except in as far as it is derived from mere distaste for the society of one's neighbors. Where this orexis will lead the theorist, is a question of personal character. Nature does not meet a man half-way, when he is only disgusted with a world he has made too hot to hold him. The two voices of sea and mountains have different tones in different ears; and so it always was. The higher spirit of communion with Nature by no means began with Wordsworth, for the whole essence of it is expressed once for all time, and in a voice of thunder, by Micah, the prophet of God: "Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy." But setting aside poet, prophet, and seer, Nature, like Faith, is a thing for small people. To a weak and world-worn individual, anxious in the decline of life, full of sad experience, moving towards the stillness of his rest, it may be no insufficient proof of the latter that he—even he—through weakness, folly, and worse, should yet be held in by unseen truths for fifty years. Such a feeling is, I know, subjective, but it is sure; and Positivism itself can be no more than positive. The contemplation of natural beauty is really connected with that faith which is grounded on humility and well-digested self-discontent.

Let me try to explain myself. The whole objection to the word Personal as applied to God, made in various forms by the professions of science and literature, is that it involves the doctrine of a Will for Good as well as a Stream of Tendency; and implies sin and responsibility, and retribution, as realities, on those who disobey that Will. This involves humiliation, and is unwelcome. But in point of fact, speaking for naturalist art and landscape beauty, it may be said with perfect truth that without sense of sin (which involves the other terms) there is no true enjoyment of such beauty. Contrast between the inward sense of our own imperfection, and the visible glory of things, is the essence of longing towards an incalculable Perfection, which is not ourselves, but draws us to itself. And that longing is the soul of naturalist beauty. If you look

at the pomp of sunset, with all its hues for which there is no name in language and no idea in the mind, the whole pensiveness and glory of the scene depend on its leading your spirit away toward the Infinite Maker or Contriving Reason, who has brought you there to see it, and made it appeal to you as a spiritual symbol. In the more contemplative scenes or crises of Nature, the sense of pure beauty prevails over analysis, and imagination takes the place of thought. It is borne in on us that this splendor is a veil and a symbol, like the curtains of the tabernacle of old days. And then the thought comes back, on ordinarily constituted Christians at least, What am I, who look long, and partly apprehend the nature of all this, and feel a sense of unfitness to face the withdrawing of that curtain of æther and rubies?

Now, this view of Nature, and her appeal to human sense of imperfection, to reason and to imagination, goes far to link both reason and imagination together in Faith; and they must stand or fall together on the field of the individual mind. When Napoleon asked his *savans*, after due Atheistic demonstration, who after all had made the desert stars, he did not simply move the previous question; he asked, in fact, What Reason made my reason to feel awe and curiosity about God at sight of these cold fires? He did, in fact, and in a concrete way, use Professor Mozley's "supplementary argument" from beauty, or the natural sublime. He felt the stars appeal to his spirit: that is to say, that another Spirit did so through them. It may be Pantheistic; but it was Pantheism capable of upward progress, whether he ever made it or not. He was in one sense the blackest of nihilists, for as professors disbelieved in God, so he disbelieved in professors.

We take no notice here of the unquestionable historical fact, that while art was considered as linked with the Church, as well as with Religion, there was a wide and deep interest felt about it which is not felt now. It had been the vehicle and exponent of men's highest hopes and aspirations; they had looked through it on Nature as smyabolic and divine. On the other hand, the great *savans* of the Renaissance, whether Christians, Pagans, or what not, pur-

sued art with fervor, to show what could be done without religion—or, rather, apart from the Church. As Mr. Mallock says, the thought of a future life has always acted as a magnet, by attraction or repulsion, and thus it acted on art in the days of Raffaele and Michael Angelo. Men were full of a new knowledge. Some rejected the older beliefs for it; others held both, believing simply that truth was true and consistent, whether they could prove it so or not. But those who forsook the faith for learning had at least faith in learning, and pursued art generously, and sincerely, for its own sake. In Italy they had some right to say that religion had forsaken them, when Alexander VI. and Leo X. were its accredited representatives. Without losing hold on personal religion, many earlier men of the Renaissance possessed their own spirits, and cared more for the spiritual advantage of learning or creating, than for worldly gain, "for robes rich, rebeck, or psaltery." They felt as the higher minds among our agnostic *savans* may feel now; but they could not transfer the personal energies of their own spirits to their scholars. And as grammar-learning was diffused, and their scholars multiplied, all the sordid cares of competition (which had of course existed before in a less enforced way) came upon art and the other studies; and so it has been to this day: for though science may be young and vigorous, art is not young, but connected with the past, which science despises. The systematized teaching of the Renaissance was no doubt good, but grammar cannot produce greatness, though greatness can hardly get on without grammar. And in England, from the Renaissance to Hogarth and Reynolds, the spirit of art died out without any grammatical system of teaching being substituted for it. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, and Turner had to find their own methods according to the needs of their own ideas and "motives." For men of that calibre this self-dependence had advantages to counterbalance their great loss of time, their natural choice of bad models when they had never seen good ones, their imperfect experiments in method and material. Turner was happy in his early training in water

color, which kept him in close graphic relation with nature. Early and late in life he had the delight of being able to imitate more closely, or at least render in more graphic symbol, what he saw. And, happier still for him and for us, his mind was directed—like Wordsworth's, though with so strange a difference—to landscape of wide horizon, and that delight in the beauty of Earth itself, which is the real English Art-Renaissance, which once more proclaims Art for Nature's sake, as well as for its own.

Wordsworth was not a Greek ; and ordinary Christian teaching saved him from the Hellenic error about Beauty, which was to consider it synonymous with Good instead of symbolic of God. It is an error of all ages ; men feel that Virtue and the good are beautiful, trust to their own sense of moral beauty like Shelley, and astonish the world with the practical results. Few can escape such error, who possess vigorous and healthy perceptions and love of right, yet have not learned the full corruption and frailty of their own and all souls. If a man's taste for beauty were infallibly correct, it would guide him infallibly to good ; and if beauty were inseparable from good, many beautiful people would be much better than they are. But Wordsworth was like the Athenian in holding that God had made men and things, and has set His mark on things that men may learn Him from them. Wordsworth's confession of a personal God of all the earth, of course limits what is called his Pantheism to the acknowledgment that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ; all the whole fabric of matter. And so with the Greeks ; the more just and wise a man was, the more deeply in earnest a man was, the more clearly he referred things to the Greater Zeus, the Divinity or *Θεῖον*, who was in Nature, but was more than Nature's "stuff" or form. These men were happily unconscious of the name Pantheism, or of its Atheistic associations ; prayer and hope in trouble were possible to them ; and in great stress they cast off Homeric personification, and called on Sun, Earth, and Rivers, as manifestations of All-seeing Power and just judgment. And we who hold the Christian Faith

have a right to call attention to an analogous progress in Wordsworth's mind. He learns the presence of God in and from the aspects of Nature, and from his own reflecting spirit ; he passes from beauty through psychology into theology, as Greeks did before him. But all the time there goes on in him an evolution of definite and orthodox Christianity. Or, more properly speaking, in his contemplation of Nature his soul is more and more entered and possessed by the Spirit of Him whom he is seeking in Nature. With him, as with the Greek, higher thoughts of Nature led to loftier hope and aspiration ; and from time to time, and in great moments, a light shone on both through the many-colored veil.

To return once more to the Argument from Design, and the supplementary vigor which it acquires from that which is founded on Natural Beauty. They have special application to the present state of controversy. Sir Edmund Beckett* says with perfect truth that Paley's argument from the watch is not disposed of by saying that watches do not grow. That amounts to denying that a watch shows any more sign of Spirit or Intellectual Contrivance than a stone. It means that the ingenious atoms, to which materialism refers all things, were just as sagacious in their determination to unite into a pebble as into a watch. It does not account for the sagacity of the atoms ; and to our mind, when we come to an all-permeating Something which can make marble and Phidias, watchmakers and Paley, it saves time, and is common sense, to call that the Spirit of the Living God, and to accept Revelation as His also. But this form of hostile argument is interesting, as pointing out that our opponents are finally driven off the field of common sense. It is distressing, because it points out that men will give up sense and all other things to Atheism, when they have made it a dogmatic faith ; and this begins to be observable in the general tone of their writings, and may lead to serious results. At all events, to believe that the agnostic atoms can behave as sensibly as they do, and form ingenious

* "On the Origin of the Laws of Nature," by Sir E. Beckett, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. S.P.C.K. 1879.

combinations, is Pantheism, or even Theism, if any Cause of their ingenuity is allowed; which must compromise the orthodoxy of Denial a good deal.

But take other cases. Suppose Paley had taken his walk by the sea shore, like Virgil's raven,* and "pitched his foot" against a carved paddle. How, he would ask, did it come to be carved? It has a certain beauty and it has a certain meaning; it is clearly intended for rowing, and here are the figures of men and animals cut on it which are pretty in their way, but do not assist the rower. Why did the rower go into artistic decoration, as well as propulsive contrivance? Suppose Paley had been like "the traveller walking slow in doubt and great perplexity"—and also, like some such wayfarer, at last come in sight of a gallows. He would probably have been, as that traveller was, thankful that he had reached a civilized country; and have recognized that the atoms had framed themselves into a system of criminal law. Then let us suppose, as we have a right to do, that Paley kicked not a rough stone, but a piece of polished marble, as he might any day in Rome. He would argue that the atoms had designedly rubbed that surface smooth to bring out the beauty of its veins. Take the difference between the living rock and the polished marble. I do not say that the latter is on the whole the most beautiful, but it has been subjected to ingeniously-directed labor for the sake of a particular kind of beauty; and by further and higher degrees of ingenuity, by arrangement of other pieces, it may form part of a great mosaic. Now, is there here no sign of Spirit; of witty invention; of Dædalus and Athene, if we are to be classical; of the gifts of God to man, if we are to talk sense?

Or suppose yet more—let the rough marble be hewn into a stele, and from that stele let there be subtracted such an amount of ingenious atoms in the form of stone-dust, as will form these words:

"Stranger, go tell Sparta we lie here, having obeyed her laws."—*Herodotus*, vii. 228.

This is the meaning: it conveys the Hellenic idea of moral beauty; and we submit that it is better accounted for on the spiritual hypothesis than on the atomic. What is the atomic difference between two pine logs in a Swiss forest separate, and the same put together in the wayside cross?

To keep to the strict argument from beauty. Suppose Paley had taken his walk abroad in Athens, and set his Philistine foot on Pheidias, on Theseus, or the Fates? Are those statues or any others only congeries of atoms like the rest of the marble mass of Pentelicus? Or are they invested with something that is not Pentelicus, but Awe, or Beauty, or grand Association, or whatever we may call it? It seems to us to mark, as Dr. Mozley says of all natural beauty, the appeal of a Creative Reason to a created one; the invitation of the Author of Beauty to man to reflect on beauty; he being the only creature capable of so doing. Such reflection, to the Greek, was one of his chief lights in a long and dubious search after God; and we ourselves have not such firm faith, or such ample knowledge, that we can dispense altogether with it.

It is better that artists should be credited, and should credit themselves, with a message and a charge from God to their fellows, than that they should be, what without this hope they cannot but be, despised ministers to stupid luxury; perhaps satellites of definitely evil pleasure.—*Contemporary Review*.

CHIPPERS OF FLINT.

GRUBBING among the low-lying silt at the mouth of the Devonshire Axe this sunny winter morning, I have come across a splinter of flint which looks at first sight like a mere accidental flake

broken off the side of a larger nugget. If I had never hunted for prehistoric knives and arrow-heads before, I might easily fancy this a chance piece washed down by the rain from the neighboring chalk cliffs at Beer. But I have seen enough already of these primitive human tools to recognize the present specimen

* Cornix—"Sola secum spatiaturs arena."
—Geor. I.

at once as a genuine work of prehistoric art. Rough as it seems, it was rudely chipped into its existing shape by the black men who chased the reindeer and the elk thousands of years since in the green valley around us.

Who were these black men, and when did they live? How much can we find out about them now, and what can we learn about the England of their day? All these questions are immensely interesting, and they are as yet but little understood in their true bearings even by many of those who have read and heard a good deal about them in the dry language of technical geologists.

Almost everyone knows the familiar division of the prehistoric human epoch into the three Ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron. Now, when this division was first made, it represented a real advance in our knowledge, and it was therefore a useful and a good classification. But the progress of science and discovery has long ago rendered the three stereotyped phrases so far obsolete as to be very misleading to the ungeologic mind. People generally fancy that there was first a Stone Age, which lasted, let us say, a few thousand years; then a Bronze age, which lasted a few more thousand years; and finally an Iron Age, which lasts to the present day. In reality, however, such a notion, as we shall see hereafter, is almost as absurd as if we were to divide English history into the period before the present century, the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and the reign of Victoria. Under the single name of the Stone Age we are lumping together a vast and utterly, immeasurable lapse of time, while under the names of Bronze and Iron Ages we are dividing two small epochs which run into one another indistinguishably.

Sir John Lubbock long ago introduced two convenient terms for the two subdivisions of this great and heterogeneous Stone Age—the *neolithic* or epoch of ground flint weapons, and the *palæolithic* or epoch of chipped flint weapons. Now, to actual flint-hunters, who wish to give a name to every specimen that they find, these terms are very useful. When we have discovered a hatchet or a knife, we want a label to distinguish its relative position in time.

But for general use the words in question are decidedly misleading, for they naturally beget a belief that the Stone Age was one comparatively homogeneous period, divisible into two sub-periods, the *palæolithic* and the *neolithic*. To repeat our previous comparison, it is almost as though we were to divide historical time into three epochs, the Ancient, the Mediæval, and the Modern, and were then to subdivide the Ancient epoch into the First Ancient or Ante-diluvian, and the Second Ancient or Anglo-Saxon time. In fact, the real great gap is between the *palæolithic* age on the one hand, and the *neolithic*, bronze, and iron ages on the other. Hence Sir John Lubbock's two words, though excellent when applied to the weapons themselves, are decidedly apt to produce misconceptions when used as the names of prehistoric periods. In speaking of the first great age, when the flake which I hold in my hand was manufactured, it may be better for our present purpose to use the expression—Chipped Flint Period. What this expression really means we may see more fully by taking a retrospective glance at the previous inhabitants of Western Europe.

When Caius Cæsar first came to Britain, he found it populated by two races of men, the light-haired Kelts and the dark-haired Silurians. The fair men were identical in blood with the Gauls of the continent; the dark men answered, as Tacitus, to the Iberians of Spain, whose pure descendants still survive in the isolated nationality of the Basques. When we go back from historical times to the mounds and barrows which crown our English wolds, we find reason to suppose that before the Kelts settled in the western peninsulas of Europe, the whole of our continent was occupied by the dark-haired or Euskarian race. At a still earlier epoch there seem good grounds for supposing that a population of yellow-faced and almond-eyed Mongolians spread over the greater part of the European world. Of these we still find relics among the Finns and Lapps, who speak a language belonging to the same type as those spoken by the great nomad tribes of Central Asia. The relations of these three races among themselves have little interest as regards

our present subject; it is sufficient to note that representatives of all three still exist in our own modern Europe. Each of them seems to have been driven in turn toward the least desirable parts of the continent by a horde of fresh intruders. First of all, it would appear, the Mongolians, who once roamed over the broad central plains of Russia and Germany, were pushed westward and northward by the advancing Euskarians, till only a remnant of them at length remained in the wintry northern peninsulas of Finland and Lapland. Then the Euskarians in turn seem to have been ousted from their most fruitful pasture-lands and their richest hunting-grounds by the Aryan Kelts, till they were finally cooped up in the western extremities of Europe, such as Silurian South Wales and the rugged Basque country where the Asturian mountains push their westward end into the ocean in the furthest promontory of Finisterre. But the Basque blood has mixed largely with that of the Kelts in all the peninsulas and islands of the Atlantic so that the dark Euskarian type preponderates over the light Keltic in Ireland, Spain and many parts of France. Finally, the Kelts themselves again were driven from Central Europe by their own Aryan brethren, the Teutons, one branch of whom, the English nation, has settled in Britain, holding for itself the rich secondary and tertiary slopes of the south-eastern half, and leaving to the mingled Keltic and Euskarian people only the wild primary mountain tracts of the Scotch Highlands, Wales, and Cornwall.

Now, all these races belong to that second human epoch which, in contradistinction to the Chipped Flint Age, we may speak of as the Recent Period. They have all existed within the time to which the word "recent" is applied by geologists; and since their appearance upon the European stage no greater natural changes of climate or geographical condition have taken place. All three races have probably from the first co-existed with one another, and all three have apparently passed through the same stages of culture almost simultaneously. In the earliest monuments raised by these men of the Recent Period we find polished stone hatchets of exquisite

workmanship, betokening a comparatively high degree of civilization. At a slightly later date we meet with a few bronze implements, interspersed among the stone types. In still more modern barrows the bronze predominates. And in the latest barrows of all we come across iron, though not necessarily to the exclusion of the two earlier materials.

In all this we see evidence of a gradual increase of culture, without any great and notable physical break. The Mongolians, the Euskarians, and the Kelts all alike progressed from the use of polished stone alone to the use of bronze and iron. But from the very first moment of the Recent Period to the present day the progress seems on the whole to have been one and continuous. No gaps separates the Polished Stone from the Bronze and Iron Ages. We can nowhere put our finger upon a definite date and say, "Here the one age merges into the other."

Between the Chipped Flint and the Recent Periods, however, a very distinct and marked gap does really occur. The whole fauna, the climatic conditions, the general geographical position is entirely different between the Europe of the flint-chippers and the Europe of the polished stone-makers and metal workers. In mounds and tombs built on our existing hills, and still preserving their original forms, we find the shapely greenstone hatchets and the bronze axes of our Mongolian and Euskarian predecessors. The face of nature still remains essentially the same as when they looked upon it from their ancient villages. But these far earlier weapons of unground flint, rudely broken off from the parent nodule by dexterous side-blows, and unpolished by any subsequent process, belonged to an almost incalculably older world. We do not find them in still unopened barrows or among the ruins of well-built lake dwellings, but buried away in the drift, or deep sunk amid the gravel of the rivers, or hidden under the concreted floors of primeval caves. An enormous interval separates the men who used the chipped flints from their remote successors, the men who framed the polished stone and bronze utensils. Since their day caverns have been filled up with successive layers of clay and gravel; rivers have cut their channels

through hundreds of feet of chalk cliff and red crag; gorges have deepened and widened into open dales, and great sheets of silt have covered the surface of wide alluvial plains. The mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the cave-lion shared with the flint-chippers the Europe of that ancient time. Some immense change has since taken place which altered the whole aspect of our northern hemisphere, and killed off the fauna in whose midst primæval man struggled for supremacy. In the days of the palæolithic savages, Europe was still continuous with a sub-tropical land, and possessed a semi-tropical type of fauna; in the days of the first Mongolian nomads it was already very much the same in general appearance as at the present day.

Until very lately no sufficient explanation of the vast apparent interval between the two periods was ever advanced. But quite recently a number of separate observations, made by many geologists in different parts of Europe, but more especially by Mr. Skutchley in our own eastern counties, have led almost all scientific anthropologists to a new and very startling conclusion upon this difficult subject. The opinion is now daily gaining ground that the men of the Chipped Flint Period really lived before the great geological era known as the Glacial Epoch. This Glacial Epoch, as everybody knows, was the very last act in the geological drama before the curtain rose upon our own modern Europe. Certain long cycles in the earth's motion produce from time to time, at immense intervals, an oscillation of alternate warm and cold periods in the northern and the southern hemispheres respectively. After the close of the tertiary age, and immediately before the establishment of what we may call the modern constitution of Europe, one of these oscillating warm and cold periods occurred in all the northern latitudes. Fields of snow covered the plains of Central Europe, while glaciers filled up the valleys of Auvergne and Brittany, of Wales and Scotland, as they now fill up those of the Alps and the Pyrenees. Then followed an alternate warm interglacial epoch, succeeded again by another frozen spell. How long ago this state of things began we cannot with certainty

say, but a very moderate guess, on astronomical grounds, sets down the date of its commencement at some two hundred thousand years before the present day. Probably the last of the glacial cycles ended about a hundred thousand years since.

Now, the chipped flint weapons which were first found in the drift of the Somme at Abbeville, and which have since been discovered in our own island from the mouth of the Axe to that of the Ouse, were long supposed to be subsequent in time to this Great Ice Age. But the new observations, of which I have spoken above, make it almost certain that they were really fashioned before the coming on of that cold period, or at least of one among its cold spells, and that the human race was driven out of Northern Europe by the irresistible onward march of the polar ice as it spread southward over the peninsulas and islands of the Atlantic. Deposits of clay, containing worn boulders and stones of the glacial age, with the characteristic scratches produced by the action of ice, have been found overlying the layer of earth in which the chipped flints are embedded. Of course the lower level must have been deposited before the upper one; and so the inference must obviously be drawn that the chipped flints were put there first, and that the boulder clay was afterward gathered on top of them. So, too, in caves it seems almost indubitable that certain beds of glacial origin overlie the hard concreted floor, in which the human implements and bones of extinct animals are found matted together in a solid mass by a mortar of hardened mud. Altogether the evidence leaves us hardly any choice except to conclude that the men who lived in the caves and made the rough stone weapons of the early period belong to an age anterior to the Glacial Epoch.

If, then, we put the approximate date of the ice age at two hundred thousand years before our own time, and that of the earliest men who used polished stone implements at about ten or twelve thousand years ago, we have a sufficient interval fully to account for the immense progress which mankind had made between the first and the second of our two main periods. Let us pass on to

inquire who these early Europeans were, and what manner of life they led.

We have very few materials from which to form a picture of the outward appearance of palæolithic men. So far as we know, they did not usually bury their dead in mounds, caves, or other regular sepulchres; and so we have scarcely any bones, skulls, or skeletons to flesh out into portraits of these our distinguished ancestors. Indeed, it seems not unlikely that they adopted the classical and now fashionable method of cremating their deceased relatives; or possibly they may even have cut the process short at the convenient point of roasting and eating them. Perhaps this is the reason why our distinguished archæologist, Professor Rolleston, is so uncompromising an opponent of cremation in its revived form: a fellow-feeling for antiquarians and anatomists of the nineteenth century doubtless makes him realize how inconvenient they would find it to be deprived of all skeletons of the nineteenth. At any rate, palæolithic bones are far rarer than palæolithic weapons, and only a very small number of skulls, the most important relics for reconstructing the features and appearance of our remote progenitors, have been casually discovered in Swiss or German caves. Fortunately these are sufficient to give us all the most important clues to the physiognomy and mien of their quondam possessors. Palæolithic man approximated somewhat in type to the Bushman of South Africa and the Digger Indian of California; but he was on the whole less human and more ape-like than even those most brutish of modern savages. His forehead was villanously low and retreating, the worst existing specimen being far worse and the best a good deal better than those of the living Bushman. His jaws were more ponderous, and armed with huge canine teeth, which recall in many particulars those of the gorilla. We can hardly doubt that his skin was a deep black, though here we have only the inferential proof to be drawn from the skin of those existing savages who have departed the least from the ancestral type. And we may reasonably conjecture that his limbs and back were far hairier than is the case with any men now living. There is no

reason to suppose that he was acquainted with the use of any clothing except the skins of beasts.

The flint-chippers apparently lived in natural or artificial caves only, and did not build huts or villages. At least, no trace of anything like a town of this period anywhere occurs. On the other hand, the remains found in the caves have every appearance of belonging to human habitations. The flint implements, bone needles, and ornamental necklets all seem to have been lost in the caves by people who lived there, and to be associated with the refuse of their meals. We must remember, in connection with this apparent absence of towns, that man was not yet, in all likelihood, the absolutely dominant animal that we know him to be at the present day. He did not hold the whole country side as his acknowledged hunting-ground, and rule over the beasts of the field as their undisputed lord. Rather was he one among a number of competitors, struggling hard for supremacy against the cave-lion, the mammoth, and the grizly bear. In each cave dwelt a separate family, ungoverned save by the harsh government of its father and hunter, and unbound to the inhabitants of other caves save those of a rude and half-developed barter. The size and shape of the jaws may even lead one to suppose that men still fought with one another like the higher apes, using their ponderous canine teeth as weapons of offence. But in any case we must suppose that these primitive families lived in a state of isolation more complete than even that of our modern Australians, and remained utterly unconsolidated into any form of tribe or nation.

The cave-men were by trade hunters only. Agriculture of even the rudest kind seems to have been quite unknown to them. The black-fellows of East Britain and France lived mainly on the reindeer, whose bones and horns occur more frequently than any other animal remains in their caves. But the creatures which then roamed over Northern Europe belong to two types now inhabiting widely different regions. The one type, as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out, was quite sub-arctic, and included such creatures as the extinct mammoth, the hairy rhinoceros, the arctic hare, the white

fox, the reindeer, and the bison. The presence of these animals clearly shows that the general climate must have been far colder than at the present time. But, on the other hand, a sub-tropical fauna extended also into Northern Europe, and its remains show us with equal clearness that warm periods alternated with the cold, and that the whole of our continent then formed a single continuous zoological province. Among these animals of warmer climates the hippopotamus ranged as far north as England; the African elephant still roamed over the cork forests of Spain and Sicily; while the hyæna, the cave-lion, and the porcupine extended over the whole of continental Europe where the relics of the early flint-weaponed men have yet been found. Mr. A. R. Wallace has shown good reasons for believing that it was the Glacial Epoch which caused the great split between the zoological belt of Northern Europe and sub-tropical Asia. The coming on of the ice age slowly killed off the Siberian mammoths, the English hippopotami, and the hairy rhinoceros. When at length the glaciers clear away and modern Europe stands before our eyes, we find it inhabited only by a smaller and more strictly arctic fauna, while all its most gigantic mammals and most beautiful birds have been frozen out or driven southward into the warmer peninsulas of Southern Asia. The reindeer, the cave-lion, and the bear are all gone. If Mr. Wallace is right, our existing European beasts and birds represent merely the dingy survivors of a far more rich and varied type of life in the quaternary period. The ingenious naturalist attributes mainly to this cause the superiority in brilliancy and beauty of the animals which now inhabit tropical Asia and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

The principal weapons with which the cave-men made war upon the reindeer and the urus were the rough flint hatchets by which they are still best known. These hatchets are very irregular in shape, viewed by a modern standard; but they still show unmistakable signs of human manufacture in their rough similarity and adhesion to pattern. They are simply chipped off by a series of side-blows, and never ground to a

smooth surface like the well-made celts of their late successors, the neolithic Mongolians. I need hardly say that no trace of metal occurs among the relics of the cave-men. Even pottery was unknown to them. But they knew how to make bone-needles, and knife-handles, and fish-hooks; and how to carve horn into really artistic shapes. It is from the caves of the south of France that the most interesting remains have been disinterred, and they show that the flint-chippers had already progressed to a high degree of culture in matters of art. Many sketches of reindeer, rudely scrawled on pieces of bone or reindeer horn, are not only drawn with considerable skill, but may even be described as spirited. One drawing of a mammoth executed on a fragment of mammoth tusk, found in the rock shelter of La Madeleine, has been engraved several times in French and English works, being in fact the only contemporary portrait of that extinct creature now in existence. Some of the knife-handles are carved with admirable taste into animal forms, the natural shape of the original being well conventionalized so as to fit in with the use to which the handle was applied. Other marks of æsthetic feeling are shown in the accumulation of fossils and bones for necklaces, and in the bright-colored stones sometimes selected for the manufacture of hatchets.

Of course the presence of a proper stone for making his weapons was an absolute necessity for primæval man. Hence doubtless the reason why we find his range so curiously restricted. In our own island, for example, the relics of the cave-men are only found along the banks of our south-eastern rivers, in the region where chalk is more or less common, and where flints were consequently to be obtained in abundance. Palæolithic weapons hardly occur to the north-west of the great belt which runs obliquely across Britain from Whitby to Exeter, and separates the tertiary and secondary lowland from the primary mountain region. Nor, again, are they found in the level flats of Denmark and Sweden, where perhaps the glacial cold also prevented unclad man from making his home. But they are comparatively abundant in most chalk districts, or

rather in the drift deposited by rivers whose valleys are bounded by chalk-downs.

From such rough data as these I fancy I can dimly picture to myself the life of the flint-chippers here on the banks of the Axe two hundred thousand years ago. The river then ran at a higher level than now, and had not yet cut through the greenstone of its valley to reach the red marl beneath, whose warm cliffs now brighten up the landscape at Axmouth, just opposite the little knoll on which I am at this moment seated. In two hundred thousand years even the little Axe and its tributaries have had time to wear away, particle by particle, a moderate thickness of chalk and sandstone. In the gravel beds by the seashore thus formed we find the remains of the rhinoceros and the elephant. The valley in those old times must have been higher and broader; great forests must have covered either bank; and the bare chalk downs of Beer and Rowsdon must have formed the open haunts of reindeer and elk. I can fancy the little black boys creeping cautiously out of their cave at sunrise on a summer morning, and hunting for crayfish in the waters of the Axe. Lithe, naked little bodies, untattooed and wholly unadorned, they play together by the riverside, chatting a half-inarticulate speech, largely eked out by gestures and intonation. Their father sits at the head of the cave, slowly fashioning a bone-needle, and neatly drilling its eye with a pointed flint awl, after the painstaking and laborious manner of all savage men. The mother rubs together two pieces of wood to light the fire, and feeds it with dry sticks from the forest. Perhaps her life was not yet so complete a drudgery as that of the Digger Indian squaw or the Australian gin, for primitive man does not seem to have treated women entirely as slaves, but rather to have chosen his helpmate with some regard to personal beauty, which might argue well for her subsequent good treatment. The whole family, however, must always have had an air of timidity and a constant sense of insecurity; for the cave afforded but a precarious shelter, and danger from every side must have been a common intruder.

When the fire was lighted and the

food—if there was any—rudely cooked, the primæval breakfast must have been eaten in the darkness and gloom of the cave. Reindeer venison formed the staple substitute for butcher's meat, though doubtless a rhinoceros steak or a piece of mammoth sirloin did not come amiss when the father of the family had been in luck with his hunting. An Alpine hare or a few small birds would sometimes find a place on what passed for the breakfast-table. But more often, I suspect, the household found itself restricted to raw mussels, limpets, crayfish, sea-urchins, or lob-worms. Berries, and seeds, and edible leaves, no doubt eked out the meal when hunting was bad and the father had gone out day after day in vain, bringing back with him nothing better than these vegetarian stuffs. A very hungry time they had of it, we may be pretty sure, living from day to day on game and shellfish when in luck, and often starving outright, a dozen families together, when cold weather or shortness of game cut off the supplies. On the other hand, they must have had a famous feast from time to time, when the father or the elder brothers brought home a whole reindeer, or when a whale loaded with untold blubber got stranded upon the open shingle beach at Seaton. On such occasions the whole family ate itself positively drunk, like Mr. Eyre's Australian black-fellows when he killed his horse in the extremity of famine during his journey through the untrodden bush. For though all these things happened some two hundred thousand years ago, we must never forget that man had already reached a stage of culture somewhat in advance of that which we still find among the lowest existing savages.

After the breakfast, scanty or abundant, had been cleared away, and the bones thrown into the corner for our future inspection, I fancy I can see the goodman of the cave taking out his hunting-knife and his stone hatchet, fixed into a split wooden handle by thongs of deerskin or bast, and starting out upon his day's expedition. He goes noiselessly and cowering through the forest, afraid of rousing his game prematurely, and with a sharp eye for any stray wolverine hiding among the branches, or any crouching cave-lion

ready to spring from under cover of a jungle thicket. Meanwhile I can see the squaw—or was it rather squaws? for the primitive man may perhaps have been a polygamist—sitting by the mouth of the cave, also with a constant care against the wandering carnivore, rudely sewing together a mantle of skins for the shoulders of the absent lord and master. The bone needle must have had a use, and I suppose the only likely one is that of stitching together the dried deer-hides with sinews or fibres. The long-haired shaggy-headed children play about hard by on the alluvial flats, making whistles out of knuckle-bones, tickling trout by the river side, and learning their future trade of flint-chippers by practice on a block of raw material from the side of Bindon Hill. At other times they search for round pebbles on the beach, fit for slingstones in size and shape; or hunt for fossils to make necklaces among the soft lias cliffs; or drill holes in small bones to string with bast into ornaments for themselves or their mothers. Traces of all these occupations we find in the caves or among the drift. Later on in the day, the father returns in triumph. He has killed a musk-ox, and all the strength of the household is called out to drag it home, to skin it, to dry the hide, to cut up and roast the part required for immediate use, and to put away the remainder in safety. A big fire is lighted at the mouth of the cave from the embers of the morning, the joint is quickly cooked in a smoky fashion, and the whole family, not without some preliminary quarrelling, gives itself over to a mighty meal. Supper or dinner finished, the father takes out the splinter of mammoth tusk, broken from the great beast which he found dead in the forest last winter, and in the fulness of his heart sets himself to the artistic task of carving a knife-handle or scraping with a flint graver the sketch of a reindeer fight. For though these pictorial works of palæolithic man have been hitherto found in France alone, I do not know why our own extinct fellow-countrymen should not have a little credit for æsthetic handicraft as well. Perhaps the lesser number of caves and the probably greater effect of the Glacial Epoch in Britain may account for the absence of artistic

remains in our English quaternary deposits.

But the glimpse of man's early condition which these drift and cave weapons give us, is, after all, only a glimpse. Before the drift period stretches an unknown past, and after the drift period succeeds a half unknown future. For evidently the men who made these well-shaped flint implements, who used these exquisitely polished bone pins, who engraved these clever and accurate pictures of the reindeer and mammoths, were not the *first* men who lived upon our earth. Such considerable manual skill and such high æsthetic faculties clearly presuppose a long line of previous developments. Moreover, we know that progress was very slow in those early days, because the period covered by the chipped flints is very considerable, and yet there is very little alteration in the form of the weapons. The thickness of the drift and the cave deposit shows that the cave-dwellers must have inhabited Northern Europe for many, many centuries. Yet during all that long lapse of time they hardly progressed in arts at all. Certainly they never attained to the point of polishing their stone weapons or of moulding even the rudest hand-made pottery. Accordingly we must believe that the time which it had taken them to reach the degrees of culture at which we get our glimpse of them must have been simply enormous. Humanity must have undergone a long course of slow evolution before it could produce the clever hunters and tasteful artists of the Chipped Flint Period.

When and where this previous evolution took place we can hardly yet even guess. We have been so long accustomed to look upon man as a creature of yesterday that it almost takes our breath away even to be told that he probably preceded the Glacial Epoch, some two hundred thousand years ago. But then to be asked to believe that the pre-glacial men themselves were comparatively late and half-civilized specimens of humanity is perhaps too much for our weak faith. Yet the Abbé Bourgeois has found a clue which may probably help to bridge over the gap and to lead us into embracing even this last and most difficult clause in the modern scientific creed. In the *alcaire*

de Beauce, a French miocene stratum, the fearless Abbé has ventured to discover flint objects which he believes to be human or semi-human implements. They consist of flakes, not chipped off by a blow like the palæolithic knives, but apparently split by means of fire. Specimens of these presumed flint weapons were exhibited at the Anthropological Congress at Paris last year, and were allowed by many experts to look suspiciously like the handicraft of man. Even earlier than the Abbé Bourgeois' discovery, bones had been observed at St. Prest which appeared as though they had been cut with a sharp instrument—say a very primæval stone hatchet. But if these observations are really correct, then we must push back the first appearance of man, or at least of a weapon-making animal, far into the past of the tertiary formations. The time which elapsed between the Miocene or Pliocene periods and the days of the flint chippers must be reckoned, in all probability, not by hundreds of thousands, but by millions of years. I cannot pretend that these data are very certain; but at any rate, when we consider the many marks of comparatively high cultivation exhibited by palæolithic man, they need not be regarded as preposterous or extravagant.

Just as we know little about the previous history of man during the time which precedes our glimpse of his existence in the palæolithic stage, so we know little about him in the long interval which separates that stage from the all but historic neolithic period. The Glacial Epoch seems to have swept away almost the whole fauna, and a large part of the flora, of Northern Europe, and with it the black-fellows who worked the flints of Axmouth and of St. Acheul. For about a hundred and fifty thousand years, roughly speaking, England and the opposite continent seems to have been uninhabited by the human race. When next we find traces of man's occupation, in the neolithic burial-grounds, man had progressed to a far higher grade of practical arts, and the face of the European fauna had entirely altered. The great river-horses, mammoths, elks, and reindeer were gone; and in their place roamed the familiar denizens of our modern forests. The Mongolian or

Euskarian inhabitants were men who used exquisitely polished hatchets of greenstone, whose material was brought by regular commerce from the distant Kuen Lun mountains of Central Asia. They knew how to make pottery; they dwelt in regular and well-built villages; they buried their dead in splendid tumuli. They had fixed government by chieftains for whom these tumuli were raised. They had reached at least one great religious idea, that of human immortality; for beside the corpses of their chieftains they placed the weapons and ornaments which they would need in the other world. They lived mainly or entirely upon their domesticated animals, the cow, sheep, pig, and goat. They trained the dog to assist them in their hunting expeditions. They cultivated wheat and barley, which they crushed with corn-breakers into rough meal. They even tilled flax, and wove from it coarse linen cloth. Such regular government, settled communities, fixed kingship, religious belief, domestication of animals, and advanced tillage, show of course that immense strides in civilization had been made between the two periods. The men who came back to Northern Europe in the neolithic epoch must have been developing and improving for ages elsewhere before they could have reached so high a type of culture. We do not yet know where the intermediate stages were passed; and it may perhaps happen that no record of the passage from the chipped flint stage to the polished stone stage anywhere exists. But when the rest of the world has been as thoroughly explored as North-Western Europe, we may reasonably hope for some further light upon the intermediate steps.

Nor must we too rashly conclude that all the human beings who inhabited the earth in the pre-glacial period were as rude as those who lived here beside the valley of the Axe. Nay, there is even some reason to suppose that the civilization of the Dordogne was then far in advance of the civilization of the Thames. And when we remember that at the present day the culture of London, with its railways, telegraphs, and Royal Societies, coexists in time with the savagery of the naked Fuegians and the all but speechless Andamanese,

we may well believe that in more southern climates the men of the pre-glacial period may have attained to a much higher degree of art and knowledge than our own northern islanders. Again, it is by no means certain that the palæolithic men of Europe were at all the ancestors of their neolithic successors. It may easily have happened that the paleolithic Europeans were entirely killed off by the Glacial Epoch, and that the neolithic men who long afterward filled up their place were the descendants of another race which had meanwhile been developing its pastoral and agricultural arts, together with its governmental and religious ideas, in the great central table-land of Asia. But, be this as it may, we know at least that the neolithic men at their first appearance in the West had reached a high development, which presupposes an immense number of previous stages. They had progressed from

the rude separate family system of pre-glacial times to the full political life of the village and the recognized king. They had passed from the separate hunting life to the nomad pastoral horde, and from that again to the settled agricultural community. It wanted but a few steps to bring them on through the bronze and iron ages to our own modern England, with its printing presses and its telephones, its woman-suffrage associations and its anti-vaccination leagues. Strange as it sounds to say so, the interval in culture between the London of to-day and the Swiss lake-village of neolithic times is as nothing compared with the interval in culture between the Swiss lake-village and the primæval cavern. The one represents the rapid gains of a few thousand years; the other represents the slow acquisitions of as many centuries — *Cornhill Magazine*.

FATE, OR GOD?

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

BEYOND the record of all eldest things,
 Beyond the rule and regions of past time,
 From out Antiquity's hoary-headed rime,
 Looms the dread phantom of a King of Kings :
 Round His vast brows the glittering circlet clings
 Of a thrice royal crown ; behind him climb,
 O'er Atlantean limbs and breast sublime,
 The sombre splendors of mysterious wings ;

Deep calms of measureless power, in awful statè,
 Gird and uphold Him ; a miraculous rod,
 To heal or smite, arms His infallible hands :
 Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands,
 Doubt names this half-embodied Mystery—Fate,
 While Faith, with lowlier reverence, whispers—God !

—*Belgravia Magazine*.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEDFORD SQUARE.

BEDFORD SQUARE is not a cheerful situation. Miss Barrington, who lived there, was always ready to admit that much. She maintained, however, that there was no more comfortable, no better-built house in London than that which had come to her by inheritance.

Its rooms were spacious ; its staircase was broad and shallow ; there was accommodation in it for more guests than its mistress ever cared to invite. The heavy, solid furniture, the old pictures darkened by many a year of London smoke, the well-used books in the library, in their sober, uniform binding of brown calf—all these would look shabby and out of place in a more fash-

ionable quarter ; and, in spite of many an entreaty and remonstrance, Miss Barrington declined to move them. Bloomsbury suited her well enough, she said ; and if any of the nephews and nieces, god-sons and god-daughters, who honored her with so much of their attention, found the journey thither from South Kensington or Belgravia more than they could undertake, why the alternative course of remaining away was open to them.

It was on a gray January afternoon that Jeanne was driven to the door of this hospitable mansion in the brougham which had been sent to the station to meet her. Christmas, laboriously merry, was over and done with ; so, for the time, was life at Holmhurst, and the society of its well-meaning, if somewhat commonplace, inmates ; and now our heroine was about to enter upon fresh experiences, to be introduced to new faces, and to renew her acquaintance with one or two already familiar to her. And, perhaps, the latter prospect was what she chiefly looked forward to, and may have had something to do with the cheerfulness of her demeanor.

Some cause for inward rejoicing she must have had ; for if there be a spectacle in the world calculated to cause the heart of a foreigner to die within him, it must surely be that of London as viewed through the gloom and moisture of a winter's afternoon ; yet Mademoiselle de Mersac stepped lightly out on to the pavement, while the footman was making a tremendous and most unnecessary noise with the door-knocker, and surveyed with a smile of universal benevolence the hideous buildings around her, the miserable bare trees in the square, the dirty old effigy who looked down upon her shamfacedly from his stone pedestal, and the crossing-sweeper who came hurrying up, hat in hand.

The crossing-sweeper received an unearned sixpence, much to the disgust of Miss Barrington's butler, who had now thrown open the double doors, and presently Jeanne was alone in the drawing-room upstairs, awaiting the appearance of her hostess.

She had not long to wait in solitude. But it was not Miss Barrington who came clattering down the stairs, burst open the drawing-room door, and advanced,

with both hands outstretched, exclaiming, "How glad I am that you have come ! Do you know, I never heard you were expected to-day until I came in, about ten minutes ago."

"How do you do, Mr. Barrington?" says Jeanne, as coolly as if she had not been dreaming of this meeting for the last fortnight. "Are you staying here too, then?"

"What, in this house, do you mean? Oh, no ; I have rooms of my own in London—ever so far away, I am sorry to say. I am afraid you must think my Aunt Susan rather rude for not being in to receive you ; but she is an oddity, you know ; no one minds what she does. I got a note from her this morning, telling me to be here punctually at four o'clock. I accordingly turned up at that hour, and was told that she had gone out. But this house has always been a sort of second home to me, and I can do just as I like in it ; so I went upstairs, to a room which has been reserved for my use ever since I was a boy, and where I sometimes do a little painting, and so on ; and there I found a second note to say that you were coming up from Holmhurst, and that I was to receive you, and apologize for my aunt's absence. She is a good old thing," concluded Barrington reflectively. But how her goodness had been evidenced by this particular line of conduct he did not state ; and that, no doubt, was Mademoiselle de Mersac's reason for remaining silent.

"I hope you don't mind?" resumed Barrington presently.

"Oh, no," Jeanne said, "she did not mind at all." But, for all that, she was not quite pleased. It would have been much pleasanter, she thought, if Mr. Barrington had been invited to dinner, instead of having been asked to receive her upon her arrival. And how long would she have to sit there in her travelling-dress, and with the dust and cinders of the railway upon her?

Perhaps Barrington, who had never removed his eyes once from her face since his entrance, may have read there some indication of these thoughts, for he exclaimed suddenly,

"Good gracious me, what a donkey I am ! You would like to take off your hat, would you not? And then, of

course, you will want some tea. I will ring and tell them."

The butler came up in answer to his summons, and said that tea would be ready in a few minutes; and Miss Barrington's maid appearing in his wake, Jeanne was conducted to her room, where she remained for what seemed to Barrington an interminable time.

He roamed about the room during her absence, sometimes standing with his back to the fire, sometimes looking absently out of the window and drumming with his fingers on the pane, picking up one of the books that lay on the table every now and then, or pausing to examine some recent additions to Miss Barrington's store of hideous and valuable china; but all the time he was thinking only of Jeanne. How rejoiced he was to see that lovely pale face again; and how he had missed it! he said to himself with a certain disquietude, and yet not without some mixture of satisfaction at the remembrance. He had been visiting at several country-houses, where he had been one of a large and very merry party; he had spent the greater part of the time in an excellent hunting country; he had met the people whose society he generally enjoyed the most, and he had found the whole thing an unmitigated bore. Evidently, he could not live without Jeanne. Yes, it had come to that; and doubtless, before very long, it would come to an engagement. "I can't lose sight of her again," mused Barrington, as he paced to and fro. "Before she leaves this, the fatal words must be spoken. Dear, dear, how funny it will all be! Fancy her making my tea for me in the morning, and sewing buttons onto my shirts! Oh, bathos! It will be a great nuisance having to announce the engagement. How furious the Ashleys will be! and all one's relations too!"

This set him wondering what could be the cause of Aunt Susan's conduct in bringing him and Jeanne together, as she evidently intended to do. Was it that she was tired of Helen Ashley, and had seized the first pretext that had come to hand for throwing her over? Was it that she had really taken a fancy to the beautiful stranger? Or was she behaving in this way out of pure love of mischief, and a desire to set everybody

by the ears? Barrington knew that some such motive had been at the root of more than one of his aunt's apparent eccentricities, and he was not disposed to count overmuch upon her support now. "I can do without her money—that's one thing," thought he; and then his reflections were cut short by Jeanne's reappearance.

She seated herself beside the low table, and began to pour out a cup of tea, while Barrington took a chair opposite to her.

"I hope you are not very tired after your journey," said he, just by way of opening the conversation.

"Tired?" she echoed, with some disdain. "No; I am not so easily tired as that."

"Of course not; I forgot. I am so accustomed to associating with ladies who are more or less frail and rickety, that I have come to look upon ordinary good health as the exclusive property of men. Isn't it an odd thing that hardly anybody is proud of being strong and well; whereas lots of people make a positive boast of their infirmities? My sister, for instance, would be desperately offended if I suggested that she could travel from Sevenoaks to Charing Cross without being completely knocked up."

"But your sister is really an invalid, is she not?"

"I don't know. Aunt Susan says a bucket of cold water is all she wants; and I am half inclined to hold the same opinion. There cannot be very much the matter with her, or she would have succumbed long ago to one of the violent courses of medical treatment she has been through. However, you will probably see her for yourself before long, and then you will be able to form your own judgement upon her. You won't like her I know."

"How can you tell that?"

"Oh, she is not the sort of person whom you would be in the least inclined to put up with. I bear with her partly because she is my sister, and partly because I am of a tolerant nature, and don't expect any very near approach to perfection from anybody. But we won't waste time in talking about her. What is the news down at Holmhurst?"

"I don't think there is any news," replied Jeanne consideringly. "Every-

body is quite well, except my uncle, who—

"Who has got the gout from drinking too much port wine during Christmas week. I know. He always does. It is a part of his annual programme, and he would not relinquish it for worlds. And I will venture to affirm that Mrs. Ashley's clothing-club has got into debt, and that the girls have two or three dances in prospect, and that one or more of the dogs has died of distemper. All these events come round as regularly as the month of January itself. Apropos how did you leave my friend Turco?"

"I did not leave him at all," answered Jeanne. "I brought him with me."

"You *don't* mean to tell me that my Aunt Susan has actually invited a dog into her house!" exclaimed Barrington, with raised eyebrows of astonishment. "You must indeed have won her heart."

"She did not exactly invite him to the house," Jeanne explained. "I left him at the stables, on my way here. He will be rather troublesome, I am afraid, for unless he has exercise he always gets ill; so I shall have to take him for a walk somewhere every day."

"Quite right. I'll go with you," observed Barrington cheerfully.

"Oh, no, thank you," returned Jeanne, with a sudden chilly change in her voice; "that will not be at all necessary."

"I beg your pardon, but it will be most absolutely necessary. Young ladies can't walk about London alone, especially if they happen to be accompanied by a dog the size of a pony. Besides you would lose yourself before you had walked a quarter of a mile."

"I lose myself!" cried Jeanne indignantly. "What an idea! I should be ashamed to lose myself in a town. Why, even among the mountains in Algeria, where it is not very easy to distinguish one pass or valley from another, I could always find my way from place to place alone. I carry a little compass on my watch-chain; and as soon as I have—I do not know how to say it in English—*une fois que je me sois orientée*—I am quite at my ease."

"I'm afraid you won't find that system answer very well in London," said Barrington, laughing.

"Why not?" inquired Jeanne, loftily. She did not like being laughed at.

"Oh, well, for one thing, you wouldn't be able to steer a straight course, don't you see? You can't go over the tops of the houses, so you would be obliged to follow the streets, and the compass would come out at every corner. You had much better take me with you, and I will show you the most direct route to the parks—which, by the way, are an enormous distance from this quarter—and then, when your dog has chased the water-fowl and worried the sheep, I shall be at hand to plead your cause with the park-keeper, who will come up to give you in charge."

"Turco never does such things," answered Jeanne, really a little offended. "And I can find my way very well alone, thank you. I like walking alone."

At this moment Miss Barrington came in; and as soon as the proper amount of greeting, inquiry, and apology had been gone through, Barrington reverted to the controversy which her entrance had interrupted.

"Aunt Susan, is it the proper thing for a young lady to walk about the streets of Bloomsbury alone and unprotected?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I used to do it when I was young, and nobody ever bothered me; but no doubt it would be wiser for you to take care of Mademoiselle de Mersac when she goes out, if that is what you mean."

"Mademoiselle de Mersac refuses to let me accompany her," answered Barrington. "She proposes to penetrate into the heart of London with the aid of a compass and a big dog, and she laughs me to scorn when I suggest the possibility of her losing her way. It is easy to see what that kind of pride is likely to lead to. A gloomy cell in the nearest police-station, mademoiselle, will be your fate. After a night of horrors, you will be led before a stern and pitiless old man, who will disbelieve every word you say, and denounce your conduct in terms which will make your blood curdle. You will be ordered to pay a fine, and as you are sure to have no money in your pocket, you will be cast into prison for seven days. Your

dog will be dragged away with a halter round his neck, and—"

"That is nonsense," interrupted Jeanne gravely.

"Aunt Susan, I appeal to you. Is there anything improbable about this prophetic slight sketch? Is it likely that a dog, unaccustomed to London life, will be able to pass through all the temptations of the metropolis without getting himself and others into trouble? Think of the mutton-chops lying, all handy, at the butcher's, and the other dogs to be fought with, and the perambulators to be bowled over, and the prowling roughs whom it would seem a positive duty to tackle. I declare, if I were you, I would not allow a young lady under my charge to go about in such dangerous company for any consideration. That is, unless she had a prudent and experienced person with her to get her out of scrapes."

"Turco is never disobedient; and as for stealing from a butcher, he would not even dream of such a thing. I have always been able to take care of myself, and I always intend to do so," said Jeanne decisively.

"Well, settle it between you," said Miss Barrington, with a short laugh. "I must go and write some letters now. Stay to dinner, you know, if you like, Harry; there will be nobody but ourselves."

"I have asked a man to dine with meat the club—what a bore!" murmured Barrington regretfully, as the door closed behind his aunt. "But I shall see you some time to-morrow, I hope. Of course you will have to be shown all the sights of London; and if I am to be allowed to do nothing else for you, I trust you will at least let me act as your guide to them."

"I suppose there is a great deal to be seen," remarked Jeanne, a little apprehensively.

"An immensity. Take architecture alone. There is the National Gallery, and Buckingham Palace, and St. Thomas's Hospital, and the church at the end of Langham Place, and many other remarkable buildings, all very striking in their way, and some absolutely unique in style. Then you will naturally want to climb to the top of the Monument, and likewise to the top

of St. Paul's. The Zoological Gardens, the Underground Railway, and Madame Tussaud's will all repay a visit. After that there will be the British Museum, the Crystal Palace, the—"

"But must I really see all these things?" interrupted Jeanne, in dismay.

"Of course not. You ought to have a look at Westminster; but there is nothing else worth seeing in London just now, that I know of, except a picture of Gérôme's, which is in the French Artists' Gallery in Pall Mall. You did not come to England to admire French art, you will say; but unhappily we have none of our own to show you. That astounding exhibition, the Royal Academy, is not open at this time of the year, and if it were, I am afraid you might search it through and through without coming across even an embryo Gérôme. French art is, and doubtless always will be, immeasurably superior to ours; and the reasons are not far to seek. In the first place, our painters habitually degrade themselves in their choice of subjects. They paint what will sell. They bow to the crude, vulgar taste of the purchaser, instead of trying to elevate it. Then, again—"

But it is perhaps hardly necessary to follow Mr. Barrington through the lengthy disquisition in which he thought fit to indulge upon this not very novel subject.

The next morning being a fine frosty one, and Miss Barrington having gone out upon business directly after breakfast, Mademoiselle de Mersac judged that the opportunity had now come for her to display her knowledge of locality and her independence of officious protection. Without any difficulty she found her way to the mews where she had left her dog on the previous afternoon, and was at once recognized by Miss Barrington's coachman, who touched his hat, opened the stable-door for her, and in reply to her inquiry, told her that she would find Hyde Park easily enough.

"It's a goodish way, miss, but you can't make no mistake about it. Fust turn to your right, then fust to your left, then to your right agin, into a very fine, long street, and arter that you've only got to walk straight on, as fur as you can go, till you see the park afore you."

Nothing could be plainer. "I am much obliged to you," said Jeanne, setting off at once, and remembering, with some inward amusement, Barrington's prophetic warnings. It was scarcely within the limits of possibility, she thought, that she should make any mistake in following such simple directions as these.

Many a pedestrian turned to look curiously after her, as she went on her way through the smoke-dimmed atmosphere, a tall, erect, back-draped figure, with her great white dog following at her heels; but both she and Turco were accustomed to being stared at, and never heeded the gaze of the vulgar multitude. One of them, indeed, was too busy making use of her own eyes to notice whether those of others were fixed upon her or not.

"What dirty streets! What hideous houses! What a stifling, choking air!" she was thinking to herself. "No wonder all the people look so pale. If I were Miss Barrington, I would not live here for the sake of any house, however comfortable. I wonder where the fashionable quarter is, and whether I shall pass through it before I reach the park."

While she was thus musing, she found her path suddenly barred by a double line of cabs, omnibuses, and carts. There was a momentary stoppage; then the stream flowed on, and Jeanne, crossing hurriedly to the opposite pavement—for she was not quite at home amid the noisy traffic of a large town—pursued her way through a somewhat less crowded district. It was Oxford Street that she had left behind her, having altogether failed to recognize in it that imposing thoroughfare of which Miss Barrington's coachman had spoken, and having, in fact, before her mind's eye a vision of a broad, straight boulevard, at the end of which, in the far distance, the trees of Hyde Park might probably be discernible. But as she went on, and on, and the streets narrowed instead of widening, and the noise of hoofs and wheels grew ever fainter, she began to perceive that she must have made some mistake. She paused, and went over again in her mind the directions the man had given her. The first turn to the right, and the first, after that, to the

left, she remembered to have taken. And then he had told her to turn to the right again, when she came to a fine, long street, which apparently, she had somehow missed. It was evident, however, that Hyde Park must lie to her right hand, due west of her, and that if she set her face in that direction, and walked straight on, she must eventually strike it at one point or another.

This conclusion being beyond question, Jeanne proceeded to act upon it. She turned off at right angles to the street in which she had been standing, and immediately plunged into the midst of the most miserable, squalid, horrible collection of human dwellings she had ever beheld in her life. On either side of her were dirty, dilapidated houses, whose tenants must have been of a very destructive habit, judging from the amount of broken window-panes among them that were covered with scraps of paper or stuffed up with filthy rags. The street itself was littered with orange-peel, cabbage-stalks, and refuse of all kinds. A drunken old man was standing in the middle of it, his hands in his pockets, his eyes half closed, as he swayed from side to side, muttering to himself and laughing idiotically. A couple of bare-armed, toupie-headed viragoes were leaning out of an upper window, laughing too, but in harsh, cracked voices that had little sound of merriment in them. Jeanne hurried on.

After a time she came to a corner where two or three dirty, greasy-looking men were lounging round a post, and of one them she boldly asked her way; but he glancing up at her with blood-shot eyes full of suspicion, and an infinite suppressed ferocity in his rejoinder, "Way to *where*?" she fairly lost heart, and walked away, as fast as she could, without uttering another word.

On she went, through narrow streets which seemed to lead only to a limitless succession of similar ones; round many a sharp corner, and into more than one *cul de sac*, whence she had to retrace her steps, with an ever-increasing feeling of doubt as to whether she would ever be able to discover again the road by which she had entered into this labyrinth. She was getting a little frightened now—not, indeed, of the few people whom she met, and who, for the most part, scarce-

ly took the trouble to raise their eyes from the ground to look at her; but of some vague danger that seemed to be in the air. And certainly there was something rather trying to the nerves in the silence that hung over this densely-populated district—a silence broken only by the sound of shuffling footsteps or of occasional hoarse, muffled voices, and intensified by the ceaseless roar of the traffic outside its limits, which rose and fell like breakers on a distant, shingly bar. Jeanne could not divest her mind of a shuddering conviction that presently one of these grim, mute tenements would burst into life, that from it would rush a gang of ruffians, and that, before she should have time to cry for help, she would be pinioned, gagged, robbed—perhaps murdered.

It was quite a relief when somebody came down the street, whistling a popular air cheerily, and breaking off, every now and then, to pipe out a few words of the chorus, in a loud, shrill voice. Jeanne made for him at once.

"Will you be so good as to direct me to Hyde Park?" said she, in her best English.

"Hyde Park, miss? Certainly, miss. You come along o' me, I'll put you straight in the way. 'Arry" (to an acquaintance who was loitering on the other side of the street), "I shall 'ave to bid you good-morning; I'm a-goin' to walk in the Park with this 'ere young lady."

He was a thin, undersized creature, whether boy or man it was not easy to determine. His clothes, which were of the poorest description, seemed to have been originally the property of a Hercules, so loosely did they hang upon his skinny person. His boots—also several sizes too large for him—scarcely held together; and from time to time he coughed in a way that it made Jeanne quite miserable to hear.

As he slouched along by her side, jerking his shoulders with every step, she looked down at the queer, wizened little face beneath his fur cap, and a sudden impulse made her ask, "Are you hungry?"

"I *ham*, miss," he replied with emphasis. "Four days and four nights it is since I've 'ad a mossel o' bread to put in me—let alone meat or sperrits."

"That cannot be true," said Jeanne unhesitatingly. She had seen famine times in Algeria, and knew pretty well the effect of hunger in its various stages upon the human subject.

Her guide did not allow himself to be at all disconcerted. If he was not starving, he said, he was at all events hungry; and he proceeded to relate so harrowing a tale of the temptations that beset a well-meaning young man who is without visible means of subsistence in London that in a very short time Jeanne had promised to give him ten shillings if he would agree, on his side, to associate no more with thieves and to try and obtain some honest work. This engagement he entered into quite readily, confirming it with asseverations of the most solemn character; and as they were now once more in the region of cabs, he strongly recommended the young lady to take a four-wheeler, adding that he himself would be glad to retire, as there was a policeman in those parts with whom he was not upon terms of friendship.

"Good-by, then," said Jeanne, "and thank you for bringing me so far. Here is—"

A pause. Jeanne's hand was slowly withdrawn from her pocket.

"What shall I do!" she exclaimed.

"My purse is gone!"

"You don't say so, miss! Wot, yer purse gone?—likewise yer pocket-and-kercher, I s'pose? Dear, dear, dear! that's wot it is to walk about in a low quarter. They *are* a terrible bad lot 'ereabouts, miss, and that's the truth."

"But nobody ever brushed up against me even," protested Jeanne, still bewildered by her loss.

"Don't you believe it, miss? They're that hartful you wouldn't 'ardly know nothink about it if they was to take the 'at off your 'ead."

"Well, it cannot be helped. I should not mind so much, only now I have not ten shillings to give you."

"I beg you won't mention that, miss."

"Oh, but I must keep my promise; and if you will come to Number 63 Bedford Square this afternoon, I will certainly give you the ten shillings. Oh!—where's my dog?"

"Dorg, miss? I didn't see no dorg."

"You *must* have seen him—a big

white dog—he was following me when I met you. Oh, what shall I do !”

“How do you do, Mademoiselle de Mersac? And pray, if one may ask, what has brought you to the Seven Dials?”

Jeanne turned round, and found the gray eyes of Mr. Leigh scrutinizing her with an expression of some amusement.

“Oh, Mr. Leigh,” she exclaimed, “I have had such a misfortune! I have lost my dog. What had I better do, do you think?”

“There is nothing to be done except to advertise a reward for him. You will be sure to get him back in a day or two. It would be quite useless to search St. Giles’s for him. But how do you come to be here at all?”

“I set out to walk to the Park,” Jeanne explained; “and somehow I lost my way, and really I do not think I should ever have been heard of again if it had not been for this boy—where is he? Oh, now he is gone too! What a very odd and disagreeable place London seems to be!”

“The boy and the dog disappeared together, I suspect?”

“Oh, no! I missed Turco while I was still talking to him; and besides, he is to come to Bedford Square this afternoon, to be paid for showing me the way. For I have lost my purse also,” concluded Jeanne, looking rather ashamed of herself.

“Then you may depend upon it that the boy has got your purse as well as your dog, and I shall be very much astonished if you ever see him again.”

“Poor boy!” sighed Jeanne. “He said he was a thief.”

“Capital! And so your sympathies were aroused, and no doubt you would have given him all the money you had with you if he had not helped himself to it already. That’s just the sort of way Barrington gets done. I left him, a few minutes ago, talking Italian very loud to a dirty little wretch of an organ-grinder, with an admiring assembly elbowing him. I remained for a short time while they jabbered, and shook their fingers at each other, and then, as I didn’t want to have my pocket picked, I walked on. Shall we wait for him? He was on his way to call upon you, I believe.”

“Oh, I would rather not wait! I shall go home now if you will be so kind as to call a *fiacre* for me,” answered Jeanne, feeling that she could not brave an interview with Barrington after so speedy a fulfilment of his predictions.

“Very well. Hullo!—get down, you brute!”

This last apostrophe was addressed to a large white dog, with a fragment of rope round his neck, who had suddenly darted out of a side street, and who, after knocking Mr. Leigh off the pavement, was now alternately leaping up to Jeanne’s shoulders and cringing at her feet.

“*Ah, coquin!—mauvais drôle—va!*” cried Jeanne indignantly. “I am obliged to scold him,” she explained, “or else he would allow himself to be enticed away again. Do you see how he is licking his lips? I know very well how they have managed to steal him.”

“He has probably killed somebody,” observed Leigh, “your interesting little boy, I daresay. Well, it would serve him right. Here comes Barrington, all smiles. I think I could afford to lay a shade of odds that that organ-grinder has got a sovereign out of him. I say, Barrington, could you oblige me with the loan of a pound or so?”

“My dear fellow, I can’t. I have just given away the last penny—what are you laughing at? And where has Mademoiselle de Mersac sprung from? And, oh, Turco, my esteemed friend, is that a rope I see about your neck? What in the world has been happening?”

Explanations followed, at the end of which Jeanne found herself somehow being whirled along in a hansom, with Barrington by her side, and Turco between them. Poor Mr. Leigh had presumably been left in the street, to go home, or do with himself what he pleased. Neither Jeanne nor Barrington wasted another thought upon him.

“Another time,” the latter was saying, “you will believe, perhaps, that I know something about the dangers of London. It is the greatest mercy in the world that you did not wander into some worse place than you did. There are plenty of streets in London out of which you certainly would not have been allowed to escape with your watch and

rings. I do hope you will not attempt any more journeys of discovery."

"Oh, no!" answered Jeanne with a slight shudder. "I shall never wish to be alone in the streets of this horrible town again. But it is very disagreeable to be obliged always to take some one with you when you walk out."

"Very; but I'm afraid there is no help for it. We need not speak to each other, you know, unless you like."

Jeanne did not understand anything in the form of "chaff," which, indeed, is a product indigenous to British soil.

"That would be very absurd," she answered seriously. Then, after a moment's hesitation, "I do not know anything of English customs," she added. "With us it would not be considered *convenable* that I should go about with you like this. In the country it was perhaps a little different; but here—"

"Aunt Susan approves of it," replied Barrington; "and I can assure you that Aunt Susan never violates the proprieties. And, besides, we are such old friends."

"Yes," answered Jeanne rather absently. And after that not another word was said until the hansom drew up in Bedford Square.

A carriage was standing before Miss Barrington's door, from which a lady was deliberately alighting with the assistance of a gentleman on one side and a footman on the other.

"It is the Seymours—my sister and her husband, you know," Barrington said rather ruefully. "They are come to lunch. What an awful, *awful* bore! Well, Amelia, how are you to-day? How do, Seymour?"

"I am very much out of sorts," Mr. Seymour was beginning; but his wife broke in, before he had half finished his sentence, with,

"Harry, what are you doing in London at this time of year? I thought you never, by any chance, came up before May."

"Oh, yes, I do!" answered Barrington, looking a little annoyed. "Of course I do. Why, I am always coming up to have my hair cut—and things. I want to introduce you to Mademoiselle de Mersac, who is staying with Aunt Susan. Seymour, let me introduce you to Mademoiselle de Mersac."

Mr. Seymour made a clutch at his hat. He was a little, woe-begone, colorless man, with watery blue eyes and thin whiskers, which hung dejectedly down from his hollow cheeks.

"You must find this climate very trying, coming from the warm south," he said in a plaintive, sing-song voice.

Mrs. Seymour, tall, hook-nosed, lackadaisical, and very expensively dressed, said nothing, except, "How do you do?" and stood, with her head on one side, leaning lightly against the area railings. What Mrs. Seymour was thinking was, "This will never, never do! What can Aunt Susan be thinking of to let Harry go driving about with that too lovely girl! And he who is so susceptible too! This must be put a stop to at once."

And then the door was opened, and they all went into the house together.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH BARRINGTON DISPLAYS MUCH TACT.

"WELL, Amelia," said Miss Barrington, as she took her place at the head of the luncheon-table, "and how are you? Very ill, I suppose, eh?"

"Thank you, I have been particularly well lately—for me," answered Mrs. Seymour in a feeble, drawling voice. "I am not free from pain, of course; but that is nothing. You, I know, never believe in anybody's being ill unless they have small-pox, or typhus fever, or something of that kind."

"I have been miserably seedy the last few days," began Mr. Seymour, but nobody noticed him; so he sighed and relapsed into silence.

"Well, you know, Amelia," Miss Barrington was saying, "I have always maintained that imagination has more to do with most illnesses than is generally supposed. I have noticed that people who haven't time to be ill always manage to keep in good health. Look at statesmen, and judges, and barristers in large practice, for instance. You never hear of one of them being kept to his room, unless it is by a touch of the gout."

"Oh, but they are picked men, you know; otherwise they would not be where they are," protested Mr. Seymour.

"Perhaps so; but that would not prevent them having occasional colds, and headaches, and so on, like the rest of the world. They don't think about them, that's all. Don't you know that it is an acknowledged fact that by fixing your whole mind upon your little finger for an hour you can make it ache most horribly? And then everybody has heard of the man who was taken into what they told him was the cholera ward in the hospital, and who incontinently took the cholera, and died, though there had not been a single case of it in the town up to that time. And there was the man whom they bled to death at Berlin by blindfolding him, pricking his arm with a pin, and letting drops of warm water trickle slowly down it, assuring him all the time that he was gradually sinking. Never mind, Amelia, don't be offended. Have a mutton-chop."

"No, thank you" (with a slight shudder).

"Curry, then? Oh, no, of course you can't eat curry. Earnest, will you see if there is any thing on the table that your wife can eat."

"I really—I am afraid—it's of no consequence, you know, but—" stammered Mr. Seymour deprecatingly.

"My dear Earnest, don't apologize. Ring the bell, Harry, and we will order something suitable for invalids. What shall it be, Amelia? Beef-tea?"

"Oh, dear no, thank you," murmured Mrs. Seymour, with half-closed eyes. "I have not been able to stand beef-tea for months. Pray don't trouble about me."

"Well, you can't live without nourishment of some sort or kind," observed Miss Barrington. "Tapioca pudding?—toast-and-water?—gruel?—Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica?—Cockle's pills?—only tell us what you are accustomed to sustain life upon, and I have no doubt Bloomsbury will be able to produce it in a quarter of an hour."

Finally Mrs. Seymour said she thought she could manage a cup of tea and a biscuit; and then Miss Barrington turned to Jeanne.

"So you have been out for a walk already, I hear," said she. "Where did Harry pick you up? At the police-station, as he predicted?"

"No; it has not been quite so bad as

that," answered Jeanne, smiling; "but I have been very much frightened, and I shall never walk out in London alone again. I lost my way almost immediately, and found myself in a terrible part of the town, where they stole my purse and tried to steal Turco, and from which I should never have escaped, I believe, if it had not been for—"

"Harry, of course," interrupted Miss Barrington with one of her short laughs.

"No; a ragged little boy—or man—I could not say which he was, who showed me the way back to a street where there were cabs, and then ran off without waiting to be paid. I told him to call here this afternoon, because I had lost my purse, and had nothing to give him; but Mr. Leigh thinks he will not come."

"I don't know," said Barrington reflectively. "Having already possessed himself of your purse, he may very probably feel a hankering after your watch also. I should say he will turn up, as likely as not, in the course of the day, keep you engaged in interesting conversation, while he slips any little articles of value that may happen to be lying handy into his pocket, and takes a few mental notes of the arrangements of the house, so that he and some fellow-ruffians may the more easily make their way into it to-morrow night, and empty the plate-chest."

"All right," said Miss Barrington. "Let him show himself here, and he shall be handed over to the police."

"Then I hope he will not come," said Jeanne. "I should be sorry to get him into trouble. I dare say he is a thief, but I don't think it was he who tried to steal Turco; and could you expect any boy to be honest living in that terrible place? It made me feel quite ill only to see it, and to breathe the air."

"No!—did it?" exclaimed Mr. Seymour eagerly. "How did it make you feel? A sort of swimming in the head, and then a trembling about the knees, and then a dreadful access of nausea? Was that it? Now this is very interesting; because I experienced precisely the same sensations myself, some years ago, when an old schoolfellow of mine, who has a living in the East of London, insisted upon taking me into some of the courts and alleys of his parish. It

was really too horrible! Nothing but a strong effort of will kept me from fainting away; and when we got out, I said at once, 'My dear fellow,' I said, 'here's ten pounds; and when you want more, you know, I shall always be delighted to help you to the best of my poor ability. But you must never expect me to do this again—you really must not.' And then I went home, and was exceedingly unwell all night. It is curious how anything in the form of a bad smell upsets me directly. I recollect once—it was very awkward—I was walking with a lady in Rome, and we came to a place where they were cleaning out a sewer. I simply turned my head away, and was violently sick. I apologized, of course, and felt dreadfully ashamed of myself; but really it was no fault of mine."

"How very unpleasant! I wish you would reserve these charming reminiscences for some time when one does not happen to be eating, Ernest," said Miss Barrington.

Whereupon Mr. Seymour meekly begged pardon, and said no more. He was accustomed to snubs from all quarters, and did not much mind them now.

"You have not told us yet where you met Harry," said Mrs. Seymour, suddenly straightening herself up in her chair. And Jeanne wondered why this languid, die-away lady should look at her so oddly.

"I do not know where it was," she replied. "It was in a street—or rather in a sort of dirty little *place*—"

"Seven Dials, Amelia, if you insist upon accuracy," put in Barrington.

"And I was talking to Mr. Leigh, whom I had just met, and wondering how I should get back here. And then Mr. Barrington came up; and so we took a street-carriage, and returned."

"I see," said Mrs. Seymour dryly, and sank back in her chair again. She could not have said "I disapprove" more plainly.

Nobody spoke for a minute; and then Miss Barrington broke the silence by asking Jeanne if she was fond of music, "because," said she, "I took three tickets some time ago for a concert that is to be given to-day, meaning them for you and myself, and for anybody else who might turn up—Harry, perhaps.

And now I don't see how I can possibly contrive to go there, for I must be five miles away from St. James's Hall at half past four. But I should like you to go, if it could be managed. It will be something for you to do, and there will be some really good music. Harry, I wish you would take Mademoiselle de Mersac."

"I should like nothing better," answered Barrington. But he could not help looking a little surprised; and Mrs. Seymour's forehead became lined with horizontal wrinkles.

"Don't make faces, Amelia dear," said Miss Barrington quietly. "Of course I meant that you should go too."

"I go to a concert! My dear Aunt Susan! Really!"

Mrs. Seymour's voice rang out quite clear and strong, so deep was her sense of the want of common feeling implied in such a proposition.

"Then Ernest shall go."

A deprecating murmur from Mr. Seymour died away unheeded.

"Yes, that will be the best plan. Somebody really must go, you know; it would be absurd to pay for three tickets and never use them. Ernest, my dear fellow, it will do you all the good in the world. You will enjoy yourself immensely once you are in the concert-room. You shall be driven there in the carriage, and you can keep both the windows up if you like; and when you arrive there, you know, you can roll yourself up in great-coats and rugs and things; and I have got an old black velvet skull-cap upstairs, which used to belong to my father, and which I will lend you for the afternoon. Altogether, I think you will have quite a treat. The carriage will be round in a quarter of an hour, Mademoiselle Jeanne, so if you want to change your dress we will excuse you."

Jeanne took advantage of this permission; and when she came downstairs again she found the small party assembled in the drawing-room. Mrs. Seymour was lying on a sofa, with her eyes closed. Her husband, carefully wrapped up, was looking dismally out of the window, and Barrington was holding a whispered colloquy with his aunt.

"Now you may as well make a start," said the latter briskly. "Good-by, all

of you ; and I shall expect you at dinner, remember, Harry." And so the trio went downstairs. But just as they were leaving the house Miss Barrington's voice was heard again, from the landing, calling "Harry ! Harry !"

"What's the matter, Aunt Susan ?"

"I only wanted to remind you that, in case Ernest faints during the performance, there is a nice pump on the cabstand outside—quite handy."

"I must confess," observed Mr. Seymour, with a somewhat heightened color, as the carriage drove away from the door, "that I find it a little difficult to be amused by your aunt's jokes. They may be very funny, but I am unable to see it. Perhaps, though, that may be because I am too advanced in life ; for her pleasantries always strike me as being, like the grammars and atlases one sees advertised, specially adapted for the use of schools."

And with this mild shaft of sarcasm the ill-used Ernest leaned back upon the carriage-cushions and fell into a moody silence. Only once in the course of the afternoon did he address Jeanne again, and that was to recur to the same subject.

"I am very glad Miss Barrington is not with us," he said. "If she had been, I should hardly have been able to stand this heat and noise. She means well ; but really her ways of going on are too, *too* trying to the nerves. Amelia and I think it our duty to go and see her occasionally ; but I can assure you that the duty is a most painful one to me."

Poor Mr. Seymour had been ridden over rough-shod by Miss Barrington ever since his marriage. He had never attempted to withstand her, and only sometimes, if he were goaded beyond endurance, took refuge in flight from her presence. Amelia, however, was somewhat less submissive ; and was, indeed, at this very moment, engaged in taking the terrible Aunt Susan to task in a tone which her husband would never have dared to use.

"I think it is foolish, Aunt Susan," she was saying. "Of course you can do as you like ; but if you ask my opinion, I must give it, and I think it is foolish."

"I don't remember having asked your opinion, my dear."

"You asked me what I thought of the girl."

"Yes ; and you said she was pretty. 'Pretty,' indeed ! Why she is simply one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw in my life ! And upon the strength of her being 'pretty' you proceed to call me a fool for having her in the house."

"I never said that, Aunt Susan. I said I thought it foolish to let her drive about London alone with Harry. And I think so still."

Mrs. Amelia had a good supply of quiet obstinacy always at command. As she fell back upon the sofa-cushions, and shut her eyes, there came a certain look into her face which Miss Barrington knew well, and which convinced her that further argument would be thrown away upon this stubborn invalid.

"Well, well," she said, "it is not a matter of any very great importance. I don't suppose either of them can have got much harm from driving in a hansom from St. Giles's to Bedford Square."

"Oh, no, very likely not. Only I think, for the girl's own sake, that it is a pity to allow that kind of thing to go on. And Harry is so impulsive."

"Not he, my dear ! Susceptible he may be ; but if ever there was a man who habitually looked before he leaped, that man is your brother. A little more impulsiveness would do him no harm."

"Well, Aunt Susan, I can do no more than warn you. If any trouble comes of this—"

"Now, Amelia, I am not going to be lectured. I like having beautiful things and beautiful people about me ; and I don't see why I shouldn't gratify my taste when I can—and that is not every day, let me tell you. Harry is old enough to take care of himself ; and as for Mademoiselle de Mersac, she is engaged to be married. So you see there is no necessity for your fretting yourself into an illness on account of either of them."

"Oh, well, if she is engaged that is another thing. But are you quite sure about it ?"

"Perfectly sure. I am not such a fool as I look, my good Amelia ; and I

should have thought you might have known me better than to suppose that I should take up so dangerous a pastime as match-making at my time of life."

This speech was a trifle disingenuous; but it had the desired effect of quieting Mrs. Seymour, who, shortly after this, fell asleep on her sofa, and was left, without any ceremony, by her hostess.

Late that same evening, when Barrington, who had dined in Bedford Square, and had spent a long time in the drawing-room after dinner, had at last said "Good-night," Miss Barrington took Jeanne's breath away by saying abruptly, and without any introductory observations, "If I were you I should throw over that Frenchman."

"I cannot," answered Jeanne in an odd, despairing sort of tone. She had been taken by surprise, and spoke as she would hardly have done if she had had a moment of warning; but the other did not notice—or, at all events, did not seem to notice—anything unusual in her manner.

"Oh! dear me, yes, you can," she rejoined. "I'll tell you what you can't do: you can't get rid of a man when once you are married to him—unless, of course, he beats you, and runs away with somebody else's wife, and even then your Church won't set you free of him. Well, it's no business of mine. Good-night, my dear."

And so this imprudent old woman went off to bed, having succeeded in sowing such a crop of disturbing thoughts as effectually banished sleep from her guest's pillow for the best part of the night.

Barrington went to his club, and finding Mr. Leigh, as he had expected, in the smoking-room, threw himself down in an easy-chair beside that good-natured gentleman, and said, "Leigh, old chap, I want you to come with me to Kew Gardens to-morrow."

"Good Lord! Kew Gardens! What on earth for? What do they keep in Kew Gardens? Monkeys and things?"

"Upon my word, Leigh, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you never saw the hot-houses at Kew it is high time that you should be shown them. I am going there to-morrow with my aunt and Mademoiselle de Mer-

sac, and you shall come too, and make up the *partie carrée*."

"No, I won't—I'll be hanged if I will!" returned Mr. Leigh with some warmth. "Why the deuce should I be put to stew for hours in a green-house with an old woman because you want to carry on one of your interminable flirtations? You may look out for somebody else; I'm not going with you."

"Now, now, Leigh, don't be rude, and don't lose your temper. It will open your mind to see the Gardens; and as for my aunt, she is universally admitted to be one of the most entertaining old ladies in England."

"Hate old ladies, and don't want my mind opened," returned Leigh concisely, blowing out a cloud of smoke, and watching it drift slowly upward. "How abominably badly ventilated this room is!"

"Yes, it is unhealthy; and you are here a great deal too much. A little suburban air would do you no end of good. Come now, old man, you might as well be accommodating for once."

"Dash it all! I'm always being accommodating; and precious little thanks I get! Now look here, Barrington; if I go with you to that confounded place to-morrow I shall expect you to leave me in peace afterward. I am not going to be let in for this kind of thing again. I shouldn't mind putting myself to inconvenience for a fellow who was awfully hard hit, and wanted a chance of getting a few words alone with a girl every now and then; but that isn't your case at all. You have been spending whole days with Mademoiselle de Mersac ever since she came to England. There was nothing on earth, that I can see, to have prevented you proposing to her last winter in Algiers; there is nothing to prevent you proposing to her now. But I don't believe you ever will. You prefer to hang on and hang on, settling nothing, and making everybody uncomfortable; and one of these fine mornings you'll find the young lady will marry some one else; and then you'll raise a tremendous hullabaloo, and swear she's deserted you, and broken your heart. I call that sort of thing simply sickening."

"Ah! but you don't quite understand," observed Barrington placidly.

And then Mr. Leigh, who was not in the best of tempers, got up, crossed the room, and sat down beside another man.

He kept his promise of joining the party to Kew Gardens on the following day; but he did not, in the sequel, prove true to the determination he had expressed of taking part in no more such expeditions. An appeal to his good nature and friendship was generally enough to send him sighing off to the Crystal Palace, to Richmond Hill, to half a dozen places which, at that time of year, were not very attractive in themselves, and for which poor Leigh, then and there, conceived a hatred which time has never been able to efface.

But the services of this faithful friend were not demanded every day. Barrington was a man of many resources and a very large acquaintance, and, by the aid of one stratagem or another, contrived not only to secure a chaperon for Mademoiselle de Mersac during her daily wanderings, but also to provide that chaperon with a more or less suitable companion. Thus privacy was insured, propriety respected, and the cavillings of Amelia stifled in their birth. By a triumph of diplomacy Amelia herself was made use of upon more than one occasion. It was Amelia who sat, for over an hour, beside Miss Barrington, at the Exhibition of Old Masters, talking about the disputed causes of atrophy, while her brother and Jeanne were at the other end of the gallery, not looking at the pictures at all. It was Amelia again who mounted guard over the same couple during a long wet afternoon in Bedford Square, when Miss Barrington was, as usual, out, and who allowed her attention to be entirely taken off her duties by the conversation of a German physician—a most interesting man, whom Harry had known, some years back, on the Continent, and whom he had thoughtfully invited to meet his sister. Mr. Seymour, too, had to take his share of escort duty, as had many others, none of whom—he it said to the credit of Barrington's adroitness—ever imagined that they were acting in obedience to any other will than their own.

Jeanne, at all events, for one, had no idea of the schemes and plots that were required to bring about those long and

delightful interviews with Barrington to which she looked forward every morning on waking, and remembered regretfully every night before going to sleep. Everything seemed to fall out quite naturally in the manner most agreeable to her; everybody appeared determined that the few days, or weeks, of her stay in London should be made as pleasant for her as possible; her hostess was kindness itself, and Barrington was as devoted as a man could be. It was a cheerful, busy, novel kind of life to her, and she would have been perfectly happy in it, for a time, if only she could have managed to banish all memory of Saint-Luc from her mind.

Meanwhile the natural termination of this little comedy was drawing nearer day by day, and it came at last, as such terminations often do, somewhat abruptly and without any premeditation on the part of the chief actor. It fell out that, on a certain frosty, starry evening, Barrington and Jeanne found themselves at the entrance of the famous Long Walk in Windsor Park. Under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, who by skilful strategy had been cajoled into braving the risks of the expedition, they had been spending the day in the royal borough. They had duly visited the state apartments of the Castle; they had surveyed the wide prospect of river, town, and meadow from the terrace; they had attended the afternoon service at St. George's; and now Barrington had at last persuaded his sister and her husband to seek the warmth and repose which they so much needed in a hotel before setting out upon the return journey to London. There would be just time before the train left for Mademoiselle de Mersac to get a glimpse of the Great Park, and she certainly ought not to leave Windsor without seeing it. As for its being pitch dark, that did not signify in the least; starlight was rather an advantage to winter scenery. So Jeanne received a reluctant permission to go; and she and her escort were soon standing, with the Castle at their backs, facing the long vista and the equestrian statue at the end of it. That triumph of the sculptor's art was barely distinguishable in the darkness; but the straight line of the three-mile avenue, with its row of elms on either side, was clear enough,

and Jeanne endeavored to express that admiration of its effect which she supposed was expected of her.

"It is magnificent in summer, I have no doubt," said she, with an upward glance at the bare boughs which were swaying and creaking with the rising wind; "but do you not think it is a little melancholy now?"

"Melancholy? Well, yes, I dare say it is rather," answered Barrington absently. His thoughts were not in the Long Walk at that moment.

"For myself, I am not very fond of avenues at any time," resumed Jeanne. "I like much better the winding roads of your English parks, which generally manage to keep you out of sight of the house till you are close upon it. There is something rather depressing in driving for three miles in a straight line, with the object of your drive before you all the time, and growing bigger and bigger as you approach it. One feels as though one had a task to accomplish, and one longs to get to the end of it. In France there is hardly a château but has its avenue; not so long as this, certainly, still long enough, very often, to seem interminable. Most of them are bordered by lime trees, but some have poplars, which is terrible. It is impossible to imagine anything more gloomy than a French château during the autumn and winter. Most of us, you know, do not make our homes in the country, as you do. It is only those who cannot afford to go away who remain on their estates all the year round; and when the summer is over, and their guests have gone away, they usually dismiss a number of their servants. Then the avenue is deep with fallen leaves, which nobody takes the trouble to sweep away; at the end of it is the house, generally half shut up; everything is silence and sleep and decay. I do not know how I could bear to live in such a place!" she concluded with a shudder.

Barrington had never been told before that M. de Saint-Luc was the owner of a château; but he felt sure of it now.

"I don't think," said he, "that you ever will live in such a place."

"How can you tell?"

"At all events nothing obliges you to do so."

She made no reply.

"Where would you like best to live—in England or in Algeria? What I should prefer would be to spend the summer and autumn, and perhaps just a little bit of the winter, in England; then go to Algiers, and remain there till May, when it would be time to do a few weeks of Paris and London."

"Yes, that would be perfect."

"I should think it perfect if you were with me."

These last words were spoken in a very low voice—not too low, however, to reach their destination, for Barrington was standing very close to Jeanne at the time, and as he stopped speaking his hand somehow found its way into hers. And so, for a couple of seconds or so, they remained, neither of them showing any inclination to speak. Then Jeanne started and drew back.

"We shall miss the train. Let us go," she said in a rather unsteady voice.

"Not till you have told me with your own lips that you love me, Jeanne—not till you have promised that we shall never part again in our lives, and that you will not allow any one or anything to come between us any more."

The floodgates of Barrington's speech were loosed now, and set free a torrent of glib words. Having at last made up his mind to speak plainly, he appreciated to the full the exquisite pleasure of pouring his love-tale into Jeanne's own ears; and, as he was not hampered by any of the doubts which usually impede the eloquence of lovers, his avowal progressed without any hitch, and was quite a model of poetical and graceful diction. It was all such plain sailing! Long ago he had been perfectly well aware, in his heart, that Jeanne loved him; it only remained now for him to declare his own passion; and, as he did so, he could see, even in that dim light, that her face softened, that a smile hovered about her lips—he almost thought he could detect a gathering moisture in her eyes.

Great, then, were his astonishment and consternation at the answer which fell upon his ears when he had finished speaking.

"Mr. Barrington," said Jeanne, in her gravest and most composed manner, "I am very grateful to you for all the

kind things you have said, but what you wish for cannot be. It is impossible."

Had her suitor been a little less prolix she would probably have replied to him after a different fashion; but he had given her time to think, and to remember both her engagement to Saint-Luc and its cause.

"You forget that I am not free," she said.

"Is that all? Is it only that?"

"It should have been enough, I think, to prevent you from speaking as you did just now."

"Oh! but that is ridiculous—it really is. I know that you are engaged, in a sort of a way, to that fellow, but I also know that you don't care a brass farthing for him; and you are not yet married to him, thank God! If you do not love me you have only to say so, and no harm will have been done; but if you do, you will be inflicting the greatest injury in your power upon me and upon yourself—yes, and upon Saint-Luc too—by concealing it."

Barrington's tone was hardly that of a suppliant. All his life long it had been his habit, if he did not at once get what he wanted, to order it rather than beg for it; and he was displaying this tendency now more plainly than he was aware of.

Jeanne, however, scarcely noticed this, being fully taken up with her own perplexity and trouble. In her heart she was rather of Barrington's opinion, and was inclined to think that she ought to tell him all the truth; but then there was that unfortunate debt of Léon's which must be spoken of first, and, at the moment, she could not bring herself to do this. So, having no words at command by means of which she might make Barrington understand that she wanted time to think before giving him a direct answer, she cut the knot of the

difficulty in a very simple manner. She turned, and walked back toward the town as fast as she could go.

Barrington could only follow her, and, as he caught her up, he did manage to whisper a few pleas and remonstrances. But she answered never a word, and he soon subsided into silence; for how is it possible to make love while hurrying, at the rate of a good four miles an hour, through streets illuminated by gas-lamps and lighted shop-windows, and tolerably full of foot passengers? Barrington gave it up; but he was highly incensed, and not at all inclined to put up with the scolding which his sister was even now rehearsing in anticipation of his return to the White Hart.

"Really this is *too* bad!" cried that injured lady when the delinquents made their appearance. "Harry, are you aware that you have made us miss the train, and that we shall very likely have to stay here all night, without so much as a hair-brush or a clean collar among us?"

"Nonsense, Amelia. There is another train in half an hour, and you will be home by dinner-time. Don't make a fuss about nothing."

Mrs. Seymour was scared into silence by the unexpected sternness of this rejoinder; but when she was once more at home with her husband she expressed her opinion of Barrington's behavior in no measured terms.

"I believe he made us late purposely," she said; "and as for that horrid girl, I shall not be taken in by her a second time. This morning she was trying to make friends with me, and I really began to think that I had done her an injustice, and was sorry I had written to the Ashleys about it all. But now I am very glad that I did; and I do hope that they will manage between them to bring Harry to his senses."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ON THE ART OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE IN WATER-COLORS.*

BY WALTER SEVERN.

THE art of sketching directly from nature in water-colors has, until recent

years, belonged almost exclusively to England, and we associate with it such well-known names as Cox, De Wint, Müller, and Cotman, whose best works may be said to partake more of the character of

* A Lecture delivered at the London Institution in December, 1879.

out-door studies, *possessing a certain completeness*, than of finished pictures.* The distinction between *completeness* and *finish* emphasizes what I am going to say in my lecture.

To paint what I call a complete sketch it is necessary to catch nature, as it were, and reproduce her in one particular mood. This is by no means an easy task in a changeable climate like ours, and requires both dexterity and rapidity—qualities so obviously necessary that even Professor Ruskin, who has written so usefully about careful work and finish, now says (in his "Laws of Fesole") that "good painting can only be acquired by rapid and various practice from nature."

It will be my endeavor to explain how rapidity of execution can best be attained.

It is reported of Fuseli, the R.A., that in reply to some question as to his mode of painting he said: "First I sits myself down—then I works myself up—then I throws in my shades—then I pulls out my lights." I propose for the introductory part of my lecture to make use of these quaint utterances of the eccentric academician.

First, with regard to sitting down. I wish to impress upon those who paint out of doors how necessary it is to be comfortably seated, and to have all their appliances in what is called "ship-shape" round about them; any mishap, such as upsetting a water-bottle, or losing brushes in the grass, may prove serious in working upon a changing cloud or fleeting shadow. The new four-legged stools are very much more comfortable than those with three legs, and capital easels of all kinds and sizes are now made. Except for small drawings, some kind of easel is indispensable; and I generally use a second camp-stool to hold my box and water, finding that I can paint more rapidly and earnestly with both hands free. Believe me that you will find painting quite difficult enough without making it more difficult by a want of comfort. I once discovered a young lady on the small balcony at the very top

of St. Peter's, leaning against the rails with her box and dip at her feet, trying to paint a general view of Rome upon a loose bit of paper! It is the lady artists more especially who try to paint out of doors without any of the necessary appliances, to the detriment both of their painting and their health. I don't think that any of the writers on painting, not excepting Mr. Hamerton, have said half enough on this subject. Let amateurs who discard comfort take a lesson from a professional painter like Millais, who, when he is going to paint a landscape, does not hesitate to have a house built, with a plate-glass window and a fireplace.

Of course there are some who will reply to all this, "Oh! I can do well enough;" but I am addressing myself to those who want to do more than well enough.

Obtain, if possible, chairs or anything you want from a neighboring house, and get your things carried if you have far to go. Hire a carriage if you are not a good walker. It is useless trying to paint if you arrive at your destination hot and tired; and don't sit too long at one drawing; a period of two hours and a half or three hours is quite sufficient for one sitting. Of course in sunshine you must have an umbrella, unless you have already chosen a shady place.

Secondly. In regard to working one's self up, I think it will be admitted that the student is more likely to excel if he is pleased with his subject (perhaps I ought to say "she" with so many ladies present). The true artist ought to feel some sort of excitement or enthusiasm when looking at a beautiful scene, and as this feeling is not likely to exist when looking at an ugly or commonplace subject, I say—leave it alone. You should read in Sir Joshua Reynolds's wonderful lectures his strictures upon those artists who devote time and talent to unworthy subjects. As to the very important question of choosing subjects, I shall have something to say as we go on.

Thirdly. With reference to throwing in the shades, you will readily understand what an important part of painting this is. It may be said of all parts of a picture that they ought not to look painted; but it may be said emphatically of shadows. Remember that shadows are caused by the absence of direct

* There are some capital examples of both kinds of art in the present Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, where the sketchy bold work of some Dutch artists is brought into striking contrast with the elaborate finish of some of our English water-colors.

light, and that a shadow on the ground or on trees represents a part of the landscape as it would appear without direct sunlight. This will prevent you from making your shadows too black or dark—a very common fault. I have been speaking chiefly of surface shadows, not darkness produced by hollows or projections. These are different, and you should observe, when painting rocks or cliffs, that in every hole or crack the shade will be full of reflected light from the ground and near objects—especially if the day is sunny—and all the upper edges will have cold bluish lights from the sky above.

Tennyson describes a cave thus illuminated :

"The green light from the meadows underneath
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs."*

In the afternoon and at sunrise, when the sun's light passes through a medium which absorbs the blue rays, and the lights on the earth become warm, the shadows may be cool, but generally, and certainly in broad daylight, the shadows are warm. (I will try to explain presently about warm and cold colors.) The distant shadows on hills and cliffs often appear to be more blue than they really are, especially to beginners. Rose madder, light red, or vermilion will neutralize the blue, and even a little yellow may at times be necessary ; but the greatest care must be taken to preserve an even surface in shadows ; ragged shadows will spoil any drawing.

What makes near surface shadows often appear so very distinct is not that they are especially dark, but that they are in strong contrast with the surrounding light. To get this contrast I think the shadows must be painted as transparently as possible, and a small amount of body color may be mixed with the lights. Take, for example, a road or path with the sun shining down upon it and upon groups of animals and figures ; the transparent shadows may be made to "tell" in a very decided way by using a *souffron* of white in painting the sunny roadway. Except in this way I scarcely ever use any body color.

In regard to *lights*, I may mention that

* Here the lecturer exhibited a diagram and several pictures to explain the marked effect of reflected light in shadows.

in water-color painting there are three, or I may say four, ways of rendering lights, called, technically, "leaving out," "rubbing out," "scraping," and "putting on with body color." These methods are quite distinct, and the adoption of any particular one makes it necessary to use particular paper. Paper that is absorbing, like Harding's, takes body color readily, but won't stand scraping out, so I generally use "*thin rough* Whatman," which, when it is pasted down upon a strained piece of paper, or card-board, will stand anything. Most artists keep their sketches and paint pictures from them, but I think it is advisable now and then to convert a sketch from nature (perhaps one larger than your usual size) into a finished picture. You will find that you work more systematically and carefully if you have this end in view, and you should make separate studies to aid you in carrying out any particular idea. I think it is easier to scrape out a small light than to leave it, or you can leave it partially and then get the part into shape by scraping, and you can easily get any scraped part smooth and even by *stippling*.

This brings me to a process which all students ought to practise. By the aid of stippling you can get evenness and flatness, and also distance, finish, and texture. You can imitate smoke or foam, rough wood or stone. There is fine stippling as well as coarse, and *hatching*, a still coarser process. The finer stippling is done by filling up with rather a dry brush every light speck or inequality, and modifying every dark mark until the whole surface looks even and uniform. Any background done in this way will make objects which are left or erased stand out very plainly. Rubbing and taking out may be done softly with leather and more roughly with rags ; and of course india-rubber, and bread, will take out any part of the color which has been wetted.

I think it is very important to have plenty of rags—nice old soft rags—and never to use them after they are soiled. Bear in mind that both lights and darks tell more if carefully graduated. Model drawing will teach you much in this way. Mr. Ruskin describes how Turner used to drive the wet color to the edge of a dark or light, although he was not given

to many dodges. Keep your lights clean and tone them down gradually. A small amount of bright paint used with much water is often more valuable than a large quantity of dull color. Thus vermilion and bright yellow may be used (sparingly, of course) even for skies of the palest hue.

I will now say a few words about "glazing," or putting one color over another instead of mixing them. We will suppose you want to produce a very bright violet; you will find that you can only do this by glazing the blue over the lake when dry. If you mix the two first, the violet will not be nearly so luminous and bright. I believe it was discovered by the great masters of the Venetian School that this system of glazing was important, not only to secure brilliancy, but to insure permanence; chemical changes are apt to take place if colors are too much mixed.

I don't deny that it is much more difficult to obtain a given tint by glazing several colors over each other than by mixing them first and getting the tint on the paper at once; but practice makes perfect, and I believe that a sketch from nature will often lack freshness and brilliancy if all glazing is ignored. Let us apply the system to fields or distant sunny slopes, or masses of trees in sunshine. What I mean is that you ought not to paint them positive green all at once. It is better to put the green, which by itself does not convey the idea of sunshine, over warm colors.

I may give another example—some cold colored stones, or buildings, or let us take a *slate roof*. If you try to match the color at once you will not get it to look nearly so sunny as if you paint first with pink and yellow, and then glaze with blue or gray, adding a *soufflé* of white paint.

As we possess warm and cold, transparent and opaque colors, I say we should use them in the way most likely to aid the artifice of painting. I do not agree with the theory that shadows and lights should be painted in exactly the same way. On the contrary, I think the student should try to vary his methods, just in the same way that an engraver uses dots, lines, and irregular work, to imitate flesh, drapery, or foliage.

I agree with Mr. Ruskin that placing

transparent and opaque colors in juxtaposition should not be carried too far, so as to become a mannerism or a trick; still I think all students should bear in mind that *variety of treatment is the direct means of securing variety of effects*.

Perhaps it is as well that I should try to explain by a simple example what is meant by warm and cold colors or tints. Look at a plant in a window from inside a room; you will quickly observe that there is a marked contrast between the leaves *through which the sun shines* and *those upon which the light strikes*. To represent the former, which are warm, I think you must generally have recourse to glazing, because the leaves, although green, look positively hot as compared to those upon which the light shines. You can get this warm appearance by glazing green over orange or yellow.*

Remember that light shining through any semi-transparent object is warm. This accounts for the salmon colors, and even red, below cold clouds, and bottle green in the most frigid of waves; try even thin marble of the coldest hue, and the effect is the same, because, as my friend Mr. Norman Lockyer observes, in his interesting notes in *Nature* on the Academy pictures, semi-transparent objects absorb the blue rays.

I ought to mention that a warm color may become cold if you put a hotter color next to it. Color must always be relative as compared to form.

To the uninitiated a field may appear all one uniform green, a heathery moor all pinky violet; but these are only the surfaces; look closely, and underneath you will find plenty of warm yellow and brown. Every tuft, every sprig of heath is a miniature plant in the window.

I will now say a few words about *tones*. Nothing is more puzzling to beginners than to determine between two very opposite colors as to which is the darkest *in tone*, or, to use a long word, *monochromatically*. Instead of merely observing whether a thing is brown, or green, or blue, you should acquire the habit of

* The lecturer held up some semi-transparent papers in front of a lamp to show that they looked warm when the light was shining through them, and cold with the light upon them—an experiment that any one can try by holding up the covers of this magazine against the light.

judging whether it is warm or cold, and *what is its tone* in relation to objects near.

This is of so much importance to secure the *completeness* or *truth*, of which I spoke at the beginning of my lecture, that you should try for a few seconds to look at nature with the eyes of an engraver, who has to copy a colored picture without colors. The use of slightly gray spectacles will help you to do this. I use them also to keep off the glare of the white paper when I am first drawing my subject. One of the most serious mistakes made in reference to tone is that of making a dark red setting sun darker than the sky through which it shines. It is quite possible, however, to have such a sun darker in tone than clouds situated higher in the sky above the dark atmosphere, through which the sun is shining.

You cannot have a better study of tones than snow-covered ground (especially in the evening) or our beautiful white chalk cliffs. The tone of these, especially if in half shade against the sky, is difficult to paint. Indeed if you can do this correctly I think you don't want to learn any more about *tones*; but if you study the cliffs—and I may mention that it is very important to make a careful study of all objects before you attempt to paint them—you will notice that every projection has several faces which take different shades with different reflected lights from all sides. You will also observe that all holes or hollow places are full of warm reflected light from below, which, if not painted correctly, will prevent the cliffs from looking white. Don't try to paint the cliffs white all at once, but get the general warm coloring first, and then the angles which reflect the cold gray or bluish color from the sky. Body color white is peculiarly adapted to the colder parts, as it is actually of a chalky nature, but very little of it is sufficient.

I am now going to approach a somewhat alarming subject, namely, *perspective*, but instead of telling you what you can read in any treatise on the subject, and taking you through those awful problems and journeys from A B C through the point K to D E F, and puzzling you with a multitude of lines, I propose to show you a simple rule—a

carpenter's rule, with which you can measure correctly any angle required and trace it on to your paper. My folding rules are made by Kemp & Co., No. 9 Holden Terrace, Victoria Station; but any folding rule held up to the angles of a room or house will show you at once how easy it is to reproduce the object in perspective. A drawing done in this way may be tested by the ordinary rules, and will be found to be absolutely correct. Of course there are other measurements that must be done by other methods, but the angles formed by lines converging to a point of sight are the most important.

As to measuring, I am pleased to find that our great art critic now permits us to measure as much as we like.

I think even tracing may be done if it will help to secure correct drawing. It was only by tracing one side after getting the other as correct as possible that I was able to draw those exquisitely-formed domes near Cairo, called the tombs of the califs. It is by thus *halving* any equal-sided figure you can get it correct.

Let us now discuss what we should select to paint.

The most important thing is to select subjects which have what the Italians call a "*motivo*." Some feature which attracts the attention, some marked light or dark, something that will give special interest to your drawing. Without this the most praiseworthy sketch may be tame and uninteresting. Sometimes the motive may be twofold. Try to make your drawing tell a story. A ray of sun, a shadow, or shower, or a rainbow may appear opportunely. To do these you must be rapid, so take care that your apparatus is complete and simple. Sun, wind, and rain may prove awkward customers, and as to *midges*—without a veil they will crush you! With Mr. Fenn's permission I will read you an extract from his delightful book, *Blind Man's Holiday*, written since the artist became blind:

"Only think of those awful midges. It is impossible to forget them, and yet the thought is maddening. The irrepressible, the insignificant, the infusorial point-like atoms! What can I say that will describe the monstrous torture to which they subject the landscape painter? He may light fires of peat all round him, he may smoke himself silly, or scratch

himself raw : he may oil himself like a salad, or bedevil himself like a kidney with all sorts of antidotes ; he may put on a mask of gauze and become a ghostly terror to the children, but he cannot defy the sting of the outrageous midge. You slaughter him by myriads ; you swallow him if you eat ; you drink him if you drink ; you paint him into your picture until, rushing madly about like an infuriated bull, you spike yourself on your own camp-stool, knock down your easel, and strangle yourself with a tent-rope."

To escape from the midges we will rush into water. In painting masses of trees or other objects reflected in water, what the poet Keats describes as

"A crystal mocking of the trees and sky,"

you will find that two or three brushes ready charged with different colors will enable you to paint the variegated downward streaks quickly, and with the blended effect they have in nature.

I think that slightly troubled water may, like almost everything else, be painted on a system, or with the knowledge of some system. If you watch a large surface of undulating waves, not caused by direct wind, you will observe that they have the appearance of hundreds of irregular diamonds or ovals, and after studying these carefully you will observe that the hollows and sides reflect separately the different objects above or opposite to them. Cliffs, trees, and clouds will all be reflected downward, in broken streaks, through these diamond-shaped hollows or oval basins.

It may sound like a paradox, but I maintain that a picture, and certainly a sketch, may *not* be an exact imitation of a scene in nature viewed from one spot, and may yet convey to the spectator a better idea of the place than a drawing done literally, or a photograph. In painting a coast scene at Kildonan in Arran, I had to move a few yards to get rid of a mass of sea-weed which would have spoiled my picture. This dark sea-weed was an accident, but the sand was a characteristic of the whole sea-shore. An artist has this great advantage over a photographer, that he can give effect to peculiar features. Sir Edwin Landseer may be quoted as the greatest example of an artist who knew exactly what to leave out.

I will now say a few words as to *washing* and *softening*.

If you find that you must take out an object which you have painted in rather strongly, use a small Turkey sponge* and blot off the color with rags. For subduing or softening, large brushes are best, and a hog's hair brush is invaluable for some kinds of work. If you want to get a large sky even and soft, it is a good plan to lay your drawing flat and work over the sky with plenty of water. By thus keeping the drawing in a horizontal position you can get wonderful softness and gradation even on rough paper. Smooth paper has its advantages, but colors certainly look more brilliant upon the thin rough Whatman paper. Some writers say that painting should be done all at once, and condemn what they call "messaging," but I am quite sure that many of the cleanest-looking drawings by some of our best artists have gone through more than one messy stage. Of course if you get a thing right it is better to leave it alone, at all events leave it until the rest of your work makes it look wrong. When a drawing has a hard and dry appearance you may treat it like a dirty child, and give it a bath, but this requires experience, and it is better to try your hand upon some old sketches first.

Not only in painting, but in everything, I think knowledge is best acquired by *actual experiments*. Don't mind a few failures : they will teach you quite as much as successes. By degrees you will acquire more and more certainty, until at last *you will know what you are going to do*. This is a sign of real advance. Never object to criticism. I have found even the remarks of children useful. Self-satisfaction is detrimental to good work. Remember that perfection is not to be attained in art—the greatest artist is always learning, and never reaches the goal toward which all his efforts are directed.

Learn to rely upon yourself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was asked by a student, going to Italy, what he ought to observe and study, and found himself greatly puzzled to answer. What he did say may be summed up as follows : "If you have no talent or genius, it does not matter what you select or study. If you have talent or genius, you will find out for yourself."

* These can be got at any chemist's.

The same great painter says in his *Discourses* (which I advise those to read who have not read them) that the rules of art are few and easily learned ; but nature is too infinitely various, too subtle, and beyond the power and retention of memory. You should therefore constantly study nature, and accumulate facts, never forgetting that all good art depends upon a subtle choice of what is most beautiful, interesting, or necessary to the work in hand. The power of selecting, and the knowledge of what is beautiful, are not easily acquired. My late sister, Mrs. Newton, who was endowed with genius and refinement, said of portrait-painting that it ought to be the "truth lovingly told." The remark applies equally to landscape painting. As it is impossible to make an exact imitation of nature, you must discriminate. If you doubt what I say about the impossibility of copying nature exactly, I will ask you to consider for a moment what millions of small objects go to make up a landscape. Think of the grass and the flowers, the fern and the heather, the trees with their innumerable leaves and branches—the earth and stones, cliffs and hills, with countless cracks and hollows all subject to different lights and shades ! or if you are a marine painter, consider the millions of waves spreading over the ocean !

Will any one venture to say that a picture can represent *all* that we see ? Well, as this is not possible, we must revert to the choice, to the discriminating sense of the painter. If, for instance, we try to copy *all* the markings upon a stone in sunshine, we lose the broad effect of light. Mr. Ruskin says, "In order that color may be right, some markings necessary to express form must be omitted."

Good painting, and more especially sketching from nature, consist in generalizing by short and simple methods. If you have not the rare gift of preserving the majesty and poetry of nature without rendering minutely all details and facts—if you are not a Turner or a Constable, rest satisfied with the amount of art used by Millais, Vicat Cole, and Brett, whose pictures bear the stamp of nature more conspicuously than that of art ; but always remember that "art is nature passed through the alembic of man ;" or, as Bacon remarks.

"*Homo additus naturæ.*"

No one can say that Turner's pictures are literally like nature. You will find curious inaccuracies, and apparent untruths, but all are done with a purpose, and the work as a whole conveys the idea which he meant to convey. All painting is an artifice—a deception. Objects of all shapes must be made to look real upon a flat surface. Any one who can paint at all can execute individual parts, but to keep those parts in proper relation to each other, to make a picture, requires a broad comprehensive grasp, which denotes genius more surely than any other quality.

It may be said that no two artists see nature in the same way. Take four of our best men—De Wint, Cox, Turner, and Müller—utterly different from each other in style, and yet each truthful according to his lights. Look at the sombre, unostentatious De Wint, and then at the pale, delicate, lively Turner. Compare these with a truthful simple Müller, or a daylighty Cox, so bright as to stand splashes of positive blue rubbed on the sky with a cake of paint ! Can anything be apparently more different, and yet all are excellent, all are like nature. They must therefore have *something* in common. What is it ? That is indeed the question ! Shall we call it a higher kind of truth which exists in all good art (in poetry, sculpture, and music more especially), or shall we call it harmony or oneness ? I cannot say, for I think it is indefinable ; but I venture to repeat that this mysterious completeness, this adjustment of the whole, may exist in a sketch from nature even more than in a finished picture.

In conclusion, let me again advise you to lose no opportunity of observing nature. Whether you are walking, whether you are boating, or whether you are travelling by rail, look at all things worthy of notice, and study them. You may have before you a hundred miles of sea, or a few ox-eye daisies, or a splendid mountain. Whatever it is, observe closely how the lights and shadows fall ; make notes of colors ; fill lots of sketch books ; and if you can't find a kindred spirit to go with you, *go alone*. Others may feel solitary, but the student of art ought not to know what it means.

Truly may it be said of him or her, "Never less alone than when alone."

In doing rapid work out of doors, colors must be so arranged as to allow for accidental mixing. When colors get dry and hard, soak them and replenish out of tubes, otherwise you will wear out the points of your best brushes. For rapid sketching, thin rough Whatman, properly stretched upon a board, is as good as any other paper. It should be strained over the edge of a board (not on the face), and glue should be used if the paper is required for immediate use, or strips of card-board or tape

may be tacked on round the edge of the board. In this way several sheets may be strained on the same board. Block books are better for drawing than for painting. Sketch books which fold in two are useful, and I have a large pocket made in the back of my coat to hold them. For large drawings, a light frame, with folding-up legs, is what I use; my umbrella has a curtain which is very quickly fixed on, and by a simple contrivance the central stick is got to one side, out of the way of the sitter and easel.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

How or whence a proverb has originated is in most cases a matter of doubt. Some few perhaps are choice morsels culled from the writings of noted authors; others are adaptations from the literature of ancient nations, and notably from that of the Hebrews; but in most cases they can be safely included under the heading "old sayings." This is the case with English proverbs; but it is more especially so with the twenty or twenty-five thousand which form the principal adornments of Chinese conversation. Mr. Scarborough has devoted considerable time and trouble to making a methodical collection of the wise or witty sayings of the Celestials, and has produced a book ("Chinese Proverbs," Trübner & Co., London), which will repay perusal, firstly, on account of the amusement which may be extracted from its pages; and secondly, because it serves to illustrate the morals, customs, and habits of those peculiar people.

Chinese proverbs are not without wit, although they do not always incline to brevity. In fact some of them may be fairly entitled "short moral stories," in which the Chinese excel; although, as the author of the work above referred to remarks, their conduct is not by any means in accordance with their preaching. Illustrative of their eagerness for obtaining a bargain, we quote the following generally accepted maxims: "Calculate what you can sell before you buy."

Who does not ready money clutch,
Of business talent has not much—

a distich worthy of the directors of a co-operative store. "If you'd not be cheated, ask the price at three shops." And again: "When one cheats up to heaven in the price he asks, you come down to earth in the price you offer." A slow trade is described by the phrase: "To sell a couple of cucumbers in three days." Whilst the good old maxim: "There is no friendship in business," is rendered by the Celestials in somewhat uncouth phraseology: "Relations or no relations, my turnips are three hundred *cash* per *picul*." The excellent results following from the united action of partners in business, are shewn by the couplet—

When two partners have one mind,
Clay is into gold refined.

Whilst very much disposed to sharp practice, the Chinaman is fully alive to the fact that if he would attain either eminence or competence, he must work hard. Invitations to perseverance and to thoroughness of purpose are frequent. "If you don't scale the mountain, you cannot view the plain;" and, "You had better go home and make a net than go down the river and *wish* for the fishes," are illustrations of the Chinese method of expressing this sentiment.

The caution of the Chinese character is fairly represented by: "If the wind be strong, yield to the wind; if the rain be heavy, get away from it;" and their dislike of procrastination after resolution, by the proverb: "Wait till the Yellow River becomes clear, and how old will you be?" The fact being that

the Yellow River is naturally and permanently "of the muddiest muddy."

Many of the Chinese proverbs have their counterparts in English; the difference of expression, however, being in many cases characteristic. Thus: "Throw a sprat to catch a whale," is rendered: "Throw a brick to allure a gem." "Not to cry stinking fish," is rendered in Chinese: "The melon-seller declares his melons sweet." "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," becomes: "Count *cash* as though they were gold"—*cash* being a coin of the smallest denomination. Again: "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is translated: "The swallow plastering its nest is labor lost"—this being a very happy allusion to the migratory habits of that bird. "Preparing is preventing," an old English expression, has its counterpart in: "Get the coffin ready, and the man won't die;" whilst "Too many cooks will spoil the broth," is rendered by the curious expression: "Seven hands and eight feet." "There is a black sheep in every flock," becomes: "Crows are black all the world over." And the oft-quoted saying of "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," assumes the form: "To pull down the western wall to repair the eastern."

A great number of proverbs amongst the Chinese are noticeable chiefly for their peculiar forms of expression, or the singularity of the figurative language used. To lend to a spendthrift is: "To pelt a dog with meat dumplings." An impracticable task is described as: "K'ua Fu's race after the sun's shadow;" or in derision of its inutility, as: "A blind man going up a mountain to view the scenery."

Many allusions are made in Chinese proverbs to the decrees of Fate, and the bulk of the people are firm believers that "Nothing follows man's calculations, but that his whole life is arranged by Fate." The opposite belief, however, finds expression in the following curious sentence, which in sentiment is much more healthy: "The more I study, the more I miss the mark—what have I to do with Fate? The more I miss the mark, the more I study—what has Fate to do with me?"—a peculiar arrangement of an antithetical sentence, and

containing much food for thought. A man without the necessary information is "A blind man on a blind horse coming at midnight to a deep ditch;" whilst the following is a little gem in the way of curious expression. Speaking of the scarcity of good men, the Chinese say: "There are 'two' good men; one of them is *dead*, the other *unborn*." A man with an extreme absence of mind is said "to seek the ass he is riding on;" or still more frequently, his bundle, his umbrella, and himself are represented as three individualities; and he is made to say: "Here's my bundle—here's my umbrella—but where am I?" Umbrellas, by the bye, are important possessions among the Chinese, and the allusion to the same in the following curious verse will be readily appreciated; moreover, the moral conveyed is extremely good:

He hoards to-day; he hoards to-morrow; does
nothing else but hoard;
At length he has enough a new umbrella to
afford;
When all at once he is assailed—a wind arises
quick,
And both his hands grasp nothing but a new
umbrella stick.

Servants seem almost as much trouble among the Celestials as among the English. A very independent domestic tells his master bluntly: "There are temples elsewhere than on Mount Ni;" whilst on the other hand the employer gives vent to his spleen in the following curious, if not complimentary saying: "One man will carry two buckets of water for his own use; two will carry one for their joint use; but three will carry none for anybody's use." "A lean dog shames his master," is the reproof offered to a mean employer by his servant.

So far our attention has been given to those proverbs which illustrate the ordinary manners and habits of the great people that inhabit the eastern portion of Asia, and that without praising or condemning the sentiments expressed. No person can, however, fail to appreciate the beauty of many of the moral sayings in use among the Chinese, and which they are in the habit of displaying in their places of amusement upon high-days and holidays, after the manner of the conductors of our Sunday-schools. They illustrate forcibly the high tone of

morality taught by the old philosophers, as well as the insatiable desire for learning which exists even to the present day. We have not attempted any particular arrangement of subject, but conclude with the following :

"A wise man can fill a thousand mouths ; a fool cannot protect himself. One good word can warm three winter months ; one bad one stir up anger. If you converse by the way, remember there may be men in the grass. Let those who would not drink, look at a drunken man. The lion *opens* his mouth ; the elephant [the emblem of wisdom] *shuts* his : shut yours. They are only horses and cows in clothes who neglect the study of the past and present. Every character must be chewed to get its juice. Foam on the waves is the fame of earth. The bright moon is not round for long : the brilliant cloud

is easily scattered. The ancients saw not the modern moon ; yet the modern moon shone on the ancients. The great wall of a myriad miles remains ; but Chin Shih 'Huang [its builder] is gone. Heaven, earth, and the spirits love the humble, not the proud ; to the humble they give happiness ; to the proud, calamity. Man cannot become perfect in a hundred years ; he can become corrupt in less than a day. Men who never violate their consciences are not startled by a knock at the door at midnight. Each half of a riven bamboo smokes. [This is said against quarrelling.] Better be upright and want, than wicked and have superabundance. To save one life is better than to build a seven-storied pagoda." And lastly : "Do not consider any virtue trivial, and so neglect it ; or any vice trivial, and so practise it."—*Chambers's Journal*.

AN OLD BOAT.

I PASSED a boat to-day on the shore,
That will be launched on the sea no more.

Worn and battered—the straight keel bent,
The side, like a ruined rampart, rent ;

Left alone, with no covering,
For who would steal such a useless thing ?

It was shapely once, when the shipwright's hand
Had laid each plank as the master planned ;

And it danced for joy on the curling wave,
When first the sea's broad breast it clave ;

And it felt the pulse of the well-timed stroke
That rang on the thole-pin of tuneful oak.

Oft it has carried home the spoil
Of fishers, tired with nightlong toil ;

And often, in summer days, it knew
The laugh of a pleasure-seeking crew ;

Or launched by night on the blinding waves,
It has rescued a life from the sea's dark graves

It is useless now, as it lies on the beach,
Drawn high beyond the billow's reach ;

And none of all it has served in stress
Remember it now, in its loneliness.

The Spectator.

REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE EDITOR.

LEONARD BACON, the subject of our portrait this month, and one of the most eminent of American clergymen, was born in Detroit, Mich., on the 19th of February, 1802. He was educated at Yale College and the Andover Theological Seminary, and in March, 1852, became pastor of the First Congregational Church in New Haven, which position he held until September, 1866, when he withdrew from active pastoral work. From 1866 to 1871 he was acting Professor of Revealed Theology in Yale College, and since 1871 has been lecturer there on Ecclesiastical Polity and American Church History. From about 1826 to 1838 he was one of the editors of the *Christian Spectator*, a religious magazine published at New Haven. In 1843 he aided in establishing the *New Englander*, a bi-monthly periodical, with which he is still associated.

From 1848 to 1863 he was one of the principal editors of the *Independent*, a weekly religious newspaper of New York.

Besides his copious contributions to the periodical press, Dr. Bacon has published the following works: "The Life of Richard Baxter" (1830); "Manual for Young Church Members" (1833); "Thirteen Historical Discourses on the Completion of Two Hundred Years from the Beginning of the First Church in New Haven" (1839); "Slavery Discussed in Occasional Essays from 1833 to 1838" (1846); "Christian Self-Culture" (1863); an "Introductory Essay" to Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" (1868); "Genesis of the New England Churches" (1874); and numerous addresses before colleges and other institutions, which have been separately published.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CRAYFISH. AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ZOOLOGY. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. International Scientific Series. Vol. XXVIII. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The value of this book is much greater than its title would seem to imply—much greater even than is implied in its description as "an introduction to the study of Zoology;" for it not only acquaints the student with the principles and methods of zoology, but enables him to approach the great problems of biological science from that side by which they can be most easily grasped and comprehended—the side of the *facts* upon which they are founded and which it is sought through them to explain. No mere abstract statement or definition of the great laws of biology can impress one with such a clear idea of what they mean and involve as can be obtained by the study of the concrete phenomena out of which they naturally arise; and whoever desires really to comprehend what is meant, for example, by Evolution or Darwinism, can achieve his object more quickly and more securely by carefully studying this little treatise than he could possibly do by confining himself to the expositions devoted to those special subjects. The "circle of the sciences," as it is called, is a real circle, and

not a mere collocation of disconnected arcs; and in the present work Professor Huxley has demonstrated with brilliant conclusiveness that "the careful study of one of the commonest and most insignificant of animals leads us, step by step, from every-day knowledge to the widest generalizations and the most difficult problems of zoology, and indeed of biological science in general."

"Whoever," he continues, "will follow its pages, crayfish in hand, and will try to verify for himself the statements which it contains, will find himself brought face to face with all the great zoological questions which excite so lively an interest at the present day. He will understand the method by which alone we can hope to attain to satisfactory answers of these questions; and, finally, he will appreciate the justice of Diderot's remark, 'Il faut être profond dans l'art ou dans la science pour en bien posséder les éléments.'"

Beginning with a graphic and detailed description of the appearance and habits of the common crayfish (*astacus fluviatilis*) that is found in countless numbers in the rivers and other fresh-water streams of England, the author explains with great minuteness and exactness its structure and functions, its mode of

growth or development, its relation to other similar species, and of these to the genus or family, the geographical distribution of the latter so far as has been ascertained, and the inferences which all these facts seem to justify as to the *origin* of crayfishes and the antecedent forms out of which they arose in obedience to the command of those ceaseless forces which are in operation throughout the domain of physical nature. It may be said, in brief, that, starting from the most commonplace facts of ordinary observation, the student is led, step by step, to a point whence, having traversed the broad ascending highway of science, he may see what appears to be the boundaries of human knowledge—the wavering limit which seems to separate the knowable from the unknowable.

In regard to the attractiveness of the work, it need only be said that it is written in Professor Huxley's most vivid and luminous style, and that numerous diagrams and illustrations (some of them exquisitely executed) assist the reader in getting the full significance of the facts stated.

POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

By Sir George W. Cox, M.A., and Eustace Hinton Jones. First American, from the Second English Edition. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Those who have attempted to become acquainted with the legends of the Arthurian cycle through the medium of Sir Thomas Malory's copious and interminable version will be prepared to appreciate the services that have been rendered to them and to all others who are curious in such matters by the compilers of the present work. By judicious abridgment and careful recasting, the Arthur story is brought within the manageable limits of one hundred and fourteen pages; and not only is no essential portion of the story lost in the process of compression, but the present version "relates many important episodes which have been omitted in the versions recently published."

The same method and the same skill have been applied to all the rest of the most important and best known of the tales that formed the great body of mediæval legend or folk lore. The stories of the Volsungs; the Nibelung story, to which the music of Wagner has lent a new fascination; the stories of Hugdietrich and Hildeburg, of Frithjof and Ingebjung, of Grettir the Strong, and of Gunnlaug and the Fair Helga; the Gudrun Lay, of which Mr. William Morris has given us so charming a poetical rendering; and the time-honored romances of Merlin, Sir Tristrem, Bevis of Hamtoun, Guy of Warwick, Beowulf, Roland, the peerless Paladin,

who fell on Roncesvalles, and Olger the mighty Dane, who lies wrapped in the charmed slumber in which he lifts his mace once only in seven years—all these romantic tales, which possessed for our forefathers an irresistible and undying charm, are narrated in versions at once brief, spirited, and realistic.

Of course in rewriting these old legends and romances there is great danger of impairing their unique and characteristic charm by imbuing them with a coloring borrowed from the alien sentiment of the nineteenth century, or by giving them a more historical complexion than the old story-tellers would have cared to claim for them. These two dangers have been carefully kept in mind, and, on the whole, successfully avoided by Messrs. Cox and Jones. Says Mr. Cox: "While special care has been taken to guard against the introduction even of phrases not in harmony with the original narratives, not less pains have been bestowed on the task of preserving all that is essential in the narrative; and thus it may perhaps be safely said that the readers of this volume will obtain from it some adequate knowledge of the tales without having their attention and their patience overtaxed by a multiplicity of superfluous and therefore irksome details."

We can scarcely conceive of a class of readers, whether young or old, to whom the book would not prove a most enjoyable one.

CONFIDENCE. A Novel. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: *Houghton, Osgood & Co.*

The style and manner of Mr. James are so delightful that the reader is apt to be beguiled into indifference as to his subject and method of treatment; and except for this it must be confessed that "Confidence" would be a far from encouraging work to those who have erected large expectations upon the basis of the author's previous stories. It shows an increasing command over his materials, and an exquisite gracefulness and delicacy of art which in itself almost implies genius; but, on the other hand, to our sense, it reveals no growth of imaginative vigor, and no widening of that "vision and faculty divine" which is quite as indispensable to the creative novelist as to the poet. Influenced, perhaps, by the remarkable success and popularity of the "Daisy Miller" sketches, Mr. James has allowed himself to be led into the attempt to give an elaborate and exhaustive study of the genus with one of whose species the "Daisy Miller" sketches were concerned—the American sojourner abroad; and though the result is amusing, its lack of definite interest, and the slight hold which it gets upon the reader's sympathies, seem to show that, however well adapted they may be for light touch-and-go portraiture, both the people

and the situations are too flimsy and artificial to justify the serious delineation of them by a really great and skilful artist.

Like everything else that Mr. James has written of late, "Confidence" makes very charming reading—the supreme excellence of its art would suffice to render it charming to such as can appreciate its rare quality; but those who have looked to see Mr. James manifest a higher order of power than that of merely pleasing will not only be disappointed with the story itself, but will regret the tendency which it seems to reveal on the part of the author to avoid the broad currents of human life while exploring more curiously than they deserve the little side eddies.

RODMAN THE KEEPER: Southern Sketches. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Miss Woolson explains in her preface that the stories included in this volume were written during a residence in the South which covered the greater part of the past six years. "As far as they go," she adds, "they record real impressions; but they can never give the inward charm of that beautiful land which the writer has learned to love, and from which she now severs herself with true regret." As much as this might almost have been inferred from the stories themselves, for they are "saturated," as the painters call it, with that tender and glowing color which must be depicted with the heart rather than with the eye; and however dissatisfied the author may be with her work, the reader will gladly admit that the "inward charm of that beautiful land"—the charm which it still retains in spite of its disasters, its misfortunes, and its mistakes—has never before been rendered so palpable to those who must depend upon literature for their impressions. Indeed, it may be said that, praiseworthy as the stories are for the enjoyment which they afford, they deserve a higher recognition for the help they will render to the wholesome and holy work of enabling the North and the South to understand each other better. Without blind partisanship, and without ignoring faults which lie upon the surface, Miss Woolson interprets the South in its gentler, more romantic, and more winning aspects; and in this country, at this time, the pen of a really skilful writer could hardly be better employed.

Of the ten stories or sketches which the volume contains, the scenes of most are laid in Florida; but one of the best ("In the Cotton Country"), in so far as it is local, is a new Georgia scene; another ("King David") depicts a phase of life in South Carolina; and another ("Up in the Blue Ridge") deals, of course, with Virginia.

LAMARTINE AND HIS FRIENDS. By Henri de Lacretelle. Translated from the French by Maria E. Odell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is difficult to see precisely why this work should have been selected for translation. Lamartine was a Frenchman of Frenchmen in his character, aims, and mode of life, and has been little understood or admired by any except his own countrymen, though his ardent Republican proclivities might have been expected to arouse a certain sympathetic interest in him on the part of Americans. There is no indication, however, that he ever succeeded in arousing any such interest among us; and certainly the present work is not of the kind to create interest or conciliate sympathy where these do not already exist. On the contrary, it is precisely the sort of book which requires the friendly indulgence inspired by kindred feelings, and which is peculiarly repellent in the absence of this community of sentiment. M. de Lacretelle's admiration for Lamartine is so exaggerated and indiscriminate—so ardent and voluble—that the reader feels excluded from participation in it rather than tempted to share it; and he is so assured of the superlative fascination of his theme that he makes no effort either to explain or to excuse defects which his own too flattering portraiture cannot wholly conceal.

The truth is that M. de Lacretelle's work is addressed to those who are already worshippers with him at the same shrine; and it is almost an injustice to him to repeat his fervid phrases before an audience to whom sentiment of any kind is suspicious just in proportion to the frankness and volubility of its utterance, and who know little more of his idol than the name.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE third centenary of the death of Camoëns, which occurred on June 10th, 1530, will be celebrated this year in Lisbon.

THE well-known editor of the *Journal des Débats*, M. John Lemoine, has been elected a life-member of the Senate of France by a very large majority of votes.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has founded a magazine called the *Bystander*, which will give a monthly review of current events, Canadian and general.

Le Livre announces the discovery in the Trèves Library of a French poem entitled "Sainte-Nouna et son Fils Saint-Devv," composed by Richard Cœur de Lion during his captivity in Tirol.

THE French Academy has filled up the vacancies caused by the death of M. de Sacy and M. St.-René Taillandier by the election of MM. Labiche and Maxime du Camp.

Truth hears that Her Majesty will create Mr. Theodore Martin a K.C.B., in acknowledgment of the manner in which he has performed the task of writing the Prince Consort's "Life," for which he was recommended by Sir Arthur Helps, who declined to undertake the work.

M. LE COMTE DE CHARENCEY, who has already written so much upon ancient symbolism, has had printed in a separate form a paper entitled "Le Fils de Vierge." In it are collected numerous legends of a miraculous birth of a virgin mother, to be found in the traditions of various countries.

THE German *Publishers' Journal* has issued statistics concerning the number of periodical publications published in the world. According to them the total number is about 23,000, of which Germany boasts the greatest number, viz., 3778; England, 2509; France, 2000; Italy, 1226; Austria, 1200; Russia, 500. Asia produces 327; Africa, 50; America, 9129; and Australia, 100.

A SERIES of Histories of the Literatures of the World, composed exclusively by Russian scholars, is announced to appear in St. Petersburg early in the present year. The first part will contain a general Introduction to the series from the pen of the editor, Prof. V. F. Korsh. Among the subjects treated will be Indian Literature by Minaief, Arabic and Persian Literature by Harkavy, and Latin Literature by Modestof.

THE publishers Roux and Favale, of Turin, will shortly issue a work full of interesting details on Venetian life, in its artistic and social aspects, from the earliest times to the fall of the Republic. It is from the pen of Prof. Molmenti, well known for his devotion to Venetian studies, and will be entitled "La Storia di Venezia nella Vita privata dalle Origini fino alla Caduta della Repubblica." It has carried off the great prize for works on Venetian history instituted in 1868 by the deceased patrician, Stampalia.

THE Memoirs of Talleyrand will not, it appears, be given to the world till eight years after those of Metternich. When Talleyrand died, in 1838, he left his Memoirs to M. de Bacourt, with instructions to publish them thirty years after his death, unless special circumstances should render a longer delay desirable. On the death of M. de Bacourt, in 1865, he bequeathed the Memoirs to MM. Andral and

Chatelain, forbidding their publication till 1888. It is said that the reason for the further delay was certain references to M. Thiers.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. are about to issue, in a cheap and popular form, a series of "English Philosophers," the object of which is to present a connected view of the contributions made to the advancement of philosophy by English thinkers. Each volume will contain an exposition of the views of one philosopher (or, in a few cases, of two or more), with brief biographical sketches. Among the contributors will be Profs. Fowler and Green, of Oxford, and Monck, of Dublin; Dr. Huxkin, St. John's College, Oxford, Headmaster of Repton; Miss Helen Taylor; Messrs. Lang, Buckle (All Souls'), Gosset (New College), J. A. Farrer, Harry Johnson (Queen's), etc. The series will be edited by Mr. Iwan Müller, of New College, Oxford.

A SPECIAL Committee in connection with the Russian Ministry of Education has been occupied since 1872 in arranging for publication the correspondence of the Czar Peter the Great. A subsidy of 8000 roubles has been required for this purpose, and the work, which will contain various annotations and appendices in addition to the letters, and will form a volume of about 115 pages, is expected to appear at St. Petersburg in the course of the present year. In order to preserve the archaisms and orthographical peculiarities, special types are being cast at the foundry belonging to the Second Section of the Emperor's private chancellery. Two hundred copies of a fine edition will be printed for the Imperial family. The edition on ordinary paper will consist of from 1200 to 1500 copies.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE has presented to the Library of the British Museum a copy, printed on vellum, of the entire works of St. Thomas Aquinas, published at Rome, "apud heredes Ant. Bladi," seventeen vols. fol., 1570-71. This work is, according to Brunet, probably the most extensive work, so far as regards the number of volumes, ever printed on vellum. The copy presented by Mr. Patmore formerly belonged to Pope Pius V., who is said to have presented it to King Philip II. of Spain, by whom it was lodged in the Escorial, and there kept until the invasion of Spain under Napoleon, when it disappeared. It afterward came into the possession of Sir Marmaduke M. Sykes, from whom it was purchased by the late Rev. Theodore Williams, Vicar of Hendon, who had it bound in twenty-one volumes, in a magnificent purple morocco. No other copy of this magnificent work printed on vellum is known, except that in the National Library at Paris.

SCIENCE AND ART.

PREHISTORIC ARCHAEOLOGY IN FRANCE.—The last number of M. Emile Cartailhac's *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme* is embellished with five admirably executed plates in illustration of a valuable paper on the *tumuli* of Avezac, in the Hautes-Pyrénées, by MM. Piette and Sacaze. The group of barrows under description included fifty mounds, varying from three to thirty mètres in diameter, and ranging in height from twelve centimètres to two mètres. Each mound is surrounded by a stone circle, or cromlech. All the *tumuli* which have been opened belong to the early part of the iron age, or to Prof. de Mortillet's *Hallstadian* period, though the famous cemetery at Hallstadt is referred to the transition period between the bronze and the iron using ages. There is a complete absence of bronze weapons, all the arms being of iron, but the ornamental objects are either of bronze, or of bronze associated with iron. Some of the iron-bronze *fibula* are extremely elegant. The interments have been by cremation, and a great variety of cinerary urns have been disinterred. One of the most curious of these vases is surrounded by the weapons of the deceased, the blade of the sword having been rolled up so as to resemble the coil of a crozier. All the evidence derived from the exploration of the *tumuli* tends to show that they belong to a time soon after the use of iron had been introduced into Gaul. Nevertheless, it appears that no Gallo-Roman urns have been found, and hence it may be inferred that these burial places were not used after Aquitania had been conquered by the Romans.

WATER-POWER FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES.—Water-power for household purposes has been brought into use at Zurich. Firewood, for example, is to be sawn into convenient lengths for burning. A small sawing-machine on wheels is drawn by two men to the front of a house. They connect it by a flexible tube with the nearest hydrant; the water flows to the machine; the saw dances, and cuts up the wood with surprising rapidity. The quantity of water used is shown by an indicator affixed to the sawing-machine. A portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the city, in driving a Gramme machine for the production of electric light. Water is sold very cheap in Zurich; but there are perhaps other towns in which this, so to call it, domestic water-power could be advantageously introduced.

CHALK AND THE CALCAREOUS MUD OF THE ATLANTIC.—In a communication read to the Geological Society by Dr. Wallich, interesting particulars were given of the origin, mode of

formation, and cause of the stratification of the chalk flints, following them from the period when the chief portion of the silica of which they are composed was eliminated from the ocean water by the deep-sea sponges to the period in which they became consolidated. The silica is derived mainly from the sponge-beds and fields which exist in immense profusion over the areas occupied by the Globigerine or calcareous ooze. Sponges are the only really important contributors to the flint formation that live and die on the sea-bed; and flints are just as much an organic product as the chalk itself. Dr. Wallich is of opinion that the substance to which the name *Bathybius* has been given is in reality sponge protoplasm; and that no valid lithological distinction exists between the chalk and the calcareous mud of the Atlantic, and that therefore the calcareous mud may be, and in all probability is, "a continuation of the chalk-formation."

THE EFFECTS OF FORESTS ON RAINFALL AND RIVERS.—In the year 1873 Dr. Wex, the Director of the Danube Works at Vienna, published an elaborate paper on the deleterious influence of the removal of forests, as shown by the diminution of volume of rivers in their upper waters, and the increase in floods in the lower parts of their course. The subject was recommended by the Vienna Academy to all scientific bodies for consideration and report. The views of Dr. Wex have been criticised by some authorities, and accordingly he has published, in the *Zeitschrift d. Oesterr. Ingenieur- und Architekten-Vereins*, a summary of the various opinions on the subject which have been published since the date of his last report, and a copious store of facts which he has amassed relative to the principal rivers of Central Europe. The paper forms a useful contribution to the literature of the important subject of which it treats.

THE FEAR OF FAT.—No doubt it is unpleasant to be excessively obese; but the morbid dread of fat which has in recent years become fashionable has no foundation in physiological fact. Fat answers two purposes; it acts as a non-conducting envelope for the body, and protects it from too rapid loss of heat, and it serves as a store of fuel. In the course of exhausting diseases it not unfrequently happens that the life of a patient may be prolonged until the reserve of fat is exhausted, and then he dies of inanition. Fat supplies the material of the heating process on which vitality mainly depends. In great excess it is inconvenient; but the external layings-on-of-fat is no certain measure of the internal development of adipose tissue; much less does a tendency to grow fat imply, or even suggest, a tendency to what is known as "fatty degeneration." It is

time to speak out on this point, as the most absurd notions seem to prevail. Again, it is not true that special forms of food determine fat. That is an old and exploded notion. Some organisms will make fat let them be fed on the leanest and scantiest and least saccharine descriptions of food, while others will not be "fattened" let them feed on the most "fattening" of diets. The matter is one in regard to which it is supremely desirable and politic to be natural, adapting the food taken to the requirements of health rather than substance. Simple food, sufficient exercise, and regular habits, with moderation in the use of stimulants, compose the maxim of a safe and healthy way of life.—*Lancet*.

TEETH IN CIVILIZED AND SAVAGE MAN.—It is frequently said that uncivilized people have an advantage over the civilized in their exemption from unsoundness of teeth. Among the civilized the "wisdom-teeth" are very apt to become impaired, and these, with other defects, are looked on as results of civilization. But Professor Flower, of the Royal College of Surgeons, in a discourse to the Odontological Society on abnormal dentition, accompanied by examples from all parts of the world, showed that "defective condition of the wisdom-teeth is no monopoly of the most highly civilized races, but may also be found among the most abject and degraded of the whole human species." In the Esquimaux and other Mongol races the instances of entire absence of wisdom-teeth are numerous.

FORMATION OF MOUNTAINS.—M. de Lapparent has an excellent article on this subject in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* for July last. He points out that the changes of position, the elevation, and especially the folding of strata observed in mountainous districts are due to energetic lateral compression. Elie de Beaumont taught that mountain-chains do not occupy the centres of continents and show symmetrical slopes on both sides, but that they are to be found near the sea, and have a precipitous slope on the side facing the sea, while the opposite side slopes gently away, forming the mass of the continent, and usually terminates in the opposite ocean by a line of low country. This view has been formulated as a law by several geologists, especially in America, where the long line of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes furnish such a striking example in its support; and Professor Dana has added the following rider to it, that when two chains of elevations form the two shores of a continent, the one facing the largest ocean is the higher one. M. de Lapparent indicates that in order to apply those principles to the Old World mountains, and especially to those of Europe, it is necessary to force the facts a

little, and hence he is led to the belief that while it is perfectly true that chains of mountains are always formed in the vicinity of the ocean, it is necessary, in order to understand their distribution, to consider the geographical conditions that prevailed at the period of their formation. He sums up his views in the following formula: "At the epoch when a chain of elevations has just attained its principal relief, it consists of two slopes of very unequal inclination, one of which, gently inclined, is connected with the continent, while the other, which is abrupt, directly faces the sea." Thus the Pyrenees, which are shown by geological evidence to have been elevated after the formation of the Nummulitic and before that of the Miocene deposits, were united by a gradual slope toward the South with the Spanish continent, while the foot of the precipitous northern face was washed by the Miocene sea. The Alps date from the interval between Miocene and Pliocene times. To the north they joined on by a gentle slope to the plains of northern Germany, while toward Lombardy they formed a vertical wall, at the foot of which were deposited the sediments of the Sub-apennine sea. M. de Lapparent refers to other European chains, and then formulates the following general law: "A chain of mountains, at the moment of its formation, always occupies a littoral situation; it does not depart from this afterward, except when the continent is enlarged by new additions obeying the same law. If, therefore, at the present day, the Scandinavian Mountains on the one hand and the Cordillera of the Andes on the other emerge directly from the depths of the ocean, this is because these two chains belong to the most recent formations which have been produced on the globe; and geology, as is well known, fully justifies this conclusion."

From the consideration of the soundings which have been so rapidly accumulated of late years, M. de Lapparent arrives at the conclusion that the great depths of the sea, as a general rule, are the counterparts of the great elevations of the land, and lie directly at their base, and hence he concludes that "at the moment when the profile of one of the lines of relief of the earth's surface becomes strongly marked, this profile includes an abrupt central line, joining at its extremities with two gently-inclined lines; of the two angles thus formed that which has its apex outward constitutes the crest of a mountain-relief, while the other forms the ridge of a marine depression. In this way, at the moment when a great shoreline is constituted it is marked on the one hand by a projecting chain, the origin of a continent, and on the other by a deep fosse in which the sea collects; the projecting chain, moreover, may only emerge in part." These correlated

elevations and depressions are considered by M. de Lapparent to be due to foldings in the comparatively thin crust of the earth caused by the contraction of its fluid nucleus. M. de Lapparent's article contains many remarks of interest to geologists upon various matters more or less connected with, or explained by, his view of the origin of mountains, and it will well repay careful perusal. He summarizes his results as follows: "All the inequalities of the surface of the globe have a single cause which is incessantly in action, although it must probably manifest itself only at intervals, namely, the contraction of the fluid nucleus in losing its heat, whence proceeds, for the solid envelope, the necessity of adapting itself continually to the new form imposed upon it by the conditions of its equilibrium. It is thus that, since the earliest ages of the globe, the continents have been formed by successive additions, which gradually rendered their contour more and more complicated. The surface of the sea has constantly diminished in extent, but at the same time its depth has constantly increased with the elevation of the continents. Hence have arisen those diverse physical conditions in which the natural effects of latitude are complicated by a thousand modifications due to the nature of the soil, to altitude, to exposure, to vicinity to, or distance from, the sea. Thus all those external conditions, the variety of which gives so great a charm to our globe, at the same time that it is the most powerful of stimulants to human activity, are contained in their germ in the law that we have laid down."

VARIETIES.

EDGAR A. POE.—In an article on Baudelaire in his "French Poets and Novelists" Mr. Henry James, Jr., says: "For American readers Baudelaire is compromised by his having made himself the apostle of our Edgar Poe. He translated very carefully and exactly all of Poe's writings, and, we believe, *some of his very valueless verses*. With all due respect to the very original genius of the author of the 'Tales of Mystery,' it seems to us that to take him with more than a certain degree of seriousness is to lack seriousness one's self. An enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection. Baudelaire thought him a profound philosopher, the neglect of whose golden utterances stamped his native land with infamy. Nevertheless, Poe was vastly the greater charlatan of the two, as well as the greater genius."

The London *Athenæum* quotes this passage, and comments upon it as follows: "This is fearless and outspoken. There is, however,

some, little uncertainty about the meaning of the words we have italicized. If it is meant that some, and indeed a good deal, of Poe's verses are valueless, we agree with Mr. James entirely; but if he means to characterize as valueless the body of Poe's poetry, we as decidedly dissent from the criticism. In Poe, no doubt, there was a marvellous and altogether unique concentration of intellectual forces, which often did the work of genius. In other words, most of his poetry is but the poetry of ingenuity—poetry of ingenuity at its very highest point, perhaps, but still the poetry of ingenuity merely. For it is a mistake to suppose that worldly verse is absolutely the only legitimate form of the poetry of ingenuity. Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs' is a notable example of this, but a more notable one still is Poe's 'Ullalume.' Every art has its special function: it has a certain special work which it can do better than can any one of its sister arts. For instance, before the surging sea of emotion within the soul has become 'curdled into thoughts,' it can be expressed in inarticulate tone—that is to say, music is the art for rendering it. It was a perception of this fact which made the Buddhists define life to be 'moving music.' When this sea of emotion has 'curdled into thoughts,' rhythmical language—words steeped in music, subtly stained with color, but at the same time incarnating ideas—does what no mere wordless music can do in giving it expression; just as unrhymical language—language mortised in a hard foundation of logic—that is to say, prose—can best express these ideas when they have cooled, and settled, and cleared themselves of emotion altogether. Yet every art can in some degree invade the domain of her next sister. Prose, for instance, can sometimes do the work of poetry, but always imperfectly, and under heavy conditions; and sometimes poetry can do the work of music, but it must be in the hands of a superlative master of his art. And now to come to 'Ullalume': it is the greatest *tour de force* in English literature, perhaps the greatest in its line in any literature. Poe's object was to express dull and hopeless gloom in the same way that the mere musician would have expressed it, by monotonous reiterations, by hollow and dreadful reverberations of gloomy *sounds*—superadding gloomy ideas, merely to give that mental coherence which was necessary for its existence as a poem. He evidently set out to do this, and he did it; and 'Ullalume' would produce the same effect upon a Patagonian knowing no word of English that it produces upon us. This is a miracle of art more wonderful than the 'Raven' for there the literary mechanic is too much seen—the bones of the poem prick through the flesh. The poem

lives, but the warmth is that of Frankenstein rather than of any true Promethean fire. In this sense, therefore, it is impossible to help agreeing with Mr. James, if he means that, of the vision of the 'maker' there is much—of the wise vision which, looking before and after, enables the artist to grasp the eternal laws of cause and effect in art, and bend them to his wizard will. But of the vision of the creator—the deep vision of Vishnù, who 'yearned to create a world'—of actual frenzy—of that most high divinity who 'seizes for the time the soul and guides it as he will'—there is, perhaps, not much to be found in Poe, even at his best."

ORATORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—If the "Battle of the Books" should ever be waged again, it is obvious that the "Moderns" will fight, and will always continue to fight, at an advantage. Their army is continually receiving reinforcements, but the muster-roll of their antagonist can only be increased by some lucky discovery, of which the most sanguine scholars are now beginning to despair. For we reckon as "Moderns" all who have written or shall write since the birth of Dante, and as "Ancients" all who wrote before the death of Plutarch. Even in the present century "great bards" have died whose writings alone might almost weigh against the sum of the productions of the Latin Muse. And since the days of Boyle and Bentley the ranks of modern historians have been strengthened by such stalwart soldiers, to name no others, as Gibbon, Prescott, and Mommsen. It may be long, indeed, before Plato and Aristotle are thrust from the pride of place which they still unquestionably hold, except in the opinions of those who never read them. There is, however, one department of literature where the "Ancients" seem likely to retain their supremacy, and whence, in Henry Coleridge's noble words, "we may even now hear them challenging posterity in charmed accents, and daunting our rivalry with armor of celestial temper." That department is oratory. The results of printing and a host of other agencies are at work, which make it more and more improbable that the marvels of ancient oratory will ever be repeated. Great speeches—speeches of surpassing energy and eloquence—we may look for, and not in vain. That in a Burke, a Mirabeau, a Bright, or a Gladstone, there lay, to use a homely word, the makings of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, is undeniable; but it is hardly conceivable that an occasion should arise which will produce a speech that deserves to be named in the same day with the immortal *De Corond*. Thoughts that breathe and words that burn may flow in torrents from the lips of

those born orators of whom no age is so poor that it cannot boast one specimen. But we must resign ourselves to look in vain for the marvellous harmonies, the exquisite finish, and the consummate polish which mark the best efforts of Greek and Roman oratory.—*The Spectator*.

MEMORY IN DIFFERENT RACES AND PEOPLE.—M. Delaunay has made a communication to the *Société de Biologie* respecting memory as studied under various biological conditions. The inferior races of mankind, such as negroes, the Chinese, etc., have more memory than those of a higher type of civilization. Primitive races which were unacquainted with the art of writing had a wonderful memory, and were for ages in the habit of handing down from one generation to another hymns as voluminous as the Bible. Prompters and professors of declamation know that women have more memory than men. French women will learn a foreign language quicker than their husbands. Youths have more memory than adults. It is well developed in children, attains its maximum about the fourteenth or fifteenth year, and then decreases. Feeble individuals of a lymphatic temperament have more memory than the strong. Students who obtain the prize for memory and recitation chiefly belong to the former class. Parisian students have also less memory than those who come from the provinces. At the *École Normale* and other schools the pupils who have the best memory are not the most intelligent. The memory is more developed among the peasantry than among citizens, and among the clergy than among the laity. The memory remains intact in diseases of the left side of the brain, and is much affected in those of the right, from which it may be inferred that the right side is more the seat of this faculty than the left. From a physiological point of view memory is diminished by over-feeding, by physical exercise, and by education, in this sense, that the illiterate have potentially more memory than those who know how to read and write. We remember, moreover, better in the morning than in the evening, in the summer than in the winter, and better in warm than in cold climates. Memory is therefore, to a certain extent, in inverse proportion to nutrition, and, more than that, it is in inverse proportion to evolution, since it is greatest in those individuals who are the least advanced from an evolutionary point of view—inferior races, women, children, the feeble, etc. In short, according to M. Delaunay, there is an evolution of the memory, which is first sensorial, literal, and then intelligent; but memory, properly speaking, diminishes inversely as the evolution.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

